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THE EVOLUTION OF THE HORSE IN AMERICA

(FOSSIL WONDERS OF THE WEST)

FIRST COMPLETE ACCOUNT OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM EXPLORATIONS UNDER THE WILLIAM C. WHITNEY FUND

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THE horse is without doubt the noblest of our domesticated animals, and notwithstanding all the gaps which still interrupt our knowledge, no other animal presents such a complete and finely ordered ancestry; as compared with that of other quadrupeds his evolution may certainly be described as an *édition de luxe*. Finding his origin in a little animal less than a foot in height, we can trace his descent step by step during two or three million years, into his present beauty of form and superb mechanism of limb and tooth structure; we can follow his range over the entire northern hemisphere of Europe, Asia, and America, and into the southernmost limits of Africa and South America; we know the approximate period when two of his varieties, the domesticated horse and the ass, were conquered by man; we recognize his subsequent great influence in human civilization as well as his part in literature, in poem, and in story; we read daily more and more of his present culture and popularity, and speculate upon his future in competition with machines of human manufacture which are rapidly increasing in efficiency.

For many years I had been seeking a lover and patron of the modern horse whose assistance would enable the American Museum of Natural History to carry on special explorations in the West and studies in the East, with the exclusive purpose of solving some of the still unsolved problems in the history of the horse. It is popularly believed that the direct descent of the horse has been satisfactorily traced by Marsh and by the numerous American

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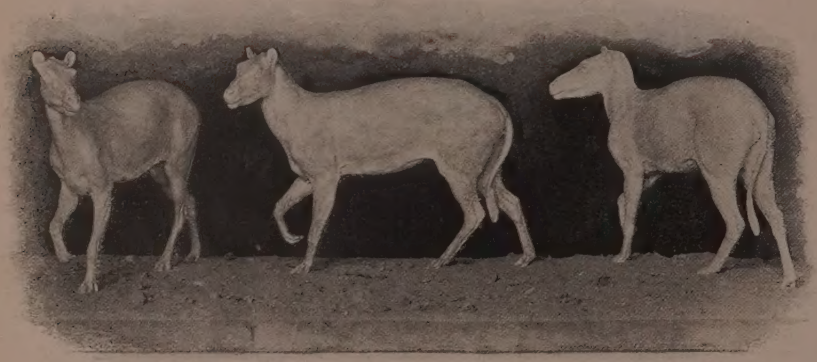
and European investigators who have been fascinated by this study. This is true in a general way, but not with the detail or accuracy demanded by the standards of modern science.

I felt that the only way to answer these questions would be to plan exploration on a world-wide scale, to study the wild horse as he exists to-day, and more exhaustively to compare the evolution of the horse in America with that which took place in Europe.

we have brought together more or less complete remains of seven hundred and seventy-one fossil horses, one hundred and forty-six of which were secured by the Whitney expeditions in the years 1901–1903. Mr. J. W. Gidley, whom I placed in charge of this work, has achieved brilliant success, especially in the discovery of a large number of complete skeletons. The rarity and value of complete skeletons will be realized when it is stated that in all the other museums of the world there are at



Model by Charles R. Knight. From a photograph

FIG. 1. MODEL OF THE PROTOROHIPPUS OR FOUR-TOED HORSE, BASED ON THE MOUNTED SKELETON IN FIG. 1*a* [1]

This little animal was thirteen and a half inches high. Its form must have been intermediate between that of its remote five-toed ancestor and that of its remote one-toed descendant, the modern horse

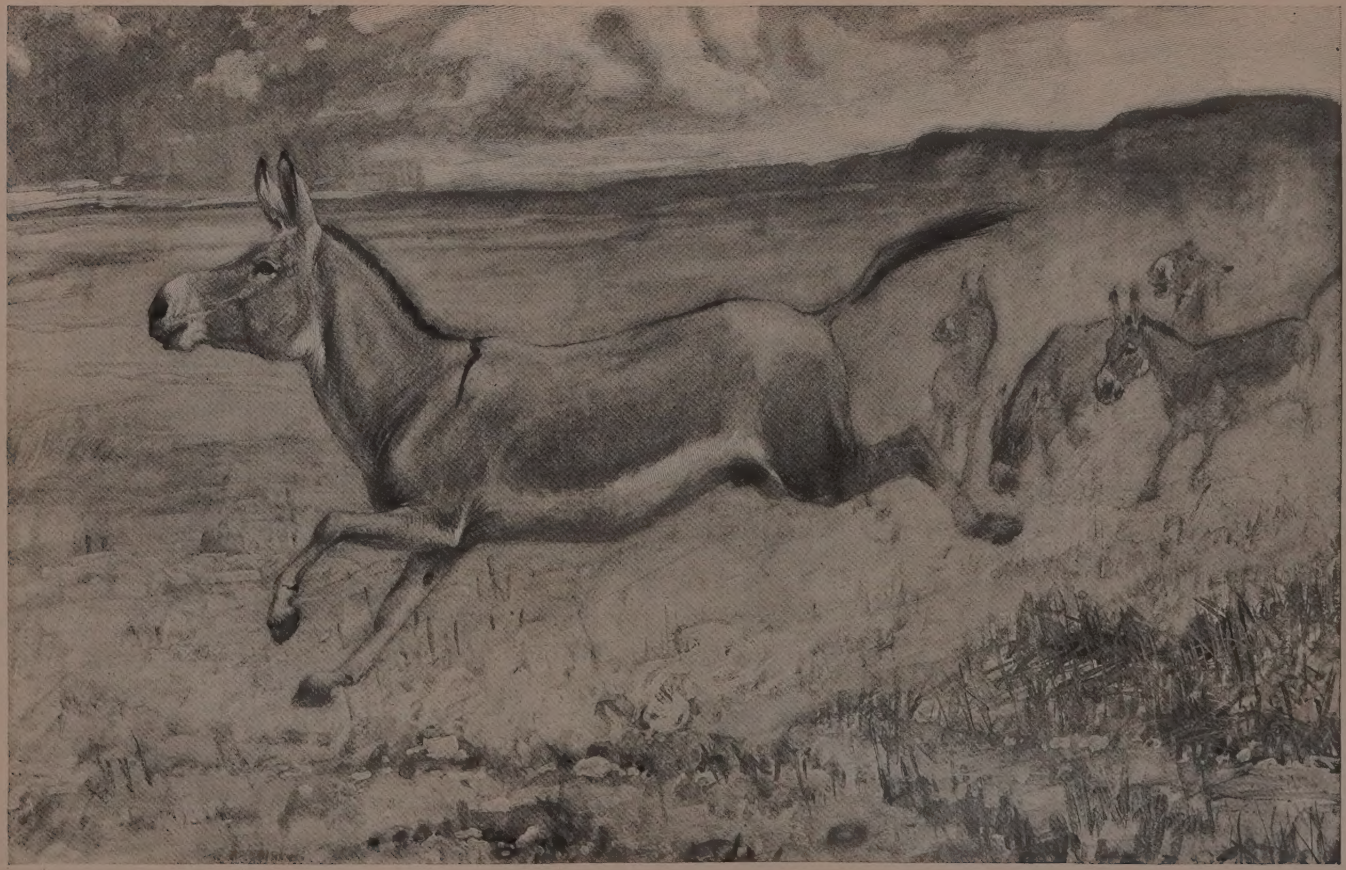
The generous benefactor was fortunately found in the person of the late William C. Whitney, one of the trustees of the American Museum. He entered into the plan with appreciation, and for three years amply supported this great project. It is a matter of regret that he could not have lived to see the completion of this work, which, nevertheless, will always be associated with his name. In these three years some very striking results have been secured, especially in regard to the evolution of the horse in America; and, with the coöperation of friends in other countries, we are now at least approaching a solution of the many unsolved problems.

Our American Museum explorations began in 1890, and up to the present time

present only three complete mounted skeletons of fossil horses. In our series we have already secured and mounted five.

It is among the post-Eocene horses that our explorers on the Whitney fund have made the most important discoveries. As if instinct with the present progressive genius of the country, these American animals seem to have set a more varied pace of evolution than the conservative *Anchitherium* and *Hipparion* of Europe, which Huxley mistakenly placed in the direct line of descent. The materials, in fact, present an embarrassment of riches. We find proofs of at least three and possibly four collateral lines of horses, large and small, fast and slow, the members of which were more or less intermingled in

[1] The photographs and drawings of this article are reproduced by permission of the American Museum of Natural History.—EDITOR.



Drawn by Charles R. Knight. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

THE WILD ASS OF ABYSSINIA (EQUUS ASINUS)

Considered to be the progenitor of the domestic ass

the "pedigree" published by Marsh. We have to sift the real ancestors of our modern horse from these numerous collateral races, which have confused all the students of this subject. Out of this newer investigation there comes the feeling of probability rather than of certainty that the direct ancestry of the horse was in North America.

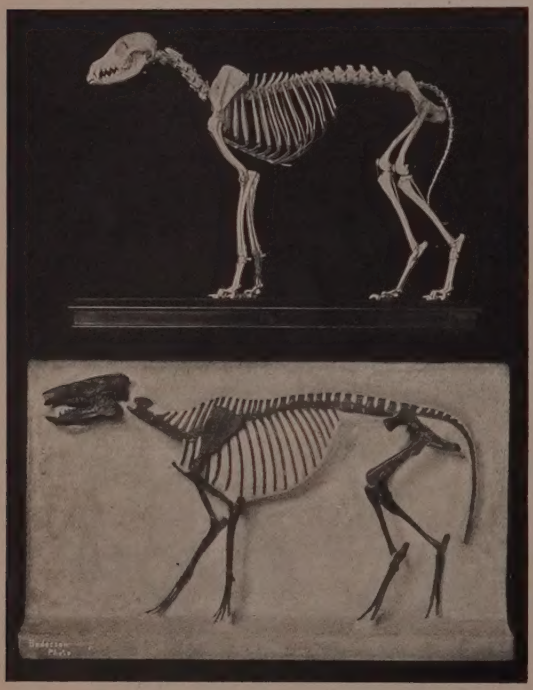


FIG. 1*a*. SKELETON OF THE MODERN WHIPPET-HOUND COMPARED WITH THAT OF THE FOUR-TOED HORSE

In foot-structure, limbs, and general proportions, the whippet of to-day closely parallels the four-toed horse

ANCIENT AMERICAN HORSES

We must assume totally different conditions of life in the Western country during the early evolution of the horse; not a dense tropical forest, but an intermingling of forests, glades, uplands, rivers, and lakes. This was the early Eocene environment, which was gradually transmuted through the Oligocene, Miocene, Pliocene, and early Pleistocene into scenery resembling that of Africa to-day. The American environment and the American horse evolved together—the teeth with the changes in the food, especially with the increasing spread of the grasses, the feet with the character of the turf, the speed with the development of speed among the wolves and foxes.

We may imagine the earliest herds of horses in the Lower Eocene (*Eohippus*, or "dawn-horse" stage) as resembling a lot of small fox-terriers in size, only eleven inches, or two and three tenths hands, at the withers, covered with short hair which may have had a brownish color with lighter spots, resembling the sunbeams falling through the leaves of trees, and thus protecting the little animals from observation. As in the terrier, the wrist (knee) was near the ground, the hand was still short, terminating in four hoofs, with a part of the fifth toe (thumb) dangling at the side. Despite its diminutive size of from eleven to fourteen inches, this little horse ranged from Mexico northward through Wyoming, and far over continental Europe and Great Britain.

The next higher stage, our four-toed horse (the *Protorohippus*), is the famous specimen found nearly complete by Dr. J. L. Wortman in the Big Horn Mountains of northern Wyoming. The contour of this little animal, as modeled[1] precisely on the lines of the skeleton by Mr. Charles Knight (Fig. 1), is to me the most interesting restoration ever made, because at once reminiscent of the very remote five-fingered atavus of the horse, in which the entire palm of the hand and sole of the foot rested upon the ground, and prophetic of the modern horse in the evidence of the coming ascendency of the middle hoof.

The rationale of the evolutionary changes which are in progress in this little hand is beautifully illustrated by comparison with the gradually elevated human

[1] This model, together with many of the original drawings from which this article is illustrated, was presented to the museum by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan. The original paintings of the existing wild races of the horse, ass, and zebra were the gift of the late William C. Whitney.

hand as shown in Fig. 3. The middle finger is in each case the same. The evolutionary law is simple: it is the development of the useful and the degeneration of the useless. As the hand is raised, we can understand why the thumb disappeared first (*Eohippus* stage), because it was the first to leave the ground; why the little finger disappeared second (*Protorohippus* stage), as the next shortest of the series; why the toes corresponding to the index- and ring-fingers (*Mesohippus* stage) for an enormously long period helped to support the middle finger. Pursuing the comparison further, we can understand how the wrist is transformed into what is falsely called the knee of the horse, the back of the hand into the cannon-bone of the horse, the fingers into the pastern, the finger-nails into the hoofs.

and more dependent upon speed, which they secured chiefly by the stretching out and lengthening of the bones of the hands and the feet in the manner described above. Nature had found the same secret for increasing the speed of the little foxes of the period; but the horses more than held their own in the race for speed evolution. We thus find that the diminutive English coursing hound, the whippet (Fig. 1*a*), is to-day in size, proportions, and length of hand and foot almost the exact counterpart of this little Eocene "four-toed horse," whereas the hand of the modern horse has gone many stages further in its evolution.

The term *les solipèdes* which the French apply to the horse suggests the key-note to their progress. Although *Protorohippus* is four-toed, there is already a decided centralization of the weight on the middle toe, and

From a photograph

FIG. 2. TWO PRZEWALSKY COLTS IN THE NEW YORK ZOÖLOGICAL PARK

These animals, in the general characters of the head, hair, and mane, recall some of the sketches made in caves by men of the stone age (see especially the right-hand upper figure in Fig. 11)

THE BEGINNINGS OF SPEED

As the clumsier carnivores of the early Eocene period became extinct and were replaced by the speedier and more clever canids, which we may speak of as foxes, the life of the little horses became more

the fate of the three remaining lateral toes is virtually sealed. But, as an illustration of the enormously long periods required in evolution, we find that while the triumphant central digit was constantly lengthening and expanding, according to the speed of the different races of the horse,

Drawn by Charles R. Knight. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

THE IMPERIAL OR GREVY'S ZEBRA (EQUUS GREVYI), INHABITING PORTIONS OF NORTHEASTERN AFRICA

The largest and most delicately striped of the existing zebras

Drawn by Charles R. Knight. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

PRZEWALSKY'S HORSE (EQUUS PRZEWALSKII). FROM THE DESERT OF DZUNGARIA IN CENTRAL ASIA

The only wild species of true horse now living; believed to be related to the commoner domestic horses of Europe

perhaps two million years were passed in suppressing these four lateral toes entirely. Even now the veterinarian finds various diseases of the cannon-bone arising from the vestigial "splints" of the two lateral toes.

It is this getting up on the tip of the toe like a ballet-dancer, and the stretching out of the hand and foot, which principally account for the increase in length of limb and the increase in the height of these horses as compared with length of back. But the upward stages in the evolution of the horse are marked by slow yet continuous increase in size as a whole, as shown in Fig. 3. From the eleven inches, or less than three hands, of the small *Eohippus*, we pass to fourteen inches in *Protorohippus*, and to eighteen inches, or four and a half hands, in the Oligocene *Mesohippus*. As shown in Fig. 8, we have a series of steps leading up to the three Upper Miocene animals, the "forest horse" (*Hypohippus*, Fig. 6), the deer-like horse (*Neohipparion*, Fig. 7), and the "original horse" (*Protohippus*), each of which attained a height of forty inches, or ten hands. This is the size of the average Shetland pony, while the most diminutive Shetlands have been bred down to thirty-two and a half inches, or eight to nine hands. It is also the size of the smaller races of horses which are found with the most primitive remains of man in Europe. The smallest of the existing wild horses is the mountain zebra of Cape Colony, between twelve and twelve and a half hands in height; while the American-bred horse of our preglacial period (*Equus scotti*), shown in Fig. 8, measures fourteen hands at the withers.

The final result of tooth evolution is a grinding mechanism which can withstand from twenty-five to thirty years of almost continuous usage. The "dawn horse" was certainly a short-lived animal, attaining not over ten or twelve years of age before its short-crowned teeth wore out. The modern mechanism was evolved by the brilliant device of elongating these crowns, providing them with beautifully curved columns and cylinders of enamel from summit to base, and enveloping this hard enamel between the softer tissues of den-

tine and cement in such a manner that the unequal densities of these tissues produce a grinding surface which is uneven at every stage of wear (Fig. 4). The face and jaw of the horse are elongated and deepened to stow away this dental battery of upper and lower grinders (Fig. 5).

The improvement of the breeds of horses was by the constant selection of the most perfect mechanism in tooth and limb by that most expert and resourceful of all breeders—nature. Through this selection the horse attained the highest degree of mechanical perfection known in any quadruped, even bearing in mind the marvelous specialization of the modern antelopes: fitness to travel great distances, which explains its wide dispersal; ability to escape its enemies or ward them off with its hoofs; protective coloring of the hair as a means of concealment; the power of resisting great extremes of climate by the thickening of its hairy coat; capacity to subsist on comparatively innutritious food.

DISCOVERY OF VARIOUS NATURAL BREEDS IN AMERICA

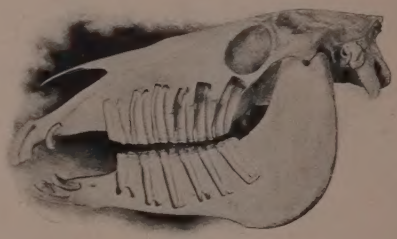
Our exploring parties have traveled thousands of miles in search of fossil horses,

From a photograph

FIG. 4. SECTIONS OF THE GRINDING AND CROPPING TEETH OF THE HORSE

To show the elongation and infolding of the crowns and the alternation of the three wearing surfaces, enamel, dentine, and cement, which are of different degrees of hardness, and thus produce a ridged wearing surface of the highest efficiency. The enamel, the hardest tissue, is colored black, the dentine or ivory light brown, the cement white. First column, vertical sections of upper and lower cropping teeth, showing the cup or mark; second column, vertical sections of upper and lower grinders; third column, horizontal sections of upper and lower grinders.

from the staked plains of Texas on the south, up through New Mexico into eastern Colorado and western Nebraska, and north into Montana. The grand result of this work is the proof of the existence of at least three great races which evolved



From a photograph

FIG. 5. THE DENTAL BATTERY OF THE HORSE

With the roots of the six unworn grinding teeth laid bare, to show the provision for prolonged grinding action; as the crowns wear away, the teeth are gradually thrust down into action. (From a specimen in the William C. Whitney collection.)

contemporaneously in our country, then as diversified as Africa is to-day. We cannot as yet say which of these races was European and which American in origin. All were moving upward, but, like the hare and the tortoise, not with the same rapidity of change or exactly in parallel lines.

In 1901 we discovered in eastern Colorado the complete skeleton of what may be called the "forest horse" (*Hypohippus*, Fig. 6), ten hands high, with large lateral toes, serving to keep the feet from sinking in the relatively soft ground of the forests or lowlands, where it sought the softer kinds of herbaceous food, for which its short, simple teeth were best fitted. In the same year, in river and stream deposits, on the eastern escarpment of the staked plains, we found the remains of twelve three-toed horses of two kinds quite distinct from the "forest horse," including the American species (*Neohipparion*) of *Hipparion*, which represent in lightness and delicacy of limb the opposite extreme of structure.

The splendid animals of this time (Upper Miocene) reflect the most favorable life conditions of what may be called the African period in America. Here were the primitive elephants, which, according to the dominant theory, had recently arrived on their long journey from Africa through Asia over the dry land of the Bering Straits region, on their way to South

America. Among the great profusion of animals were especially the giraffe-like camels with long necks, capable of browsing on the tops of the higher bushes, possibly indicating seasons of drought. The relatives of the deer and pronghorn antelope were still small, with simple horns; the horses themselves were of the size of ten-hand Shetlands.

The chief enemies of these Herbivora were the saber-tooth tigers, and a great variety of wolves, including the giant dog (*Dinocyon*).

Our notable achievement was in South Dakota, in 1902, when the Whitney party found the most perfect fossil horse skeleton ever discovered, which we subsequently named *Neohipparion whitneyi* in honor of Mr. Whitney. The animal was a mare which had sought refuge, with five young animals, probably representing a herd of colts, from a sand-storm or from some other disaster. They were found closely huddled together, with limbs drawn up; and whatever the cause of death,—a stroke of lightning, a storm, hunger, thirst, or cold, —they certainly had not been preyed upon by carnivores nor scattered by a flood. The preservation of the skeleton of the mare is extraordinary; even the rib cartilages were found in place, as well as the tip of the tail.

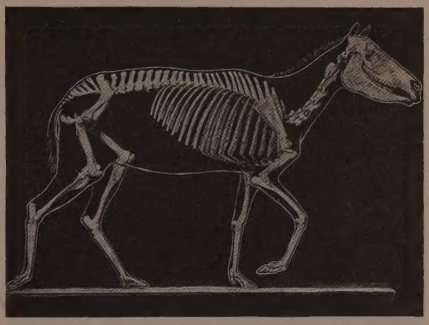
Neohipparion, as shown in Fig. 7, was proportioned like the Virginia deer—delicate and extremely fleet-footed, surpassing the most highly bred modern race-horse in its speed mechanism, and with a frame fashioned to outstrip any type of modern hunting-horse, if not of thoroughbred.

From a photograph

FIG. 6. THE HYPOHIPPUS

A three-toed forest-living horse, from deposits of Upper Miocene age in Colorado. Photograph of skeleton from the mounted specimen in the William C. Whitney collection. Contours in white by Charles R. Knight.

Both the "forest horse" and the *Neohipparion* races developed extremes of structure which were apparently fatal to their



From a photograph

FIG. 7. THE NEOHIPPARION (NEOHIPPARION WHITNEYI)

A three-toed horse of deer-like proportions, from deposits of Upper Miocene age in western Nebraska. Photograph from the mounted skeleton in the Whitney collection. Contours by Charles R. Knight.

persistence under changed conditions. For this or for some other reason both races became extinct, while the *Protohippus*, of intermediate structure, survived. This animal appears to have passed through *Pliohippus*, or the Pliocene horse, into the direct lineage of the modern horse; but we have not yet succeeded in finding either a skull or a complete skeleton which can be absolutely proved to be immediately ancestral to the true race of horses.

About the early or mid-Pliocene period there apparently occurred the long journey of the true American breed of horses into Asia and Europe and over the newly made land bridge of Panama or of the Antilles into South America. That the true Old World horse actually came from America is inferred because of the sudden appearance in the Upper Pliocene of the Siwalik Hills of northern India, in northern Italy, and in England, of five species of the true horses (*Equus*), of which no ancestors have been found in either Europe or Asia. Another strong argument for their American origin is found in the simultaneous appearance in the same countries of the camel, which we positively know to have been an exclusively American-bred animal. It is possible, however, that in unexplored portions of northern Asia the evolution of true horses may have been progressing.

I am sanguine that traces of this great exodus and migration of the horses will be discovered in the rocks of northern Asia, and that this great problem in the history of the horse will be solved in favor of America.

FIG. 8. THE FIRST AND LAST OF THE HORSE DYNASTY IN AMERICA

The smaller animal is the primeval *Protorohippus* or four-toed horse; the larger animal is the one-toed Scott's horse, one of the last native American species of horses. The stages of progress in size between these two extremes were realized in the fossil species named in the column on the right. Contours by Charles R. Knight.

TRUE PREGLACIAL HORSES OF AMERICA

THE preglacial or earliest Pleistocene times in America, as in Europe, were of temperate climate with increasing coldness. The country was covered from north to south with three noble species of elephants, namely, the northern mammoth, the Columbian mammoth, and the imperial mammoth or elephant of Texas; there were also large and small camels, and a variety of large ground-sloths which had recently made their way over the new land bridge from South America.

The great number and variety of our preglacial horses speak for favorable conditions, and constitute an additional proof of the American-origin theory. In 1826 Mitchell aroused wide-spread interest by the discovery of the first true fossil horse of America, found near the Navesink Highlands of New Jersey. This was seventy-eight years ago; it antedated by a quarter of a century Leidy's discoveries in Nebraska.

The wide geographical range, as well as the great variety in size and breed of the American preglacial horses, is indicated by the following facts. One animal (*Equus complicatus*), about the size of a small Western bronco, originally found near Natchez, has been traced all over the Southern States, from the isles of the Gulf of Mexico to South Carolina. A larger horse (*E. pectinatus*) with very elaborate grinding teeth has been found in the Northeastern and Middle States. On the extreme western coasts of California and in Oregon occurs the large "Pacific horse" (*E. pacificus*), perhaps closest to the existing species of horse (*E. caballus*). In Nebraska we quarried a whole season, securing remains of hundreds of horses belonging to another species (*E. excelsus*). In a portion of this quarry all the larger limb bones were found broken in two. This suggested to me the possibility that these larger bones, the only ones known to have contained marrow, had been broken by man, who was primitively a great marrow-eater, but we searched in vain for any collateral evidence of this hypothesis. To my knowledge, no human remains have been found associated with those of the fossil horse in North America; but I confidently expect that such association will be discovered, as it has been in South America.

By far the largest species of either wild or domesticated horse known has been determined by Mr. Gidley in Texas, and has appropriately been called the "giant horse" (*E. giganteus*). The grinding teeth exceed those of the Percheron draft-horse by one third. At the other extreme is a diminutive horse (*E. montezumæ*), discovered both in Florida and in the valley of Mexico.

All these animals were represented by single teeth, broken skulls, scattered bones, and other fragmentary remains.

A more welcome discovery could hardly be imagined, therefore, than that by our party, in 1899, on the eastern edge of the Llana Estacado of Texas. It was no less than a small herd of six or seven preglacial horses. One of these skeletons, represented in Fig. 8, may be taken as the representative of the last of its great race in America, with its little four-toed atavus, *Protorohippus*, beneath it. This true American horse was certainly rather ungainly-looking, proportioned like the larger primitive horses of Europe, with long body, short limbs, sloping sides, and quarters like

those of some of the zebras. Like the early cave-horses of Europe, it had a large head, convex forehead, stout limbs, spreading hoofs, and splint-bones which represent the last of the lateral toes.

EXTINCTION OF THE AMERICAN HORSE

When we look back upon the enormous antiquity of our horse, upon the ceaseless trials of nature by which it was produced, and upon the splendid varieties of breeds which roamed over the country in preglacial times, we cannot but regard the total elimination of this race as a calamity for the North American continent. John Fiske speaks of the absence of horses as one of the deterrent influences in American native civilizations. There is no doubt that we supplied South America with the horses which under the peculiar conditions there began to separate into a number of distinct breeds. The extremely short-limbed *Hippidium* of the pampas of Argentina was contrasted with the more normal long-limbed horses found in various parts of South America. The horse also persisted in South America until the advent of man; during the Upper Pleistocene lake formations its remains are found associated with chipped stone implements, with pottery and fire refuse, proving that it was both hunted and eaten. The evidence, however, for the total extinction of the horse is as strong in South as it is in North America, and it is generally accepted that in 1530 Mendoza reintroduced the horse into the La Plata region, just as the Spaniards reintroduced it into our Southern States. The rapid spread of feral breeds of horses in South America and of the mustangs in North America bespeak highly favorable conditions of life. Many of these horses have reverted to a very primitive condition, notably the striped yellow duns of Mexico.

The increasing cold and the advancing ice sheet of the glacial period are commonly assigned as the cause of the extinction of American horses. The fact that most of our native fauna became extinct at the same time lends probability to this theory. But this does not explain the elimination which also occurred to the south in Central and South America, and for other reasons it seems to me that the temperature theory is not adequate to explain all the facts. The great herds of kiangs, or wild asses, and other breeds which subsist under the extreme conditions of the northern winters, as well as the survival of the horse through the glacial period in Europe, demonstrate the capacity of this family to endure cold. Another class of causes which should certainly be taken into consideration is the occurrence of a wide-spread

FIG. 9. POSITIONS OF THE SKELETON DURING THREE PHASES OF THE GALLOP, AS FIGURED BY MUYBRIDGE FROM THE MODERN HORSE (ABOVE), AND AS THENCE INFERRED FOR THE PROTOROHIPPUS (BELOW) OR FOUR-TOED HORSE

This illustrates the mechanical advantage of the great elongation of the hand and foot in the modern horse

epidemic among the quadrupeds, such as the rinderpest of Africa, or that which is spread by the tsetse-fly. In certain parts of South America the puma is an animal especially destructive to horses.

COLORING OF THE EARLY AMERICAN HORSES

We have still to solve the problem of when the separation of the three branches of the genus *Equus* occurred, namely, the horses, asses, and zebras, animals which still interbreed, although the progeny, the mule and zebra hybrids, are sterile. The origin of these three great races is still to be traced. We may imagine that it was due to the dispersal under different conditions of climate of the original or stem horses of America. Thus the zebras are peculiarly characteristic of northern and southern Africa; the asses are represented by two single species in northern Africa and by five or six species in Asia; while the true horse has only a single surviving species in the heart of Asia. The remote common parentage of the horses, asses, and zebras is proved less by the skeleton than by evidences of the community of pattern in the striping. Members of all three breeds show the strong dorsal or back stripe which is so conspicuous in the donkey, the shoulder stripe or stripes, more or fewer of the circular leg stripes, as well as the darker upper color and the lighter under color of the body. In some of the breeds in which normally the striping is not shown at all it occasionally occurs by atavism or reversion.

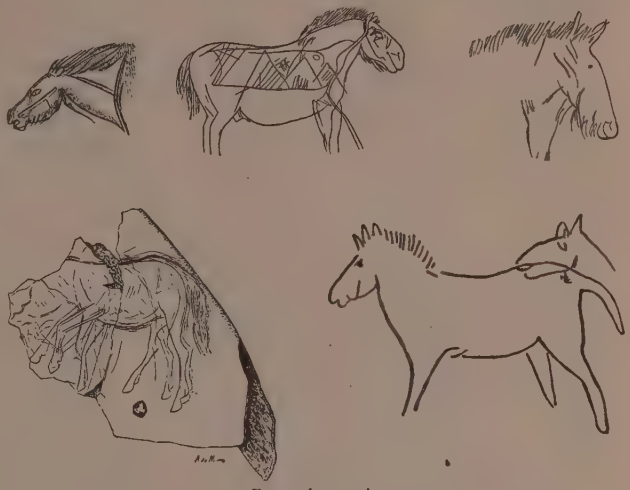
This leads to the interesting conclusion that the American Miocene and Pliocene horses were striped animals which, if living to-day, would be recognized as zebras, although not perhaps closely related to the African zebras. This I regard as definitely proved by the remarkable breeding experiments by my friend Professor Cossar Ewart, who believes that the asses parted company at an early stage from the zebras and horses, before the zebras had acquired their extravagantly striped coat, which may well have been heightened and intensified by the brilliant sunshine and shadow conditions of Africa. The ancestral true horse of northern Europe appears to have largely lost its zebra-like markings, just as the extinct quagga of South Africa was losing them through adaptation to entirely open country. The ground color of the true horse was of a dun or khaki shade, and this is a shade to which horses in various parts of the world tend to revert. In Mexico and various other parts of America the descendants of the horses introduced by the Spaniards are frequently of a dun color, with distinct dorsal, shoulder, and leg stripes; this is the so-called striped dun. Foals of the comparatively primitive Norwegian and other ponies are found with distinct stripes on the leg and forehead (Fig. 10); and even Arab foals frequently show the stripings on the legs.

This hereditary striping is proof of the enormously prolonged existence of the parental or stem race of horses in the sun and shade conditions of a partly forested country such as we believe North America to have been during the greater part of the horse-evolution period. The origin was probably as far back as the Oligocene, while the Eocene horses, which had more recently emerged from the forests, were probably spotted animals. The only explanation we can offer of the origin of striping is that of natural selection, because observation as well as experiment prove that both in brilliant sunlight and moonlight striping renders an animal inconspicuous, and is thus an important factor in its concealment from its enemies.

FIG. 10. ZEBRA-LIKE STRIPES ON THE FACE OF A NORSE PONY

The fading out of the stripes and the secondary development of a monotonous dun and brownish color were equally effective under the darker skies and in the open plains and deserts of the north, or in the desert conditions of the northerly and southerly portions of Africa. This uniformity of color in the common horse is probably a special impress of the severe Pleistocene conditions of Europe and Asia, of which we find other proofs,

such as the following. The tail became covered with hair from the tip to the bottom, partly as a protection from severe weather. The short hog-mane of the ass and the zebra at a late period, and perhaps partly by human selection, was replaced by the falling mane, which afforded protection to the animal from the rain when lying down. On the forehead the stripes disappeared and the forelock appeared. These latter changes must have occurred in comparatively recent times, because the oldest horses pictured by man are without forelock. The spreading hoof of the horse as compared with the narrow hoofs of the ass and zebra may have served to prevent the animal from sinking into the moist Pleistocene turf.



From a photograph

FIG. 11. SKETCHES OF HORSES MADE ON THE WALLS OF CAVES BY MEN OF THE STONE AGE

From Ewart after Rivière, Capitan and Breul, and Munro

THE HORSE AND MAN

THE conquest of the horse by man, and its final utilization for all purposes which are discharged by steam and electricity to-day, marked one of the great turning-points in the history of civilization. In the great earth and sand preglacial deposits of Europe the true wild horse is as wide-spread, though not as varied, as in America. It is not at this stage associated with the remains of man, because no preglacial man except the pithecanthropus or Trinil man of Java has been found. In the interglacial or postglacial period the remains of man and the horse are first found together. The first association occurs in the middle of the palæolithic, or rough-implement, period. The discovery of all the possible uses of the horse came very gradually, however, for there is abundant proof that man first hunted and ate, then drove, and finally rode the animal.

The remarkable drawings discovered by Rivière in 1901 in the cave of La Mouthe are believed to be of palæolithic age. The artists of La Mouthe and other caves in France left outlines partly etched, partly in ocher, of the animals of the chase, the reindeer, mammoth, bison, ibex, and horse, which have, for our purpose, the extreme merit of telling the truth. There are varieties in these drawings which Ewart interprets as indicating a variety of races.

The prevailing drawings of the palæolithic horse represent him as hog-maned, with no forelock to conceal the low-bred Roman nose. A second type in the Mouthe cave, a bearded horse with long, bristling mane, long ears, and convex forehead, is regarded by M. Rivière as another species. But it is not clear to my mind that these drawings represent more than the summer and winter coats of the same animal. Besides these Roman-nosed types to which Ewart traces the modern cart-horse, there are others with small heads and flat noses which Ewart associates with the Celtic pony and possibly with the origin of the thoroughbred. Other cave drawings, reproduced by M. Capitan, leave little doubt that the ass was known in Europe. It is also certain from abundant evidence in the caves of France that there was a larger horse toward the south perhaps, while the smaller breeds may have frequented the colder northern regions.

The horse was at first simply hunted for

food, and in the Solutrian period became the chief article of food, as shown by piled-up remains of thousands of skeletons, the long bones of which were split open for the marrow.

The northern palæolithic horse was only ten hands high, probably as a result of the dwarfing effects of the severe climate. It was too small an animal to be ridden. It was certainly not very different in appearance from the only true wild horse which now survives in the world, and was possibly the same stock. This is Przewalsky's horse (*E. przewalskii*) of the desert of Dzungaria, which was discovered by Poliakoff in 1881, and demonstrated beyond a doubt to be distinct from the wild ass of northern Asia and the Mongolian pony. As in the palæolithic drawings, this horse is unstriped. It is covered with thick hair of a dull brown or dun color, and has a woolly under-covering for winter protection. One of the Przewalsky colts (Fig. 2), now in the New York Zoölogical Park, probably gives us a living picture of the horse as he was known to palæolithic man thirty thousand years ago.

MULTIPLE ORIGIN OF THE HORSE

THE interesting question arises: Are these palæolithic horses and possibly the Przewalsky horses the forebears of our modern domesticated breeds, and are our horses of single origin, or of multiple origin, like our dogs?

In 1902 Professor Ewart first wrote me of the occurrence of a new type of horse in the islands west of Great Britain. In December of the same year he presented this before the Royal Society as a new variety or species, which he proposed to call the Celtic pony (*E. caballus celticus*). As found in Faroe, Barra, and other small islands of the outer Hebrides, also in Connemara, Ireland, it is a small pony of a yellow dun color, partly striped, with short hairs on the upper part of the tail, small ears, prominent eyes. On the inside of the hocks are either very small callosities or chestnuts, or no callosities, features which are invariably present in the true horse (*E. caballus*) as well as in Przewalsky's horse. Especially distinctive is the small, gracefully shaped head, a feature which leads Ewart to compare the Celtic pony with the small-sized, small-headed horse known to palæolithic man, and to imagine that these ponies represent the outermost fringe and the first to branch off from the horse fraternity.

In the same region of the Arctic Hebrides Ewart also observed, as a second type, large yellow duns about fourteen and three tenths hands at the withers, with big bones, large heads, and ungraceful Roman noses. "I imagine," he writes, "that the ancestors of these animals came from the south of Europe and correspond with the larger horses of the Neolithic cave deposits." From this second coarse, thick-set breed, similar in size to a full-grown Przewalsky's horse and to the animals which were domesticated in the Neolithic or polished-stone age of Europe, the common type of European work-horse may have sprung. Descendants of this low-bred, primitive race are apparently distributed over Europe and Asia, represented in the Norwegian and Mongolian ponies, in which the general earth color by reversion frequently shows vestiges of a formerly striped condition. All the earliest horses of history correspond to this type. The Sigynnæ, the only tribe north of the Danube known to Herodotus, drove similar horses in their chariots; this may have been the source of the horses of the Assyrians, Persians, and of the Homeric Greeks, of the ancient Britons, of the Scythians and Turkomans. It corresponds also with the small original horses of the Chinese, but ancient Chinese records show that about 100 B.C. the emperor began to send west to Turkestan for horses which had been improved by breeding.

There is evidence, however, of the frequent improvement of this northerly race by a superior southerly stock, which, if it can be clearly separated, constitutes a third distinct race of domesticated horse. In an extremely interesting paper published in 1902 Professor Ridgeway of Cambridge University brought forward strong historical evidence, first, that the superior horse had long been independent of the common northerly race, second, that it was known and occasionally imported for interbreeding by Persians and other Asiatics, third, that it was originally bred, not in Arabia, Persia, and Asia Minor, as is commonly supposed, but in ancient Libya. "It is clear," he says, "that the Arabs never owned a good horse until they became masters of northern Africa and secured

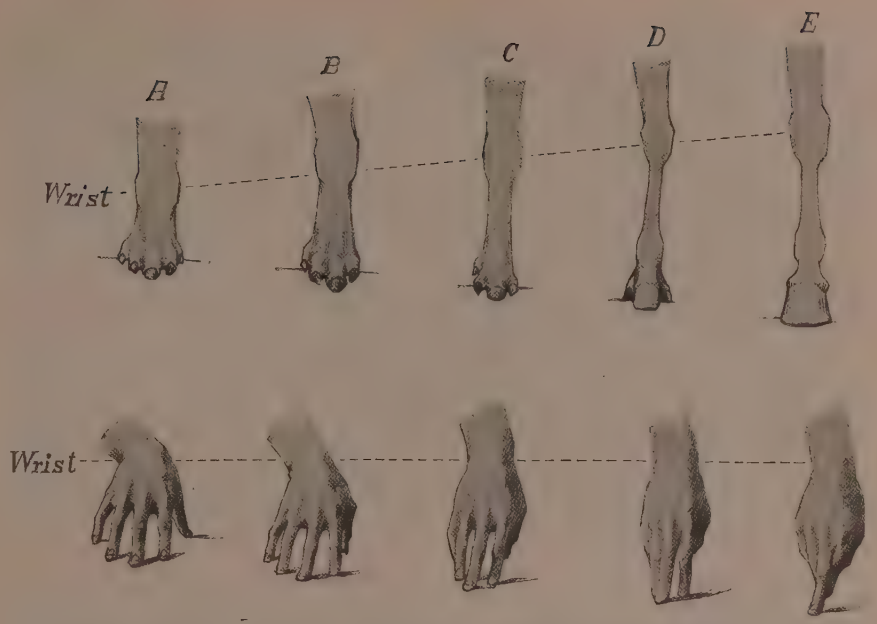


FIG. 3. HOW THE HORSE CAME TO WALK ON THE TIP OF A SINGLE FINGER. COMPARISON OF THE FOOT OF ANCIENT AND MODERN HORSES WITH THE HUMAN HAND

A, hypothetical ancestral stage, in which all five fingers (toes) rest upon the ground; *B*, *Protorohippus* stage, with four fingers resting on the ground; *C*, *Epihippus* stage, with the little finger slightly raised above the ground; *D*, *Mesohippus* stage, three-fingered; *E*, modern-horse (*Equus*) stage, single-fingered. This series also shows the conversion of the nail of the middle finger into a hoof.

the Barbary horses, which had been originally bred in the Libyan Desert." He finally suggests that this race from which all the fine-blooded horses of the world have sprung may have been independently derived from the zebra of northern Africa or from some closely allied species. We cannot accept this suggestion, because the falsely called "Arabs" freely interbreed with other horses, while the zebras are sterile in the second generation; but this does not preclude the supposition that while the two commoner breeds of horses were descended from Asiatic and European stocks which had felt the severity of Pleistocene conditions, the blooded horse was domesticated in the drier countries around and especially south of the Mediterranean, where the conditions for breeding may have always been eminently favorable.

The blood of this superior horse by importation has probably affected both the form and the color of all the finer breeds of horses of Europe and Asia, and this is the animal to which Shakspere's lines in "Venus and Adonis" apply:

So did this horse excel a common one,
In shape, in courage, colour, pace, and bone.

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eye, small head, and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs, and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide;
Look, what a horse should have he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

THE TRACKERS OF FRANCE

BY ROGER BOUTET DE MONVEL

WITH PICTURES BY BERNARD BOUTET DE MONVEL

Once upon a time they descended the rivers, navigating with the current. In each ear they wore a large iron ring with two little crossed anchors in the middle of the circle. We are told that they were all capable, experienced men, thoroughly familiar with the river-beds, and trained to take advantage of every current and to avoid the ever-shifting bank of sand. In those days they were called bargemen.

Unfortunately, the rivers, having no intercommunication, overflowed in winter and dried up in summer. Then these worthy people would be thrown out of work for two or three weeks at a time, sometimes for an entire month, while the merchandise lay at the port, waiting for the water to regain the normal level before it could be shipped. As a result, it came to pass that canals were dug in every direction—long, tranquil canals connecting the rivers and navigable all the year round. Abandoning then the natural watercourses, the bargemen all became trackers.

Nowadays they drag their heavy boats the length of the steep embankments, as they journey from one town to another, from France to Belgium, from Belgium to the Netherlands, with cargoes of wood and charcoal and freestone and fine sand. They move at a leisurely gait beside the narrow canal, which, edged with plane-trees and Italian poplars, stretches ahead in a straight line, dividing the flat, damp meadow-lands in two, encircling villages and suburbs, running alongside a river, a railroad-track, or a stretch of sun-baked road.

The rich tracker employs a team of horses or mules to tow his boat. The poor ones themselves act as beasts of burden. On each bank a man, sometimes a woman, is harnessed to a long rope attached to the prow of the boat. As with bowed bodies and outstretched necks they pull in unison, a picture of melancholy resignation, one is reminded of a tiny ant dragging home some enormous burden. It should be remembered, indeed, that the largest boats have a capacity of three hundred and twenty tons; that is to say, they carry as much freight as a train of thirty-two cars. Towed by hand, they make hardly more than eight miles a day, and, when horses are employed, from twelve to fifteen. Usually this laborious task is performed by a donkey. He is very small, and has a collar of little bells and red tassels. His lank spine worn raw in spots, his faded hair, and his enormous stomach, bear witness to the fact that he is not too tenderly treated, and that the food on which he is nourished is mediocre in quality. He walks along with bowed head, drooping ears, and half-closed eyes, unceasingly lashing his thighs with his meager tail. A little behind comes the man, hauling also, so as to ease his beast. They proceed slowly, in jerks: three steps forward, then a pause in which the whole weight is thrown against the rope, then forward again. It is hot. The sun beats down in perpendicular rays on the glassy surface of the canal, and is reflected back again blindingly. Both man and beast are half asleep, though they plod steadily on until the former, aroused by some pertinacious fly, suddenly awakens, and rends the air with the sharp cracking of his whip. The rope stretches taut, and the boat glides noiselessly forward over the still water.

"THEY MOVE AT A LEISURELY GAIT BESIDE THE NARROW CANAL"

Some of these boats are wide and heavy, solid and comfortable-looking. Others are smaller, long and narrow in shape. The former are built after the new model, which measures about 125 feet in length by 17 in width, and has a burden of three hundred and twenty tons. Here we see a brand-new "pinnace," still redolent of tar. In the center is the single cabin, in which the entire family lives. It has tiny windows, green shutters, and a white railing before which a geranium blooms, and all is as clean and bright as a new toy.

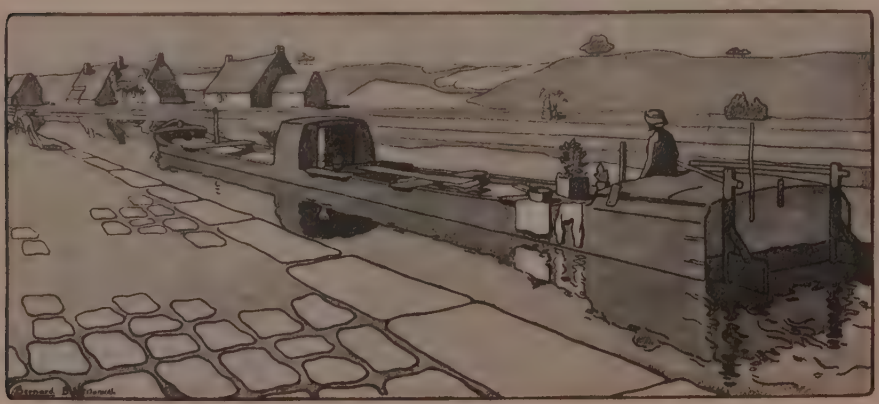
The other type is the "montluçon," as

THE DINING-ROOM

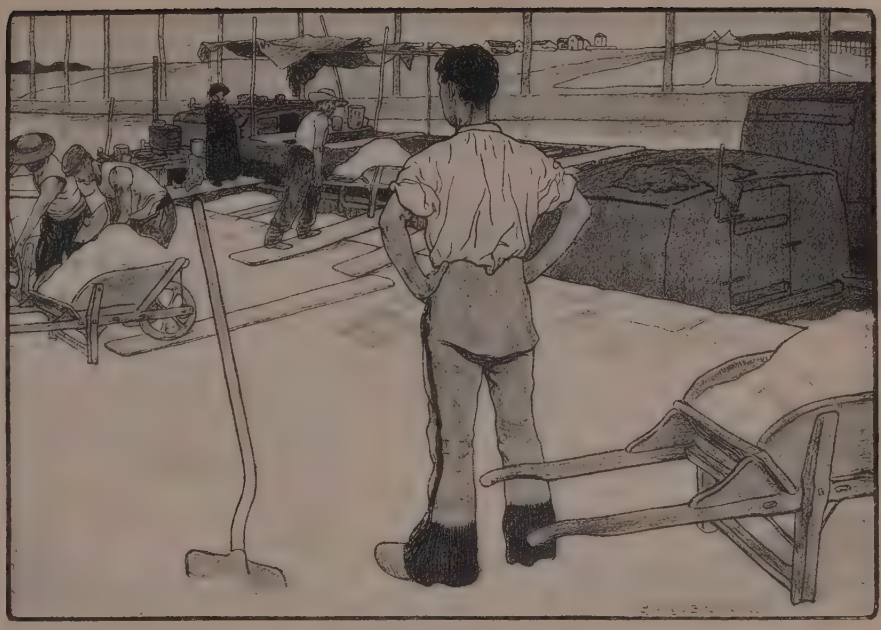
the trackers call it, an old-style river boat, such as were formerly built in Berry. It has no bridge, is very narrow, and has become entirely black from repeated coats of tar. It measures barely more than 60 feet in length by 9 in width. Its burden is from fifty to sixty tons. In the after part is the cabin. Usually one sees the family linen drying before the door, and on the roof a canary-cage, a sleeping dog, a little stove set up in the open, and upon which the soup is steaming. Large freshly painted letters proclaim the name. It is the *Franco-Russe*, the *Botha*, the *Toujours à mieux*, the *Souvenir de ma mère*, the *Tram de plaisir*, and the *Barque de Cythère*.

By the helm stands the woman, a heavy peasant, misshapen by toil, whose sunburnt face, old before its time, seems even darker beneath a white cap. All the while that she presides over the cooking she keeps a watchful eye upon the brood of ragamuffins who play and quarrel among the sand and charcoal; for every one of these floating dwellings swarms with ragged, barefoot children, all black and sooty beneath their mops of tow-colored hair. Seeing them tear about from one end of the narrow boat to the other, it appears nothing short of miraculous that they manage to escape the dangers which threaten them on every side. Not one among them knows how to swim, and for the same reason, were an accident to occur, the fathers could be of but slight assistance. One cannot but wonder, moreover, what kind of education is possible for children who are constantly moving from place to place, and who pass most of their time rolling in the dirt. Yet nearly all trackers can read and write, as can be seen by examining the register where each master boatman is required to sign his name whenever a lock is opened for him at night. One rarely finds a cross in place of the signature. All have either picked up some sort of schooling in the course of their wanderings, or have been sent to the communal school or to the good sisters in the periods of loading and unloading the boat.

In addition to the annual enforced holiday of thirty days, when the yearly cleaning of the canals and rivers takes place, there are frequent halts in the course of every journey. It may be that the canal crosses a stream and that at certain seasons this stream is not navigable by reason of ice, or floods, or drought. Whenever this occurs, the boat must be laid up. Close to the intersections of the canals and rivers, therefore, large basins have been constructed, capable of harboring from one hundred to one hundred and fifty boats at a time, ranged side by side in long lines. This floating village, with its contracted dwellings and its crowd of swarthy, shaggy men, tattered children, and bare-bosomed women, makes one think of some wandering Bohemian people, or of a tribe of nomads about to emigrate by water. On the grassy bank and the neighboring hedges rows of linen are spread out to dry. Lines of smoke curl upward, filling the air with an odor of green wood burning, and of open-air cookery. There is a confusion of shrill cries, and from boat to boat the



A MONTLUÇON BOAT



LOADING WITH SAND

donkeys are heard vying joyously with one another. Night falls, and everything grows still. Fires are lighted, and in their red reflections one distinguishes here and there the profiles of men and women seated in a circle, listening to the uncertain and monotonous music of an accordion.

Often, however, the evening passes in a less peaceful fashion. The bargemen, it must be admitted, have a decided liking for spirits, and as the tavern-keepers here, as everywhere else, are entirely agreed in the matter of keeping open shop along the route, the others feel bound, as it were, by the very force of circumstances, to drink both freely and frequently. Thus they sometimes get drunk and fail to come up with their boats till late in the night, and whenever this occurs a family quarrel ensues—a quarrel that rapidly develops into a violent and noisy fight between husband and wife. These are about the only occasions, however, when the bargemen have recourse to their fists; for although excessively choleric in temperament, and hasty and quarrelsome to a degree, they usually content themselves with challenges hurled from a distance. But although they rarely come to actual blows, the most trifling disagreement is sufficient to let loose a perfect hurricane of imprecations. The same hasty temper is found among the women. It is they usually who do the steering, and when several boats cross one another and one of them is a little crowded, there is an immediate outbreak of mutual abuse. Each boat pursues its way till they pass out of sight. Nothing happens, but still the dialogue goes on, each interlocutor continuing to hurl all manner of threats and abusive epithets at the other, and though they are half a mile apart, the air still vibrates with the clamor of their harsh voices.

But the noisiest time of all is when, after being detained for some time from one cause or another, the moment finally arrives for the assembled boats to move out of the basin and resume their journey. According to an accepted custom, it should be the proprietors of boats drawn by horses who pass out first, next those with donkeys, and finally the poorest of all, those who tow their boats themselves. It is hardly necessary to state, however, that, in spite of this perfectly reasonable and proper rule, every boat tries to get out at the same moment. Recourse has then to be had to the local police, who promptly establish themselves on the spot, and remain until the very last pinnace has disappeared.

A DONKEY-TEAM

Nor are these the only occasions upon which the police mingle in the affairs of the bargemen. It must be remembered that in their character of nomad, they have a natural tendency to pilfer, and credit should be given them for the very remarkable agility and lightness of touch that they exercise in the business. For the rapid and noiseless capture of stray animals capable of yielding nourishment found upon the route, they are without their peers. It is a question, however, merely of trifles; though they sometimes confuse the meanings of "mine" and "thine," our worthy friends are not really bad.

In spite of their frequent quarrels there exists among the bargemen a very edifying *esprit de corps*. Thus, boats laden with charcoal will go so far as to replenish the store of every other boat they meet. They settle the rates of charges among themselves, bargain amicably with one another, and effect exchanges—coal for wine, wine for wood, etc. This custom has become so firmly established that neither the transportation company nor the owner of the cargo ever dreams of fighting it, so utterly futile would be any such attempt. Often, indeed, and especially when the consignment consists of wine or spirits, they agree in advance to set aside a certain portion for the use of the bargeman, hoping by this means to induce him to deliver the remainder intact.

In all these affairs the part played by the police is an unimportant one, but it is a different matter when they are called upon to trace some fugitive from justice among the tribe of bargemen. Such cases are by no means uncommon, and if ordinarily one is a tracker just as he is a carpenter or a mason, often the calling is adopted merely as a convenient method by which to escape justice and conceal one's identity. It is a trade that does not necessitate a long apprenticeship; it is open to all, and the companies, needing men, take those who apply without examining them too closely.

The bargemen form to-day a community of about five thousand persons, and they control some two thousand pinnaces and barges. The true bargemen, however, are those who follow the calling from father to son, and who live with their families, each on his own boat. It is only little by little, though, that a man has become its proprietor. At first the boat is the property of a contractor or of a company who places him in charge and pays him a fixed sum

by the month or by the year. A tracker makes from sixty to seventy centimes a kilometer when he tows for himself, and from eighty to ninety-five centimes when he employs horses. Consequently we may say that he earns five francs, or about ninety-five cents, a day. If he wants to become the owner of the boat, the company agrees to reserve a certain portion of his wages for each trip, and by the end of ten, fifteen, or twenty years he has paid the full amount of the purchase-money. A pinnace is worth about eighteen thousand francs, a montluçon between five and six thousand, and neither lasts more than from thirty to forty years. One boat, however, which has become traditional in the world of bargemen, the *Subterranean*, survived for over seventy years. When, in the early part of the nineteenth century, the canal was dug to connect the basin of the Schelde with that of the Omnignon, not a bargeman could be found willing to attempt the passage, considered by all to be impracticable. Napoleon thereupon promised that the first boat to pass through should forever be exempt from tolls. Allured by this bait, one, bolder than the rest, made the attempt. In memory of the exploit his boat was called the *Subterranean*, and under this name was so assiduously kept in repair that it was still in existence in 1880, at which time the passage-tolls were abolished. It would then have been a difficult matter, however, to discover a single plank of the original boat.

By dint of hard work a good many trackers come to be proprietors of several boats. Thus working on their own account, with care and economy and good business capacity it is possible from a simple bargeman to end by becoming a wealthy contractor. Such instances are, however, extremely rare. For the most part a tracker's ambition is confined to the ownership of two boats. Later, when he shall have grown old and unfit for work, he will hand one of these over to his children and will sell the other for the highest price he can get, hoping to live upon the income. Reflect for a moment upon the size of an income derived from a capital of six thousand or even eighteen thousand francs! A bargeman, however, can subsist upon very little, and if his meager revenues prove insufficient for his support, he promptly dips into his capital. Should this become exhausted before his death, his children will take him in, and he will end his days on the boat which he himself has towed for many years.

"THE SAME HASTY TEMPER IS FOUND AMONG THE WOMEN"

REST

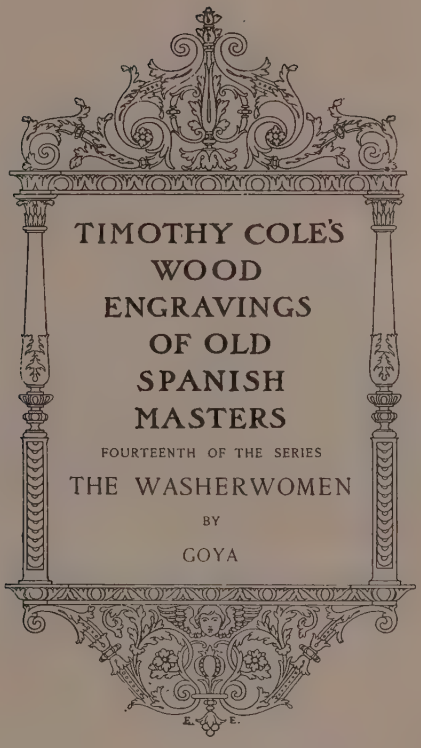
One is sometimes astonished to find in these days, when, before all else, rapid transport is required, that the canals remain of so much importance. And in any case it is difficult to understand why steam has not replaced horses, or, still more, men, for towing boats of three hundred tons burden. It should be borne in mind, however, that certain kinds of heavy and bulky merchandise, such as soft coal, charcoal, freestone, or breakable stuff like pottery, porcelain, and faience, are both difficult and costly to transport by rail.

True, it takes a boat a day to go the distance that a freight-train will cover in less than an hour. But the freight charge on French canals is currently one centime a kilometer for one thousand kilos, while by rail it is from three to eight centimes, or three and often eight times as much. Finally, none of these canals have been constructed with a view to steam-navigation. The most modern measure over 50 feet in width, and the banks, composed only of earth, could never withstand the strain of rapid travel. The passage of a medium-sized steamboat would cause a displacement of water far too great, and it would certainly happen sometime that two boats of this order, going in opposite directions, would end by sticking fast.

In order to remedy these drawbacks, all the canals would have to be widened. Unfortunately, they have been constructed not on any general plan, and differ as much in width and depth as they do in the size of the locks. One can readily see, therefore, that the expense of such an undertaking makes it extremely unlikely that it will ever be carried out.

Yet a large proportion of freight is still carried by water. In France it amounted in 1902 to thirty-two million tons. The annual traffic of Paris, the chief fluvial port, reaches six million tons, while that of Marseilles, the largest seaport, is not over five million tons. France has more than eight thousand miles of navigable waterways, and it is certain that every effort will be made to increase the facilities of her inland navigation. Many and various experiments have been tried in this direction, and, towage by steamboat being impracticable except on the streams, or at best the larger rivers, attempts have been made to employ machinery of various kinds.

Commerce will gain. But the peace and charm of the canals will disappear with those picturesque teams of mules and donkeys, which at present are such a delight to the eye, and thus still a little more ugliness and dullness will have invaded the natural beauty of the country-side.


TIMOTHY COLE'S
WOOD
ENGRAVINGS
OF OLD
SPANISH
MASTERS
FOURTEENTH OF THE SERIES
THE WASHERWOMEN
BY
GOYA

"The Washerwomen," from the original painting by Goya in the Madrid Museum. See "Open Letters"

THE SEA-WOLF

BY JACK LONDON

Author of "The Call of the Wild," "The God of his Fathers," etc.

XXXVI

FOR two days Maud and I ranged the sea and explored the beaches in search of the missing masts. But it was not till the third day that we found them, all of them, the shears included, and, of all perilous places, in the pounding surf of the grim southwestern promontory. And how we worked! At the dark end of the first day we returned, exhausted, to our little cove, towing the mainmast behind us. And we had been compelled to row, in a dead calm, virtually every inch of the way.

Another day of heartbreaking and dangerous toil saw us in camp with the two topmasts to the good. The day following I was desperate, and I rafted together the fore-mast, the fore- and main-booms, and the fore- and main-gaffs. The wind was favorable, and I had thought to tow them back under sail; but the wind baffled, then died away, and our progress with the oars was a snail's pace. And it was such dispiriting effort! To throw one's whole strength and weight on the oars, and to feel the boat checked in its forward lunge by the heavy drag behind, was not exactly exhilarating.

Night began to fall, and, to make matters worse, the wind sprang up ahead. Not only did all forward motion cease, but we began to drift back and out to sea. I struggled at the oars till I was played out. Poor Maud, whom I could never prevent from working to the limit of her strength, lay weakly back in the stern-sheets. I could row no more. My bruised and swollen hands could no longer close on the oar-handles. My wrists and arms ached intolerably, and, though I had eaten heartily of a twelve-o'clock lunch, I had worked so hard that I was faint from hunger.

I pulled in the oars and bent forward to the line which held the tow. But Maud's hand leapt out restrainingly to mine.

"What are you going to do?" she asked in a strained, tense voice.

"Cast it off," I answered, slipping a turn of the rope.

But her fingers closed on mine.

"Please don't!" she begged.

"It is useless," I answered. "Here is night and the wind blowing us off the land."

"But think, Humphrey. If we cannot sail away on the *Ghost* we may remain for years on the island—for life, even. If it has never been discovered all these years, it may never be discovered."

"You forget the boat we found on the beach," I reminded her.

"It was a seal-hunting boat," she replied. "And you know perfectly well that if the men had escaped they would have been back to make their fortunes from the rookery. You know they never escaped."

I remained silent, undecided.

"Besides," she added haltingly, "it 's your idea, and I want to see you succeed."

Now I could harden my heart. As soon as she put it on a flattering personal basis, generosity compelled me to deny her.

"Better years on the island than to die to-night or to-morrow or the next day in the open boat. We are not prepared to brave the sea. We have no food, no water, no blankets, nothing. Why, you 'd not survive the night without blankets. I know how strong you are. You are shivering now."

"It is only nervousness," she answered. "I am afraid you will cast off the masts in spite of me. Oh, please, please, Humphrey, don't!" she burst out.

And so it ended, with the phrase she knew had all power over me. We shivered miserably throughout the night. Now and again I slept fitfully, but the pain of the cold always aroused me. How Maud could stand it was beyond me. I was too tired to thrash my arms about and warm myself, but I found strength time and again to chafe her hands and feet to restore the circulation. And still she pleaded with me not to cast off the masts. About three in the morning she was caught by a cold cramp, and after I had rubbed her out of that she became quite numb. I was frightened. I got out the oars and made her row, though she was so weak I thought she would faint at every stroke.

Morning broke, and we looked long in the growing light for our island. At last it showed, small and black, on the horizon, fully fifteen miles away. I scanned the sea with my glasses. Far away in the southwest I could see a dark line on the water, which grew even as I looked at it.

"Fair wind!" I cried in a husky voice I did not recognize as my own.

Maud tried to reply, but could not speak. Her lips were blue with cold, and she was hollow-eyed; but oh, how bravely her brown eyes looked at me—how piteously brave!

Again I fell to chafing her hands, and to moving her arms up and down and about until she could thrash them herself. Then I compelled her to stand up; and though she would have fallen had I not supported her, I forced her to walk back and forth the several steps between the thwart and the stern-sheets, and finally to spring up and down.

"Oh, you brave, brave woman!" I said, when I saw the life coming back into her face. "Did you know that you were brave?"

"I never used to be," she answered. "I was never brave till I knew you. It is you who have made me brave."

"Nor I until I knew you," I answered.

She gave me a quick look, and again I caught that dancing, tremulous light and something more in her eyes. But it was only for the moment. Then she smiled.

"It must have been the conditions," she said; but I knew she was wrong, and I wondered if she likewise knew.

Then the wind came, fair and fresh, and the boat was soon laboring through a heavy sea toward the island. At half-past three in the afternoon we passed the southwestern promontory. Not only were we hungry, but we were now suffering from thirst. Our lips were dry and cracked, nor could we longer moisten them with our tongues. Then the wind slowly died down. By night it was dead calm, and I was toiling once more at the oars, but weakly, most weakly. At two in the morning the boat's bow touched the beach of our own inner cove, and I staggered out to make the painter fast. Maud could not stand, nor had I strength to carry her. I fell in the sand with her, and, when I had recovered, contented myself with putting my hands under her shoulders and dragging her up the beach to the hut.

The next day we did no work. In fact, we slept till three in the afternoon—or at least I did, for I awoke to find Maud cooking dinner. Her power of recuperation was wonderful. There was something tenacious about that lily-frail body of hers, a clutch on existence which one could not reconcile with its patent weakness.

"You know I was traveling to Japan for my health," she said, as we lingered at the fire after dinner and delighted in the movelessness of loafing. "I was not very strong. I never was. The doctors recommended a sea voyage, and I chose the longest."

"You little knew what you were choosing," I laughed.

"But I shall be a different woman for the experience, as well as a stronger woman," she answered, "and, I hope, a better woman. At least I shall understand a great deal more of life."

Then, as the short day waned, we fell to discussing Wolf Larsen's blindness. It was inexplicable, and I instanced his statement that he intended to stay and die on Endeavor Island. There had been his terrific headaches, and we were agreed that it was some sort of brain breakdown, and that in his attacks he endured pain beyond our comprehension.

I noticed, as we talked over his condition, that Maud's sympathy went out to him more and more; yet I could not but love her for it, so sweetly womanly was it.

Besides, there was no false sentiment about her feeling. She was agreed that the most rigorous treatment was necessary if we were to escape, though she recoiled at the suggestion that I might sometime be compelled to take his life to save my own—"our own," she put it.

In the morning we had breakfast and were at work by daylight. I found a light kedge-anchor in the forehold, where such things were kept, and with a deal of exertion got it on deck and into the boat. With a long running-line coiled down in the stern, I rowed well out into our little cove and dropped the anchor into the water. There was no wind, the tide was high, and the schooner floated. Casting off the shore-lines, I kedged her out by main strength (the windlass being broken), till she rode nearly up and down to the small anchor—too small to hold her in any breeze. So I lowered the big starboard anchor, giving plenty of slack; and by afternoon I was at work on the windlass.

Three days I worked on that windlass. Least of all things was I a mechanic, and in that time I accomplished what an ordinary machinist would have done in as many hours. I had to learn my tools, to begin with, and every simple mechanical principle which such a man would have at his finger-ends I had likewise to learn. And at the end of three days I had a windlass which worked clumsily. It never gave the satisfaction the old windlass had given, but it worked and made my work possible.

In half a day I got the two topmasts aboard and the shears rigged and guyed as before. And that night I slept on board, and on deck beside my work. Maud, who refused to stay alone ashore, slept in the forecastle. Wolf Larsen had sat about, listening to my repairing the windlass, and talking with Maud and me upon indifferent subjects. No reference was made on either side to the destruction of the shears, nor did he say anything further about my leaving his ship alone. But still I feared him, blind and helpless and listening, always listening, and I never let his strong arms get within reach of me while I worked.

On this night, sleeping under my beloved shears, I was aroused by his footsteps on the deck. It was a starlight night, and I could see the bulk of him dimly as he moved about. I rolled out of my blankets and crept noiselessly after him in my stocking-feet. He had armed himself with a draw-knife from the tool-locker, and with this he prepared to cut across the throat-halyards I had again rigged to the shears. He felt the halyards with his hands, and discovered that I had not made them fast. This would not do for a draw-knife, so he laid hold of the running part, hove taut, and made fast. Then he prepared to saw across with the draw-knife.

"I would n't, if I were you," I said quietly.

He heard the click of my pistol and laughed.

"Hello, Hump," he said. "I knew you were here all the time. You can't fool my ears."

"That 's a lie, Wolf Larsen," I said, just as quietly as before. "However, I am aching for a chance to kill you, so go ahead and cut."

"You have the chance always," he sneered.

"Go ahead and cut," I threatened ominously.

"I 'd rather disappoint you," he laughed, and turned on his heel and went aft.

"Something must be done, Humphrey," Maud said next morning, when I had told her of the night's occurrence. "If he has liberty, he may do anything. He may sink the vessel, or set fire to it. There is no telling what he may do. We must make him a prisoner."

"But how?" I asked, with a helpless shrug. "I dare not come within reach of his arms, and he knows that so long as his resistance is passive I cannot shoot him."

"There must be some way," she contended. "Let me think."

"There is one way," I said grimly.

She waited.

I picked up a seal-club.

"It won't kill him," I said. "And before he could recover I 'd have him bound hard and fast."

She shook her head with a shudder. "No, not that. There must be some less brutal way. Let us wait."

But we did not have to wait long, and the problem solved itself. In the morning, after several trials, I found the point of balance in the foremast and attached my hoisting-tackle a few feet above it. Maud

held the turn on the windlass and coiled down while I heaved. Had the windlass been in order it would not have been so difficult; as it was, I was compelled to apply all my weight and strength to every inch of the heaving. I had to rest frequently. Maud even contrived, at times when all my effort could not budge the windlass, to hold the turn with one hand and with the other to throw the weight of her slim body to my assistance.

At the end of an hour the single and double blocks came together at the top of the shears. I could hoist no more. And yet the mast was not swung entirely inboard. The butt rested against the outside of the port rail, while the top of the mast overhung the water far beyond the starboard rail. My shears were too short. All my work had been for nothing. But I no longer despaired in the old way. I was acquiring more confidence in myself and more confidence in the possibilities of windlasses, shears, and hoisting-tackles. There was a way in which it could be done, and it remained for me to find that way.

While I was considering the problem Wolf Larsen came on deck. We noticed something strange about him at once. The indecisiveness or feebleness of his movements was more pronounced. His walk was actually tottery as he came down the port side of the cabin. At the break of the poop he reeled, raised one hand to his eyes with the familiar brushing gesture, and fell down the steps, still on his feet, to the main-deck, across which he staggered, falling and flinging his arms out for support. He regained his balance by the steerage companionway, and stood there dizzily for a space, when he suddenly crumpled up and collapsed, his legs bending under him as he sank to the deck.

"One of his attacks," I whispered to Maud.

She nodded her head, and I could see sympathy warm in her eyes.

We went up to him, but he seemed unconscious, breathing heavily and spasmodically. Maud took charge of him, lifting his head to keep the blood out of it, and despatching me to the cabin for a pillow. I also brought blankets, and we made him comfortable. I took his pulse. It beat steadily and strong, was quite normal. This puzzled me; I became suspicious.

"What if he should be feigning this?" I asked, still holding his wrist.

Maud shook her head, and there was reproof in her eyes. But just then the wrist I held leapt from my hand, and the hand clasped like a steel trap about my own wrist. I cried aloud in awful fear, a wild, inarticulate cry; and I caught one glimpse of his face, malignant and triumphant, as his other hand compassed my body and I was drawn down to him in a terrible grip.

My wrist was released, but his other arm, passed around my back, held both my arms so that I could not move. His free hand went to my throat, and in that moment I knew the bitter foretaste of death earned by one's own idiocy. Why had I trusted myself within reach of those terrible arms? I could feel other hands at my throat. They were Maud's hands, striving vainly to tear loose the hand that was throttling me. She gave it up, and I heard her scream in a way that cut me to the soul; for it was the woman's scream of fear and heart-breaking despair. I had heard it before, during the sinking of the *Martinez*.

My face was against his chest, and I could not see, but I heard Maud turn and run swiftly away along the deck. Everything was happening quickly. I had not yet had a glimmering of unconsciousness, and it seemed that an interminable period of time was lapsing before I heard her feet flying back. And just then I felt the whole man sink under me. The breath was leaving his lungs, and his chest was collapsing under my weight. Whether it was merely the expelled breath, or consciousness of his growing impotence, I know not, but his throat vibrated with a deep groan. The hand at my throat relaxed. I breathed. His hand fluttered and tightened again. But even his tremendous will could not overcome the dissolution that assailed it. That will of his was breaking down. He was fainting.

Maud's footsteps were very near as his hand fluttered for the last time and my throat was released. I rolled off and over to the deck on my back, gasping and blinking in the sunshine. Maud was pale but composed,—my eyes had gone instantly to her face,—and she was looking at me with mingled alarm and relief. A heavy seal-club in her hand caught my eyes, and at that moment she followed my gaze down to it. The club dropped from her hand as

if it had suddenly stung her, and at the same moment my heart surged with a great joy. Truly she was my woman—my mate-woman, fighting for me as the mate of a caveman would have fought, all the primitive in her aroused, forgetful of her culture, hard under the softening civilization of the only life she had ever known.

"Dear woman!" I cried, scrambling to my feet.

The next moment she was in my arms, weeping convulsively on my shoulder while I clasped her close. I looked down at the brown glory of her hair, glinting gems in the sunshine far more precious to me than those in the treasure-chests of kings. And I bent my head and kissed her hair softly, so softly that she did not know.

Then sober thought came to me. After all, she was only a woman, crying her relief, now that the danger was past, in the arms of her protector or of the one who had been endangered. Had I been father or brother, the situation would have been nowise different. Besides, time and place were not meet, and I wished to earn a better right to declare my love. So once again I softly kissed her hair as I felt her receding from my clasp.

"It is a real attack this time," I said; "another shock like the one that made him blind. He feigned at first, and in doing so brought it on."

Maud was already rearranging his pillow.

"No," I said; "not yet. Now that I have him helpless, helpless he shall remain. From this day we live in the cabin. Wolf Larsen shall live in the steerage."

I caught him under the shoulders and dragged him to the companionway. At my direction Maud fetched a rope. Placing this under his shoulders, I balanced him across the threshold and lowered him down the steps to the floor. I could not lift him directly into a bunk, but with Maud's help I lifted first his shoulders and head, then his body, balanced him across the edge, and rolled him into a lower bunk.

But this was not to be all. I recollected the handcuffs in his state-room, which he preferred to use on sailors instead of the ancient and clumsy ship-irons. So, when we left him, he lay handcuffed hand and foot. For the first time in many days I breathed freely. I felt strangely light as I came on deck, as though a weight had been lifted from my shoulders. I felt, also, that Maud and I had drawn more closely together; and I wondered if she, too, felt it as we walked along the deck side by side to where the stalled foremast hung in the shears.

XXXVII

At once we moved aboard the *Ghost*, occupying our old state-rooms and cooking in the galley. The imprisonment of Wolf Larsen had happened most opportunely, for what must have been the Indian summer of this high latitude was gone, and drizzling, stormy weather had set in. We were very comfortable; and the inadequate shears, with the foremast suspended from them, gave a businesslike air to the schooner and a promise of departure.

And now that we had Wolf Larsen in irons, how little did we need it! Like his first attack, his second had been accompanied by serious disablement. Maud made the discovery in the afternoon, while trying to give him nourishment. He had shown signs of consciousness, and she had spoken to him, eliciting no response. He was lying on his left side at the time, and in evident pain. With a restless movement he rolled his head around, clearing his left ear from the pillow against which it had been pressed. At once he heard and answered her, and at once she came to me.

Pressing the pillow against his left ear, I asked him if he heard me, but he gave no sign. Removing the pillow and repeating the question, I was answered promptly that he did.

"Do you know you are deaf in the right ear?" I asked.

"Yes," he answered in a low, strong voice, "and worse than that. My whole right side is affected. It seems asleep. I cannot move arm or leg."

"Feigning again?" I demanded angrily.

He shook his head, his stern mouth shaping a strange, twisted smile. It was indeed a twisted smile, for it was on the left side only, the facial muscles of the right side moving not at all.

"That was the last stroke of the Wolf," he said. "I am paralyzed; I shall never walk again. Oh, only on the right side," he added, as though divining the suspicious glance I flung at his left leg, the knee of which had just then drawn up and elevated the blankets.

"It 's unfortunate," he continued. "I 'd

like to have done for you first, Hump. And I thought I had that much left in me."

"But why?" I asked, partly in horror, partly out of curiosity.

Again his stern mouth framed the twisted smile, as he said:

"Oh, just to be alive, to be living and doing, to be the biggest bit of the ferment to the end—to eat you. But to die this way—"

He shrugged his shoulders, or attempted to shrug them, rather, for the left shoulder alone moved. Like the smile, the shrug was twisted.

"But how can you account for it?" I asked. "Where is the seat of trouble?"

"The brain," he said at once. "It was those cursed headaches brought it on."

"Symptoms," I said.

He nodded his head. "There is no accounting for it. I was never sick in my life. Something 's gone wrong with my brain. A cancer or tumor or something of that nature—a thing that devours and destroys. It 's attacking my nerve-centers, eating them up, bit by bit, cell by cell—from the pain."

"The motor-centers, too," I suggested.

"So it would seem. And the curse of it is that I must lie here, conscious, mentally unimpaired, knowing that the lines are going down, breaking bit by bit communication with the world. I cannot see; hearing and feeling are leaving me: at this rate I shall soon cease to speak. Yet all the time I shall be here, alive, active, and powerless."

"When you say *you* are here, I 'd suggest the likelihood of the soul," I said.

"Bosh!" was his retort. "It simply means that in the attack on my brain the higher psychical centers are untouched. I can remember, think, and reason. When that goes, I go. I am not. The soul?"

He broke out in mocking laughter, then turned his left ear to the pillow as a sign that he wished no further conversation.

Maud and I went about our work oppressed by the fearful fate which had overtaken him—how fearful we were yet fully to realize. There was the awfulness of retribution about it. Our thoughts were deep and solemn, and we spoke to each other scarcely above whispers.

"You might remove the handcuffs," he said that night, as we stood in consultation over him. "It 's dead safe. I 'm a paralytic now. The next thing to watch out for is bed-sores."

He smiled his twisted smile, and Maud, her eyes wide with horror, was compelled to turn away her head.

"Do you know that your smile is crooked?" I asked him; for I knew that she must attend him, and I wished to save her as much as possible.

"Then I shall smile no more," he said calmly. "I thought something was wrong. My right cheek has been numb all day. Yes, and I 've had warnings of this for the last three days, by spells: my right side seemed going to sleep, sometimes arm or hand, sometimes leg or foot.

"So my smile is crooked?" he queried, a short while after. "Well, consider henceforth that I smile internally with my soul, if you please—my soul. Consider that I am smiling now."

And for the space of several minutes he lay there, quiet, indulging his grotesque fancy.

The man of him was not changed. It was the old, indomitable, terrible Wolf Larsen imprisoned somewhere within that flesh which had once been so invincible and splendid. Now it bound him with insentient fetters, walling his soul in darkness and silence, blocking it from the world which to him had been a riot of action. No more would he "conjugate the verb to do in every mood and tense." "To be" was all that remained to him—to be, as he had defined death, without movement; to will, but not to execute; to think and reason, and in his spirit to be as alive as ever, but in the flesh to be dead, quite dead.

And yet, though I even removed the handcuffs, we could not adjust ourselves to his condition. Our minds revolted. To us he was full of potentiality. We knew not what to expect of him next, what fearful thing, rising above the flesh, he might break out and do. Our experience warranted this state of mind, and we went about with anxiety always upon us.

I had solved the problem which had arisen through the shortness of the shears. By means of the watch-tackle (I had made a new one) I heaved the butt of the foremast across the rail and then lowered it to the deck. Next, by means of the shears, I hoisted the main-boom on board. Its forty feet of length would supply the height necessary properly to swing the

mast. By means of a secondary tackle I had attached to the shears, I swung the boom to a nearly perpendicular position, then lowered the butt to the deck, where, to prevent slipping, I spiked great cleats around it. The single block of my original shears-tackle I had attached to the end of the boom. Thus by carrying this tackle to the windlass I could raise and lower the end of the boom at will, the butt always remaining stationary, and by means of guys I could swing the boom from side to side. To the end of the boom I had likewise rigged a hoisting-tackle, and when the whole arrangement was complete I could not but be startled by the power and latitude it gave me.

Of course two days' work was required for the accomplishment of this part of my task, and it was not till the morning of the third day that I swung the foremast from the deck and proceeded to square its butt to fit the step. Here I was especially awkward. I sawed and chopped and chiseled the weathered wood till it had the appearance of having been gnawed by some gigantic mouse. But it fitted.

"It will work—I know it will work!" I cried.

Wolf Larsen had received another stroke. He had lost his voice, or was losing it. He had only intermittent use of it. As he phrased it, the wires were like the stock market, now up, now down. Occasionally the wires were up and he spoke as well as ever, though slowly and heavily. Then speech would suddenly desert him, in the middle of a sentence perhaps, and for hours, sometimes, we would wait for the connection to be reestablished. He complained of great pain in his head, and it was during this period that he arranged a system of communication against the time when speech should leave him altogether—one pressure of the hand for "yes," two for "no." It was well that it was arranged, for by evening his voice had gone from him. By hand-pressures, after that, he answered our questions, and when he wished to speak he scrawled his thoughts with his left hand, quite legibly, on a sheet of paper.

The fierce winter had now descended upon us. Gale followed gale, with snow and sleet and rain. The seals had started on their great southern migration, and the rookery was virtually deserted. I worked feverishly. In spite of the bad weather, and of the wind which especially hindered me, I was on deck from daylight till dark, and making substantial progress.

I profited by my lesson learned through raising the shears, and then climbed them to attach the guys. To the top of the foremast, which was lifted conveniently from the deck, I attached the rigging, stays, and throat- and peak-halyards. As usual, I had underrated the amount of work involved in this portion of the task, and two long days were necessary to complete it. And there was so much yet to be done: the sails, for instance, had to be made over.

While I toiled at rigging the foremast, Maud sewed on the canvas, ready always to drop everything and come to my assistance when more hands than two were required. The canvas was heavy and hard, and she sewed with the regular sailor's palm and three-cornered sail-needle. Her hands were soon sadly blistered, but she struggled bravely on, and, in addition, did the cooking and took care of the sick man.

"A fig for superstition," I said on Friday morning. "That mast goes in to-day."

Everything was ready for the attempt. Carrying the boom-tackle to the windlass, I hoisted the mast nearly clear of the deck. Making this tackle fast, I took to the windlass the shears-tackle (which was connected with the end of the boom), and with a few turns had the mast perpendicular and clear.

Maud clapped her hands the instant she was relieved from holding the turn, crying:

"It works! It works! We 'll trust our lives to it!"

Then she assumed a rueful expression.

"It 's not over the hole," she said. "Will you have to begin all over?"

I smiled in superior fashion, and, slacking off on one of the boom-guys and taking in on the other, swung the mast perfectly in the center of the deck. Still it was not over the hole. Again the rueful expression came on her face, and again I smiled in a superior way. Slacking away on the boom-tackle and hoisting an equivalent amount on the shears-tackle, I brought the butt of the mast into position directly over the hole in the deck. Then I gave Maud careful instructions for lowering away, and went into the hold to the step on the schooner's bottom.

I called to her, and the mast moved easily and accurately. Straight toward the square hole of the step the square butt descended; but as it descended it slowly twisted, so that square would not fit into square. But I had not even a moment's indecision. Calling to Maud to cease lowering, I went on deck and made the watch-tackle fast to the mast with a rolling hitch. I left Maud to pull on it while I went below. By the light of the lantern I saw the butt twist slowly around till its sides coincided with the sides of the step. Maud made fast and returned to the windlass. Slowly the butt descended the several intervening inches, at the same time slightly twisting again. Once more Maud rectified the twist with the watch-tackle, and once more she lowered away from the windlass. Square fitted into square. The mast was stepped.

I raised a shout, and she ran down to see. In the yellow lantern-light we peered at what we had accomplished. We looked at each other, and our hands felt their way and clasped. The eyes of both of us, I think, were moist with the joy of success.

"It was done so easily, after all," I remarked. "All the work was in the preparation."

"And all the wonder in the completion," Maud added. "I can scarcely bring myself to realize that that great mast is really up and in—that you have lifted it from the water, swung it through the air, and deposited it here where it belongs. It is a Titan's task."

"And they made themselves many inventions—" I began merrily, then paused to sniff the air.

I looked hastily at the lantern. It was not smoking. Again I sniffed.

"Something is burning," Maud said with sudden conviction.

We sprang together for the ladder, but I raced past her to the deck. A dense volume of smoke was pouring out of the steerage companionway.

"The Wolf is not yet dead," I muttered to myself as I sprang down through the smoke.

It was so thick in the confined space that I was compelled to feel my way; and, so potent was the spell of Wolf Larsen on my imagination, I was quite prepared for the helpless giant to grip my neck in a strangle-hold. I hesitated, the desire to race back and up the steps to the deck almost overpowering me. Then I recollected Maud. The vision of her, as I had last seen her, in the lantern-light of the schooner's hold, her brown eyes warm and moist with joy, flashed before me, and I knew that I could not go back.

I was choking and suffocating by the time I reached Wolf Larsen's bunk. I reached in my hand and felt for him. He was lying motionless, but moved slightly at the touch of my hand. I felt over and under his blankets. There was no warmth, no sign of fire. Yet that smoke which blinded me and made me cough and gasp must have a source. I lost my head temporarily, and dashed frantically about the steerage. A collision with the table partly knocked the wind from my body and brought me to myself. I reasoned that a helpless man could start a fire only near to where he lay.

I returned to Wolf Larsen's bunk. There I encountered Maud. How long she had been there in that suffocating atmosphere I could not guess.

"Go up on deck," I commanded peremptorily.

"But, Humphrey—" she began to protest in a queer, husky voice.

"Please! please!" I shouted at her, harshly.

She drew away obediently; and then I thought, What if she cannot find the steps? I started after her, to stop at the foot of the companionway. Perhaps she had gone up. As I stood there, hesitant, I heard her cry softly:

"Oh, Humphrey, I am lost!"

I found her fumbling at the wall of the after-bulkhead, and, half leading, half carrying her, I took her up the companionway. The pure air was like nectar. Maud was only faint and dizzy, and I left her lying on the deck when I took my second plunge below.

The source of the smoke must be very close to Wolf Larsen: my mind was made up to this, and I went straight to his bunk. As I felt about among his blankets, something hot fell on the back of my hand. It burned me, and I jerked my hand away. Then I understood. Through the cracks in the bottom of the upper bunk he had set fire to the mattress. He still retained sufficient use of his left arm to do this. The damp straw of the mattress, fired from

beneath and denied air, had been smoldering all the while.

As I dragged the mattress out of the bunk it seemed to disintegrate in mid-air, at the same time bursting into flames. I beat out the burning remnants of straw in the bunk, then made a dash for the deck for fresh air.

Several buckets of water sufficed to put out the burning mattress in the middle of the steerage floor; and ten minutes later, when the smoke had fairly cleared, I allowed Maud to come below. Wolf Larsen was unconscious, but it was a matter of minutes for the fresh air to restore him. We were working over him, however, when he signed for paper and pencil.

"Pray do not interrupt me," he wrote. "I am smiling."

"I am still a bit of the ferment, you see," he wrote a little later.

"I am glad you are as small a bit as you are," I said.

"Thank you," he wrote. "But just think of how much smaller I shall be before I die."

"And yet I am all here, Hump," he wrote with a final flourish. "I can think more clearly than ever in my life before. Nothing to disturb me. Concentration is perfect. I am all here and more than here."

It was like a message from the night of the grave, for this man's body had become his mausoleum. And there, in so strange a sepulcher, his spirit fluttered and lived. It would flutter and live till the last line of communication was broken, and after that who was to say how much longer it might continue to flutter and live?

XXXVIII

"I THINK my left side is going," Wolf Larsen wrote, the morning after his attempt to fire the ship. "The numbness is growing. I can hardly move my hand. You will have to speak louder. The last lines are going down."

"Are you in pain?" I asked.

I was compelled to repeat my question loudly before he answered:

"Not all the time."

The left hand stumbled slowly and painfully across the paper, and it was with extreme difficulty that we deciphered the scrawl. It was like a "spirit message," such as are delivered at séances of spiritualists for a dollar admission.

"But I am still here, all here," the hand scrawled, more slowly and painfully than ever.

The pencil dropped, and we had to replace it in the hand.

"When there is no pain I have perfect peace and quiet. I have never thought so clearly. I can ponder life and death like a Hindu sage."

"And immortality?" Maud queried loudly in the ear.

Three times the hand essayed to write, but fumbled hopelessly. The pencil fell. In vain we tried to replace it. The fingers could not close on it. Then Maud pressed and held the fingers about the pencil with her own hand, and the hand wrote, in large letters, and so slowly that the minutes ticked off to each letter:

"B-O-S-H."

It was Wolf Larsen's last word,—"bosh,"—skeptical and invincible to the end. The arm and hand relaxed. The trunk of the body moved slightly. Then there was no movement. Maud released the hand. The fingers spread, falling apart of their own weight, and the pencil rolled away.

"Do you still hear?" I shouted, holding the fingers and waiting for the single pressure which would signify "yes." There was no response. The hand was dead.

"I noticed the lips slightly move," Maud said.

I repeated the question. The lips moved. She placed the tips of her fingers on them. Again I repeated the question. "Yes," Maud announced. We looked at each other expectantly.

"What good is it?" I asked. "What can we say now?"

"Oh, ask him—"

She hesitated.

"Ask him something that requires 'no' for an answer," I suggested. "Then we shall know with certainty."

"Are you hungry?" she cried.

The lips moved under her fingers, and she answered, "Yes."

"Will you have some beef?" was her next query.

"No," she announced.

"Beef-tea?"

"Yes, he will have some beef-tea," she said quietly, looking up at me. "Until his

hearing goes we shall be able to communicate with him. And after that—"

She looked at me queerly. I saw her lips trembling and the tears swimming up in her eyes. She swayed toward me, and I caught her in my arms.

"Oh, Humphrey," she sobbed, "when will it all end? I am so tired, so tired!"

She buried her head on my shoulder, her frail form shaken with a storm of weeping. She was like a feather in my arms, so slender, so ethereal. "She has broken down at last," I thought. "What can I do without her help?"

But I soothed and comforted her, till she pulled herself bravely together and recuperated mentally as quickly as she was wont to do physically.

"I ought to be ashamed of myself," she said. Then added, with the whimsical smile I adored, "But I am only one small woman."

That phrase, "one small woman," startled me like an electric shock. It was my own phrase, my pet, secret phrase, my love-phrase for her.

"Where did you get that phrase?" I demanded, with an abruptness that in turn startled her.

"What phrase?" she asked.

"'One small woman.'"

"Is it yours?" she asked.

"Yes," I answered, "mine. I made it."

"Then you must have talked in your sleep," she smiled.

The dancing, tremulous light was in her eyes. Mine, I knew, were speaking beyond the will of my speech. I leaned toward her. Without volition I leaned toward her, as a tree is swayed by the wind. Ah, we were very close together in that moment. But she shook her head, as one might shake off sleep or a dream, saying:

"I have known it all my life. It was my father's name for my mother."

"It is my phrase, too," I said stubbornly.

"For your mother?"

"No," I answered; and she questioned no further, though I could have sworn her eyes retained for some time a mocking, teasing expression.

With the foremast in, the work now went on apace. Almost before I knew it, and without one serious hitch, I had the mainmast stepped. A derrick-boom rigged to the foremast had accomplished this; and several days more found all stays and shrouds in place and everything set up taut. Topsails would be a nuisance and a danger for a crew of two, so I heaved the topmasts on deck and lashed them fast.

Several more days were consumed in finishing the sails and putting them on. There were only three—the jib, foresail, and mainsail; and, patched, shortened, and distorted, they were a ridiculously ill-fitting suit for so trim a craft as the *Ghost*.

"But they 'll work," Maud cried jubilantly. "We 'll make them work, and trust our lives to them!"

Certainly, among my many new trades, I shone least as a sailmaker. I could sail them better than make them, and I had no doubt of my power to bring the schooner to some northern port of Japan. In fact, I had crammed navigation from text-books aboard; and, besides, there was Wolf Larsen's star-scale, so simple a device that a child could work it.

As for its inventor, beyond an increasing deafness and the movement of the lips growing faint and fainter, there had been little change in his condition for a week. But on the day we finished bending the schooner's sails he heard his last, and the last movement of the lips died away, but not before I had asked him, "Are you all there?" and the lips had answered, "Yes."

The last line was down. Somewhere within that tomb of the flesh still dwelt the soul of the man. Walled by the living clay, that fierce intelligence we had known burned on; but it burned on in silence and darkness. And it was disembodied. To that intelligence there could be no objective knowledge of a body. It knew no body. The very world was not. It knew only itself and the vastness and profundity of the quiet and the dark.

XXXIX

THE day came for our departure. There was no longer anything to detain us on Endeavor Island. The *Ghost's* stumpy masts were in place, her crazy sails bent. All my handiwork was strong, none of it beautiful; but I knew that it would work, and I felt myself a man of power as I looked at it.

"I did it! I did it! With my own hands I did it!" I wanted to cry aloud.

But Maud and I had a way of voicing

each other's thoughts; and she said, as we prepared to hoist the mainsail:

"To think, Humphrey, you did it all with your own hands!"

"But there were two other hands," I answered—"two small hands. And don't say that was also a phrase of your father's."

She shook her head and laughed, and held her hands up for inspection.

"I can never get them clean again," she wailed, "nor soften the weather-beat."

"Then dirt and weather-beat shall be your guerdon of honor," I said, holding them in mine; and, spite of my resolutions, I would have kissed the two dear hands had she not swiftly withdrawn them.

Our comradeship was becoming tremulous. I had mastered my love long and well, but now it was mastering me. Wilfully had it disobeyed and won my eyes to speech, and now it was winning my tongue —aye, and my lips, for they were mad this moment to kiss the two small hands which had toiled so faithfully and hard. And I, too, was mad. There was a cry in my being like bugles calling me to her. And there was a wind blowing upon me which I could not resist, swaying the very body of me till I leaned toward her, all unconscious that I leaned. And she knew it. She could not but know it as she swiftly drew away her hands, and yet could not forbear one quick, searching look before she turned away her eyes.

By means of deck-tackles I had arranged to carry the halyards forward to the windlass; and now I hoisted the mainsail, peak and throat, at the same time. It was a clumsy way, but it did not take long, and soon the foresail as well was up and fluttering.

"We can never get that anchor up in this narrow place, once it has left the bottom," I said. "We should be on the rocks first."

"What can you do?" she asked.

"Slip it," was my answer. "And when I do, you must do your first work on the windlass. I shall have to run at once to the wheel, and at the same time you must be hoisting the jib."

This manœuver of getting under way I had studied and worked out a score of times; and, with the jib-halyard to the windlass, I knew Maud was capable of hoisting that most necessary sail. A brisk wind was blowing into the cove, and, though the water was calm, rapid work was required to get us safely out.

When I knocked the shackle-bolt loose, the chain roared out through the hawse-hole and into the sea. I raced aft, putting the wheel up. The *Ghost* seemed to start into life as she heeled to the first fill of her sails. The jib was rising. As it filled, the *Ghost's* bow swung off, and I had to put the wheel down a few spokes and steady her.

I had devised an automatic jib-sheet which passed the jib across of itself, so there was no need for Maud to attend to that; but she was still hoisting the jib when I put the wheel hard down. It was a moment of anxiety, for the *Ghost* was rushing directly upon the beach, a stone's throw distant. But she swung obediently on her heel into the wind. There was a great fluttering and flapping of canvas and reef-points, most welcome to my ears, then she filled away on the other tack.

Maud had finished her task and come aft, where she stood beside me, a small cap perched on her wind-blown hair, her cheeks flushed from exertion, her eyes wide and bright with the excitement, her nostrils quivering to the rush and bite of the fresh salt air. Her brown eyes were like a startled deer's. There was a wild, keen look in them I had never seen before, and her lips parted and her breath suspended as the *Ghost*, charging upon the wall of rock at the entrance to the inner cove, swept into the wind and filled away into safe water.

My first mate's berth on the sealing-grounds stood me in good stead, and I cleared the inner cove and laid a long tack along the shore of the outer cove. Once again about, and the *Ghost* headed out to open sea. She had now caught the bosom-breathing of the ocean, and was herself abreath with the rhythm of it as she smoothly mounted and slipped down each broad-backed wave. The day had been dull and overcast, but the sun now burst through the clouds, a welcome omen, and shone upon the curving beach where together we had dared the lords of the harem and slain the holluschickie. All Endeavor Island brightened under the sun. Even the grim southwestern promontory showed less grim, and here and there, where the sea-spray wet its surface, high lights flashed and dazzled in the sun.

"I shall always think of it with pride," I said to Maud.

She threw her head back in a queenly way, but said, "Dear, dear Endeavor Island! I shall always love it."

"And I," I said quickly.

It seemed our eyes must meet in a great understanding, and yet, loath, they struggled away and did not meet.

There was a silence I might almost call awkward, till I broke it, saying:

"See those black clouds to windward. You remember, I told you last night the barometer was falling."

"And the sun is gone," she said, her eyes still fixed upon our island where we had proved our mastery over matter and attained to the truest comradeship which may fall to man and woman.

"And it 's slack off the sheets for Japan!" I cried gaily. "A fair wind and a flowing sheet, you know, or however it goes."

Lashing the wheel, I ran forward, eased the fore- and main-sheets, took in on the boom-tackles, and trimmed everything for the quartering breeze which was ours. Unfortunately, when running free it is impossible to lash the wheel, so I faced an all-night watch. Maud insisted on relieving me, but proved that she had not the strength to steer in a heavy sea, even if she could have gained the wisdom on such short notice. She appeared quite heart-broken over the discovery, but recovered her spirits by coiling down tackles and halyards and all stray ropes. Then there were meals to be cooked in the galley, beds to make, Wolf Larsen to be attended upon, and she finished the day with a grand house-cleaning attack upon the cabin and steerage.

All night I steered, without relief, the wind slowly and steadily increasing and the sea rising. At five in the morning Maud brought me hot coffee and biscuits she had baked, and at seven a substantial and piping hot breakfast put new life into me.

Throughout the day, and as slowly and steadily as ever, the wind increased. And still the *Ghost* foamed along, racing off the miles till I was certain she was making at least eleven knots. It was too good to lose, but by nightfall I was exhausted. Though in splendid physical trim, a thirty-six-hour trick at the wheel was the limit of my endurance. Besides, I knew, if the wind and sea increased at the same rate during the night, that it would soon be impossible to heave to. So, as twilight deepened, gladly, and at the same time reluctantly, I brought the *Ghost* up on the wind.

But I had not reckoned upon the colossal task the reefing of three sails meant for one man. While running away from the wind I had not appreciated its force, but when we ceased to run, I learned, to my sorrow, and well-nigh to my despair, how fiercely it was really blowing. The wind balked my every effort, ripping the canvas out of my hands and in an instant undoing what I had gained by ten minutes of severest struggle. At eight o'clock I had succeeded only in putting the second reef into the foresail. At eleven o'clock I was no further along. Blood dripped from every finger-end, while the nails were broken to the quick. From pain and sheer exhaustion, I wept in the darkness, secretly, so that Maud should not know.

Then, in desperation, I abandoned the attempt to reef the mainsail, and resolved to try the experiment of heaving to under the close-reefed foresail. Three hours more were required to gasket the mainsail and jib, and at two in the morning, nearly dead, the life almost buffeted and worked out of me, I had barely sufficient consciousness to know the experiment was a success.

I was famished, but Maud tried vainly to get me to eat. So sleepily helpless was I that she was compelled to hold me in my chair to prevent my being flung to the floor by the violent pitching of the schooner.

Of the passage from the galley to the cabin I knew nothing. In fact, I was aware of nothing till I awoke in my bunk, with my boots off. It was dark. I was stiff and lame, and cried out with pain when the bedclothes touched my poor finger-ends. Morning had evidently not come, so I closed my eyes and went to sleep again. I did not know it, but I had slept the clock around and it was night again.

Once more I awoke, troubled because I could sleep no better. I struck a match and looked at my watch. It marked midnight. And I had not left the deck until three! I should have been puzzled had I not guessed the solution. No wonder I

Drawn by W. J. Aylward. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"BEFORE I KNEW IT, MY ARMS WERE ABOUT HER"

was sleeping brokenly. I had slept twenty-one hours. I listened for a while to the behavior of the *Ghost*, to the pounding of the seas and the muffled roar of the wind on deck, and then turned over on my side and slept peacefully until morning.

When I arose at seven I saw no sign of Maud, and concluded she was in the galley preparing breakfast. On deck I found the *Ghost* doing splendidly under her patch of canvas. But in the galley, though a fire was burning and water boiling, I found no Maud.

I discovered her in the steerage, by Wolf Larsen's bunk. I looked at him—the man who had been hurled down from the topmost pitch of life to be buried alive and be worse than dead. There seemed a relaxation of his expressionless face which was new. Maud looked at me, and I understood.

"His life flickered out in the storm," I said.

"But he still lives," she answered, infinite faith in her voice.

"He had too great strength."

"Yes," she said; "but now it no longer shackles him. He is a free spirit."

"He is a free spirit surely," I answered; and, taking her hand, I led her on deck.

The storm broke that night, which is to say that it diminished as slowly as it had arisen. After breakfast next morning, when I had hoisted Wolf Larsen's body on deck ready for burial, it was still blowing heavily and a large sea was running. The deck was continually awash with the sea which came inboard over the rail and through the scuppers. The wind smote the schooner with a sudden gust, and she heeled over till her lee rail was buried, the roar in her rigging rising in pitch to a shriek. We stood in the water to our knees as I bared my head.

"I remember only one part of the service," I said, "and that is, 'And the body shall be cast into the sea.'"

Maud looked at me, surprised and shocked; but the spirit of something I had seen before was strong upon me, impelling me to give service to Wolf Larsen as Wolf Larsen had once given service to another man. I lifted the end of the hatch-cover, and the canvas-shrouded body slipped feet first into the sea. The weight of iron dragged it down. It was gone.

"Good-by, Lucifer, proud spirit!" Maud whispered so low that it was drowned by the shouting of the wind; but I saw the movement of her lips, and knew.

As we clung to the lee rail and worked our way aft, I happened to glance to leeward. The *Ghost*, at the moment, was uptossed on a sea, and I caught a clear view of a small steamship two or three miles away, rolling and pitching head on to the sea as it steamed toward us. It was painted black, and from the talk of the hunters of their poaching exploits I recognized it as a United States revenue cutter. I pointed it out to Maud, and hurriedly led her aft to the safety of the poop.

I started to rush below to the flag-locker, then remembered that in rigging the *Ghost* I had forgotten to make provision for a flag-halyard.

"We need no distress signal," Maud said. "They have only to see us."

"We are saved!" I said soberly and solemnly. And then, in an exuberance of joy, "I hardly know whether to be glad or not."

I looked at her. Our eyes were not loath to meet. We leaned toward each other, and before I knew it, my arms were about her.

"Need I?" I asked.

And she answered: "There is no need; though the telling of it would be sweet, so sweet."

Her lips met the press of mine, and, by what strange trick of the imagination I know not, the scene in the cabin of the *Ghost* flashed upon me, when she had pressed her fingers lightly on my lips and said, "Hush, hush."

"My woman, my one small woman," I said, my free hand petting her shoulder in the way all lovers know though never learn in school.

"My man," she said, looking at me for an instant with tremulous lids which fluttered down and veiled her eyes as she rested her head against my breast with a happy little sigh.

I looked toward the cutter. It was very close. A boat was being lowered.

"One kiss, dear love," I whispered. "One kiss more before they come."

"And rescue us from ourselves," she completed, with a most adorable smile, whimsical as I had never seen it, for it was whimsical with love.

THE END

THE BRAIN OF THE NATION

BY GUSTAVE MICHAUD

SOME twelve years ago Senator Henry Cabot Lodge published in THE CENTURY a study of the distribution of celebrities in the United States. Taking a cyclopedia of biography for a criterion, Mr. Lodge determined, by States, the number of men of genius they had produced in the past. Interesting as were the data thus gathered, they failed, however, to answer the question, Where are the most intellectual people of our country—those who yield the highest percentage of ability? The number of celebrities born in a given State was not divided by the total number of persons born in that State from the date of its settlement to the present time. The difficulty of getting at the latter number was probably the main cause of the omission.

To supply this, I have selected a method altogether different from that of Mr. Lodge. Instead of considering the past, I have limited myself to the present. To find out the fraction representing the degree of intellectuality for each State, I have taken for the numerator the number of persons born in that State, living in 1900, included in a directory of persons prominent in public life, the arts, sciences, and literary pursuits,[1] and for the denominator the total number of persons born in the same State and living in the United States in 1900, the latter number being furnished by Table LXII (Vol. I) of the Twelfth Census. Such a method is devoid of the historical interest attached to the study of Mr. Lodge. As a compensation, it furnishes available data to the anthropologist and to the sociologist. It simplifies the problem through the elimination of several unknown factors, and gives thereby a chance of getting at the laws which obtain in the distribution of intellectuality in our country.

The word "intellectuality" is not considered here as synonymous with "intellect." Indeed, if by "intellect" a superior, clear intelligence, applicable in every circumstance and to every detail of life, is meant, "intellectuality" may be the opposite of "intellect." Intellectuality is the main characteristic of the man of genius; intelligence, that of the man who succeeds in life. Intelligence means common sense; intellectuality does not. The name of the man who, through a remarkable display of intelligence, perseverance, fortitude, and other manly qualities, builds up a fortune for himself and his family, and thus contributes to the prosperity of the State, does not frequently find its way into a dictionary of biography. The names which are likely to be found there are those of men who were led by an overpowering passion for some intellectual pursuit, often of a literary, artistic, or scientific nature.

The directory under consideration contains the names of the living men of talent found in dictionaries of biography, those of authors gathered from lists furnished by publishers, and those of specialists given

[1] "Who's Who in America," edition of 1901.

by technicians. Owing to the variety of means used to find out talent of all degrees through its various manifestations, this book is probably freer than some other dictionaries from that constant error which is to be feared when one single method or by him, being an Eastern publication, gave undue preëminence to Eastern men of talent. The directory used by me is published in Chicago. It is hoped that the position of that city, west of our present center of population, will protect against

A COMPOSITE PHOTOGRAPH (IN THE CENTER) OF TWELVE MEN OF VARIOUS INTELLECTUAL PURSUITS

man is resorted to. It is doubtless guilty of many omissions, as well as of containing names which should be omitted; but it is safe to say that a perfect list of men of talent would leave as they now stand the shadings, if not the figures, of the map of distribution given in this article.

A criticism made upon Mr. Lodge's figures after the publication of his study was that the cyclopedia of biography used such an accusation the criterion chosen by the writer.

Negroes were eliminated from the list of eminent men given by the directory and from the total number of people born in each State. They represent only a fraction of the celebrities, but they constitute a large portion of the population of the South. Had they been left, the figure representing the intellectuality of such States as Louisi-

ana, Alabama, and Mississippi, in which about one half of the population are negroes, would have been reduced to nearly one half of its present value; and the fact that those data would have represented the average intellectuality of a mixture of negroes and white people would have deprived it of all ethnic significance and of much of the sociological value which it might otherwise have had.

In the accompanying map our present birth-rate of talent in each State has been charted. The word "present" refers to the fact that all the human elements of the calculation were living in 1900.

One main fact can be seen by a glance at this map: a steady fall in the birth-rate of men of talent is met with in going from New England westward. While, in New England, out of every 100,000 births 54 are those of men of talent, in New York that number falls to 34, in Ohio to 19, in Indiana to 11, in Illinois to 10, in Missouri to 6, in Kansas to 2, in Colorado to 1.

In the case of such Western States as Kansas, Colorado, Nebraska, Minnesota, and the Dakotas, the extreme paucity of men of talent is in part explained by two facts: a lack of suitable means of education for the present generation and an abnormal proportion of young people among the native-born.

But if we remain within the zone which was filled by settlers in the eighteenth or in the beginning of the nineteenth century, and which includes such States as Ohio, Kentucky, Tennessee, Indiana, and Illinois, that explanation fails, and there remains the fact of a disproportion of from about three to one between the East and the West in the present birth-rate of men of talent.

In several cases the Western State enjoys a greater material prosperity, has more and larger cities, and has offered to the present generation better educational opportunities than many of its Eastern neighbors. The State of Ohio is comparable in area to the State of Maine. In 1810 the population of Ohio was larger than that of Maine. In 1826 there were in Ohio five universities and colleges (Ohio University, Miami University, Franklin College, Kenyon College, and Western Reserve University), against two in Maine (Bowdoin College and Colby University). Twenty years later there were in Ohio eight times the number of colleges and universities then found in Maine, yet the present birth-rate of celebrities is more than twice as great in Maine as in Ohio.

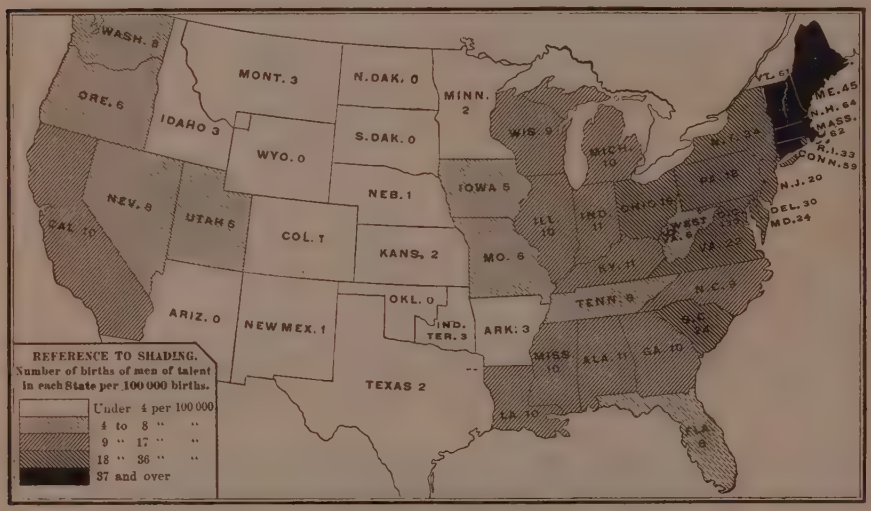
Nor has the State of Indiana remained behind in educational matters. In 1840 the generation which is now eighty years old found in Indiana six universities and colleges against two in Maine, one in New Hampshire, and two in Vermont. In spite of such advantages, that generation and the following show but one fifth of the birth-rate of men of talent observed in northern New England.

A similar fact may be observed in the South. The State of Tennessee early enjoyed better educational advantages than its Eastern neighbors. In 1794 there was not a single college or university in North Carolina. South Carolina had but one such institution, the College of Charleston. At that time Tennessee had three universities and colleges: the University of Tennessee, the University of Nashville, and Greenville and Tusculum College. Its superiority over its Eastern neighbors in the equipment as well as in the number of its colleges Tennessee has continually kept from the eighteenth century down to the present time. Nashville is to-day the great educational center of the South; yet the birth-rate of celebrities in Tennessee is but one third of that of South Carolina.

It is evident that the cause of such differences, as well as that of the imposing intellectual superiority of the poor mountainous regions of New England over the whole East, lies in the men themselves, and not in their surroundings. New York, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Missouri are but the successive stages of the great westward migration which, during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, peopled the West at the expense of the East; and the steady decrease in the birth-rate of talent met with when passing from one of those States to its Western neighbor shows, as is the case in every partial migration, that that particular one was highly selective in its process. Before entering into the detail of this process, let us consider the material to which it was applied.

The immigrants who peopled New England during the seventeenth century may be roughly divided into two categories: those who emigrated because they wished to improve their position through the acquisition of property, and those who wished

above all to enjoy religious freedom. The latter contained among them an unusual number of men of talent. Lombroso has demonstrated the close connection which exists between exalted religious ideas and ideals and the nervous temperament characteristic of genius. In our own country examples of that connection abound. The American novelist who is best known abroad, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, was the daughter of a clergyman and the sister of seven clergymen, four of whom were men of genius or of great talent. Emerson was



MAP TO ILLUSTRATE THE DISTRIBUTION OF MEN OF TALENT

the eighth in succession of a consecutive line of ministers. Henry Clay, James Russell Lowell, Bancroft, Parkman, Samuel F. B. Morse, and Cyrus W. Field were sons of clergymen. James Fenimore Cooper, Howells, and Whittier were sons of Quakers. Agassiz was the son of a Swiss pastor, himself of Huguenot descent. The Huguenots—in America still more than in England, Switzerland, Holland, or Prussia—were a hotbed of talent. "In proportion to their numbers," says Senator Lodge, "they have produced more men of ability than any other race in the United States." And our map reveals the curious influence which the blood of thousands of Huguenots who were among the very first settlers of South Carolina now exerts on the intellectuality of the State. Few colonies have ever received such a host of idealists as New England did in the days of its settlement. On that element was laid the foundation of its present intellectual greatness.

Yet the arrival in New England of immigrants containing a large percentage of that high-thinking and much-thinking element was but the first stage of the selective process which has resulted in the distribution of intellectuality shown by our map.

The fertile plains of the West contrasted with the poor soil of New England; a westward current of emigration from New England began. But while the Puritans had made the sacrifice of a part of their earthly possessions in order to satisfy their spiritual needs, the people who left New England for the West willingly sacrificed spiritual and intellectual advantages in order to acquire earthly possessions. The principles which presided over the two migrations were radically different. One of them being an immigration, the other an emigration, both contributed to bring about the same result.

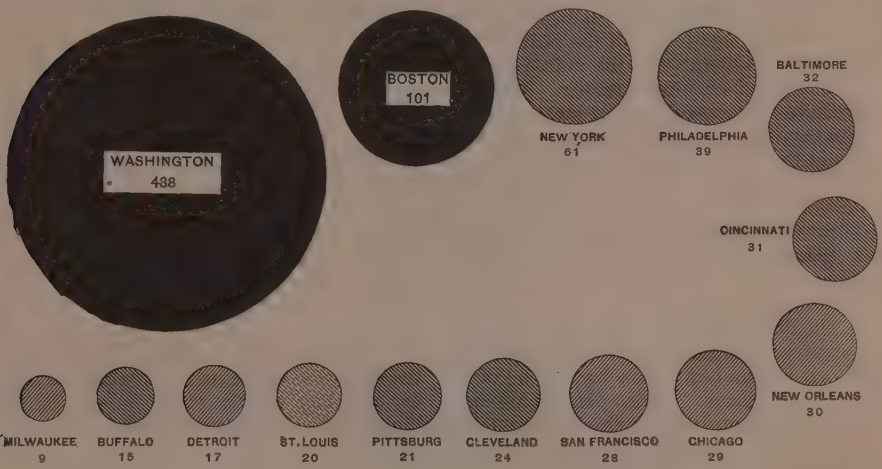
The positive, energetic, enterprising, "strenuous" people were those who left. The poets, the literati, the artists, the lovers of intellectual culture, are, by virtue of their all-absorbing ideal, less sensitive than other people to the attraction exerted by good and cheap land. Moreover, they needed a cultivated community which might understand and appreciate them.

They did not take kindly to the idea of a life in the wilderness. They remained.

With them remained the neurotic and the weak, who felt that they were ill prepared for the hardships of pioneer life. Between these and the geniuses the line cannot be sharply drawn. The typical man of genius is but rarely endowed with a strong physique. The Italian school of anthropologists considers genius as a neurose, and the fact that but few great men of genius have been altogether free from nervous troubles, in themselves or in their

of those who had in them the latent though transmissible germ of talent went West, but in the following generation the selective process operated again. As a result, from New England to Illinois, all the way through, talent lagged behind.[1]

The District of Columbia is an example, perhaps unique in the world, of the heredity of talent. Let it be borne in mind that, in this case as in that of every State, the elements of the calculation are not the men and women who reside in the District, but those who were born in it, and



THE RELATIVE DISTRIBUTION OF MEN OF TALENT IN THE LARGER CITIES

family, gives strength to that opinion. Lombroso has accumulated a curious array of facts on that subject in his "Man of Genius." Not long ago the columns of some of our leading newspapers were filled with accounts of the growth of degeneracy in Connecticut and other New England States. Though not based on rigorous scientific observation, these reports are probably true. At all events, our last Federal census shows that the death-rate from diseases of the nervous system is higher in New England than in the United States at large, and is highest, in New England, in the native stock (both father and mother native).

Doubtless, with the continual intermixing of families through marriage, thousands

who are disseminated all over the United States. In the diagram above the number of men of talent now residing in Washington is considered; but what the map shows for the same region is merely its present birth-rate of talent. That such a percentage of the people born in the District of Columbia should become famous is of course the result of the artificial selection which has gathered temporarily or permanently into a city, not among the largest in the country, so many eminent men. It is interesting to note that the concentration process continues. The civil service rules, which become every year more exacting and more comprehensive, select out of the nation for specialized departmental service

[1] California and some neighboring States seem to be exceptions to the law of the westward decreasing intellectuality, but it must be borne in mind that until the year 1869 California was more easily reached by sea than by land, and was virtually nearer New England than the State of Utah. Most of the immigrants who peopled California were not selected through the migratory process from the newly formed Western race inhabiting a neighboring Western State, but came from New York.

in Washington increasing numbers of men who have become learned because they cared more for learning than for anything else.

The English anthropologist John Munro, studying British men of talent, has found them to belong mainly to the Baltic race, with a strong mixture of the Mediterranean and Alpine bloods, which appear much diluted in many parts of the British Isles. Lombroso has shown that the extremely dark type of the Mediterranean race, such as is found in Sardinia and Calabria, is not a favorable medium for the hatching of genius. Munro believes that the extreme blond type of the Baltic race[1] is no more favorable to the unfolding of a high degree of intellectuality. My own measurements confirm that statement. A number of New England men, whose names are in the directory I have used as a standard, kindly consented to sit for me in uniform conditions of position and light. They were selected in a haphazard way. A glance at the composite photograph shows that the average type is not a pure Baltic one.

The diagram on the previous page shows the present intellectuality of those cities, fifteen in number, which have 250,000 or more inhabitants. It also permits immediate comparison between the intellectuality of a city and that of the State in which it is located. The intellectuality has been determined by dividing the number of men of talent now residing in each city by the total population of that city. For reasons previously stated, negroes are eliminated from the calculation.

Leaving aside Washington, which owes its intellectual superiority to artificial selection, it becomes apparent that highly intellectual cities are located in the deeply tinted regions of our map. Moreover, the intellectuality of cities occupying the extreme west of large Eastern States (Buffalo and Pittsburg) is decidedly inferior to that of the State in which they are found. The contrary is true for St. Louis, which occupies the extreme east of a large Western State. The preponderant factor in the percentage of talent found in our large cities is the ethnic character of the region which surrounds them. Boston would make a better showing if Cambridge were included within its precincts; yet, as that city stands in the diagram, it shows unmistakably the influence of the people of New England.

How long will New England continue to be the brain of the nation? Three factors are at work to modify the intellectuality of that part of our country. Emigration strengthens it; immigration threatens it; worse than immigration is the falling off in the birth-rate of the native stock. Luxury, or, as many people prefer to call it, "a high standard of living," is but rarely compatible with numerous children. If the high thinking of the Pilgrims is to be kept, their plain living must not be altogether dropped.

[1] For a description of the Baltic type see "What Shall We Be?" or "The Coming Race in America," by the present writer, in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for March, 1903. Briefly the Baltic type may be described thus: dolichocephalic; narrow nose; elongated face; eyes close together; chin rarely protruding; light hair; blue eyes; high stature.

THE AMERICAN HORSE-WOMAN

THREE DRAWINGS BY
URQUHART WILCOX

Drawn by Urquhart Wilcox. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

THE MORNING RIDE

Drawn by Urquhart Wilcox. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

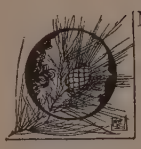
THE WINNER

Drawn by Urquhart Wilcox. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

IN PERFECT FORM

THE MAN WHO FORGOT

BY ALICE SEDGWICK



IN a warm spring night in New York, six men sat around a table playing poker: John Fletcher, long and blond and charming; Harry Bond, dark, fresh-faced, and robust; Edward Fleming, older than the first two, but looking like a "college boy" beside them, because he was clean-shaven; old Mr. Rutherford; Burroughs, a millionaire; and Smith, the host.

It was late, and Mr. Rutherford had more than once pulled out his watch with a "Now, look here, boys, this won't do!"

But he had been met on each occasion by protests, especially from Fletcher, who, after losing steadily, was now as steadily winning; and after each protest Mr. Rutherford had drawn up his chair with resignation. Fletcher bit his lips in his excitement, and the other young men were at first profuse in jovial expressions of dismay on their own behalf and congratulation on his. But during the last half-hour Fleming and Bond had seemed suddenly to become grave and listless; they caught each other's eyes now and then, and immediately looked away. Finally, after one of these interchanges of glances, Bond grew furiously red, and Fleming stretched himself and drew a long, half-repressed breath.

Mr. Rutherford had turned to throw away a cigar-end, and Smith and Burroughs were looking at their cards; it was at this moment that the two quiet young men noticed a curious movement, more pronounced, of Fletcher's hand, which they had previously observed. The latter caught the look that passed between them, flushed, saw that the flush was noticed by both, and turning deliberately to Mr. Rutherford, who was opening his mouth for a fresh protest, said:

"You 're not going to put an end to all the fun, Uncle Fordy?" They all called him "uncle," though he was related only to Fletcher, and that distantly. He linked his arm in the old man's with caressing nonchalance, and "uncle" submitted once more.

They played for another quarter of an hour, and Fletcher again lost; then they separated, Mr. Rutherford yawning, Bond and Fleming putting on their hats with a certain deliberate gravity and an obstinate avoidance of each other's and Fletcher's eyes. Fletcher himself maintained his smile; he was wondering if they had noticed, and his lips were tremulous. He walked away with his two friends, and was the first to break the awkward silence.

"Well, I feel myself 'swelling wisibly,'" he said, patting his pocket. He felt that to ignore the evening's occupation would seem flagrantly unnatural; now his reference sounded flagrantly forced.

"Yes," the others answered; then, at a turning off the avenue, all three paused.

"You fellows are too sleepy to come in for a while?" said Fletcher, and he shook hands and bade them good night without waiting for an answer. Harry's face wore an expression of shame, and Edward said "Good night, Jack," with peculiar gentleness.

Neither spoke for several minutes after they had left Fletcher. Then Harry said:

"You saw?"

"Yes; long before you did."

"You saw before that king? But he was hardly winning at all then, you know." Harry clung to unessential detail, as if to distract his mind from the appalling essential.

"No; he was cautious at first—only risked now and then."

There was silence, and then Harry burst out with: "Ned, I can't believe it!"

"I wish I need n't, old boy."

When they had reached their rooms, Harry grasped his head between his hands, groaning, "Oh, Ned, what shall we do?"

His friend looked fixedly before him.

"Do? We must tell him, of course."

"Tell him! Tell Johnny Fletcher, who was at college with us, that we 've seen him cheat at cards!"

"How are we to go on, otherwise? We must have it all out. He knows already that we saw."

"Yes; I think he does."

"I know he does. He went on playing, you know, and lost on purpose—just to make a show of—" And Fleming broke down and hid his face in his hands.

II

John Fletcher undressed and got into bed without any pause for reflections and with a sense of cheating thought by routine; his teeth were firmly closed, and he still steadied his face, as if he were before an audience. The last thing he did before putting out the light was to empty his pockets, methodically sorting coin, bank-notes, and checks.

"I must cash these and pay Fisher at once," he said to himself. He counted the money, and found that when this creditor was paid there would still be a considerable surplus. It was the thought of this surplus that made him turn hot with anguish as he got into bed; he still obstinately averted his mind from the principal enormity, and for the moment was most overwhelmed by the problem of what he should do with the money that would be left over.

Throw it away? That would be acting like a fool. Profane the name of charity by bestowing it on some philanthropic institution? He trembled as he pictured to himself the abhorrence with which the recipients would repulse his generosity if they knew in what fashion that generosity had been made possible. He turned with the greatest loathing from the idea of paying off sundry small debts with the surplus: his sense of honor, as lively as when he had sat down to cards that night, recoiled from the possibility of making an offense of such magnitude serve so trifling an end. Just as the pressure of one overpowering difficulty could alone have tempted him to do what he had done, so he shrank sensitively from relieving himself with stolen money from any but his greatest burden.

Then the full realization of what he had done could be kept at arm's-length no longer; the conviction that he was disgraced before Harry and Edward was as nothing compared with his own sense of guilt: and it was nothing to him that he was sure of their silence; better that his act should be published far and wide. A wave of heat seemed to burn him from head to foot; with a groan he sat up and buried his face in his hands. Oh, to recall the past hours! Hours! They must be as many years; he had been a cheat for years. And again a calm, almost a peace, would descend upon him, in which the heavy beat of his heart, like the stroke of a chime, persistent, monotonous, far away, alone seemed to recall some late, receding tumult; then he repeated to himself: "It is all a dream—a dream. What have I been thinking of?"

Then a name sprang into his mind—"Philippa!" the girl whom he loved, who loved him, he was sure; and again he woke to a fierce sense of reality. If he had never seen Philippa! If only he had never come into her life!

He had been in debt and unable to marry; had turned to speculation, lost, tried to regain, and lost still more heavily. One debt especially weighed him down—that which he owed to Fisher, who was now inexorable, after having taken advantage of the young man's lack of experience. He it was who held the sword that was to fall next Saturday; and this was Monday. And when it fell he must lose Philippa, probably forever. How could he ever struggle to his feet after the catastrophe? His mind had gone over every expedient. Could some one help him tide over the present? He was an orphan, and had only his salary and a mere trifle of income. Mr. Rutherford? He was comfortably off, but could not possibly afford such a loan as was necessary to save Fletcher from ruin. Smith and Burroughs were almost strangers. Then there were Harry and Ned. For Ned the thing was out of the question; Harry's father was rich, but, as the young man had himself declared, he also was being stung by sundry gadflies with frequency enough to

keep him fairly busy. He was not very badly pressed, but he must "look sharp now and settle 'em up, cuss 'em!" for his father was as severe as he was liberal, and would on no account increase his son's handsome allowance.

"You look rather down on your luck, old fellow," Harry had said during the course of this conversation. "You know, if a hundred or so 's of any use to you—" and he turned in his chair so that he might fish in his pockets with greater ease. But Fletcher restrained him, smiling his brave, charming smile. What good could "a hundred or so" do him?

When he had gone to Smith's that night he had calmly made up his mind that the wave must break over him, and his losses had left him as indifferent as if he had been playing on a sinking ship. "I am a sinking ship," he had said to himself, though still with some faint hope; "and the rats are leaving me," he added, as he parted with his small stakes.

When had the temptation assailed him, and how had it been possible? He could not recall the moment. Only it seemed to him that suddenly the words, "You will lose Philippa in five days!" were sprung upon him while he made some jest, and, as suddenly and inconsequentially, he was saying to himself soberly, though a tumult whirled about the words: "Uncle Fordy is all right; he is never rash. Neither is Ned; he 's all right, too. Harry?" He played on mechanically and observed Harry. "He 's not a bit reckless this evening; he 's not going to hurt himself. The others—Smith is rolling in money, and Burroughs could n't lose enough to make any difference to himself if he tried." Then he repeated the words, or they repeated themselves over and over again: "Rolling in money, and the others are all right." At college he had been considered first-rate at legerdemain. "How queer it would be—how easy—if I slipped a card—how easy! Shall I?" He felt drowsy, and the light, veiled with tobacco-smoke, the voices, the soft patter of the cards, seemed to be part of the phantasmagoria in which he himself was but one of the shadows. "No, not yet; not this king—another—"

And then he had cheated. Was it with fierce but cool determination, or with a feeling that he was merely making an experiment which, once made, was irrevocable? He could not remember. He could remember but the one truth which shattered him—the inexorable truth that in one hour the honor of thirty years had been blighted and all future peace destroyed.

His misery was so unbearable that he got out of bed and walked up and down the room with his hands pressed over his face. "In one hour! If I could recall that one hour! O God! God! to be back in yesterday—back in yesterday!"

He stumbled to a cupboard, took out a bottle of whisky, and drank from time to time, still walking back and forth. He must kill thought, if only for the moment. Finally, with his mind befogged, he staggered again to the cupboard to put back the bottle, stumbled, struck his head against the mantelpiece, and lay insensible.

III

THE servant who found him in the morning at once sent for Mr. Rutherford and the doctor who lived in the same building. Together they hurried to the young man, who, still unconscious, was lying in bed with a handkerchief about his head. A maid was scrubbing the carpet with a damp cloth, and a sickly, diluted smell of whisky filled the room.

The smell caused Mr. Rutherford to stop short, with a slight exclamation. He and the doctor exchanged glances, and the latter said to the maid: "Is that whisky you 're wiping up?"

"It is," she replied, adding with a sort of cheerful affection: "Sure, he was dhrunk, poor fella."

It was an hour before Fletcher became conscious, and his eye fell upon Mr. Rutherford, who was sitting by the bed, looking at him with mingled relief and reproach. The doctor had gone.

"Uncle Fordy! What *are* you doing here?" exclaimed Fletcher. "This is an unexpected pleasure."

"Why, Johnny," said Mr. Rutherford, in some confusion, "you fell down and hit your head last night, and in the morning they found you unconscious. First thing I know, in comes James, bursting into my place, and says you 've burst your head open, or something. So we went for the doctor, and he worked at you for a while—and here we are."

"Good heavens!" said Fletcher, smiling and closing his eyes. Then he opened them again, frowning.

"Ugh! what a smell! Why, it 's whisky!"

Bridget, who had been reluctantly departing, now drew near, with a soothing: "Never you mind, Mr. Johnny dear!" and a smile almost of encouragement; but Fletcher's perplexity only increased.

"What does she mean?" he asked, after Bridget had gone.

"Well, to tell you the truth, Johnny, they found a whisky-bottle lying on the floor. I 'm afraid you were drinking when you fell. Don't you remember?"

"No, I don't remember anything. I feel so tired, I can't make my mind go back. Yes, I do, though! Oh, Uncle Fordy, I wish I could have stayed unconscious forever!"

"Bosh, my dear boy! Good heavens! You must n't take it as hard as that! It was a little shock to me at first, I 'll confess. You see, I 'd never heard of you as anything but sober all your life,—it rather hurt my feelings when I found you 'd been drinking,—so I suppose, like an old donkey, I pulled a long face, and you saw it when you came to. But, my dear boy, don't give it another thought. It 's a mere peccadillo. And now the doctor says you must be quiet, so we won't say another word."

"Oh, my getting drunk!" Fletcher blushed faintly. "You 're awfully good to cheer me up. All the same, I am humiliated and amazed. But—"

"The doctor said you must n't bother about anything," interrupted Mr. Rutherford.

"Oh, confound the doctor!" Fletcher persisted, with a whimsical smile. "How 's the doctor's word going to prevent my bothering? It 's bad enough that I should have made a beast of myself; but that 's not what I was thinking of so much. Do you know, Uncle Fordy, in a day or two I shall be a ruined man? Virtually, I am already; and, you see, I wish I need n't have come to, just to go on being a ruined man."

"Why, Johnny!"

"Yes, it 's true."

"But why did n't you come to me? I 'd have helped you."

"Dear old uncle! You could n't have afforded it. Speculating, you know."

"How much?"

"Oh, what 's the odds now? But if you want to know—" And he named the sum.

"Why, Johnny!" Mr. Rutherford sat up, pulled down his waistcoat, and beamed upon the patient. "I may as well tell you, in spite of the doctor; you might as well hear good news as brood over your troubles. Don't you remember last night—dining at Smith's, and the poker, and how you made a clean sweep of us all—Smith and Burroughs and Ned and Harry and me? Why, you won a good bit more than you owe that skinflint. There! take your money with my blessing and this solemn injunction: Don't do it again; leave gambling alone, whether it 's the Exchange or cards. I believe I shall myself—almost; it 's not right for an old fellow like me to lend himself to that kind of thing. It 's pulled you out of a bad hole; but don't you get into any more holes that take that kind of pulling out."

"Uncle Fordy," said Fletcher, who had been listening with affectionate patience, "one would think it was *you* who had been—" he broke off in confusion, and went on: "I mean, have you taken leave of your senses? What poker do you mean? I have n't played poker for a month or more. I was n't at Smith's last night; I was here the whole time."

"This one of your latest jokes?"

"No joke at all. I tell you I passed the whole evening here. I sat in that chair you 're in now; I had a pipe in one hand and Eleanor Harrington's last novel in the other; after that I went for the 'Poetical Works of John Keats'; and after that the deluge, I said to myself, because of course I was aware that the deluge was timed to be here in a few days, and Eleanor Harrington and John Keats could n't keep it off. Then I thought that the weather was very warm, and I had a nap. Now, that 's how I passed last night. The only thing I don't remember is the drinking. I suppose I got desperate lying awake, and that was the result. But it 's queer that I should forget that; and it 's not like me to have done it," he added wistfully.

Mr. Rutherford had whistled once during this statement; now he said solemnly:

"My good John, I see you were harder hit than I knew—I mean your head. You must be telling about night before last. *Last* night you did just what I say. Now,

don't argue with me, or you 'll be a sick man. The doctor 's coming again soon, and he 'll blow me up for stirring up his patient. If you want me to do anything for you—take any little message to Mr. Silas K. Fisher—"

"I 'd rather do it myself," said Fletcher, faint and dazed; "but will you look for the money? Look in my pockets. No, I suppose I must have locked it up; the key 's in my trousers pocket. That little drawer there. Is that it? All right; lock it up and put the key—"

"It 's all right, Johnny. Remember, if you 're not up by Saturday, I 'll see Fisher for you. I 'm going out of town in a few hours now—be back on Monday. Feel pretty well? That 's right. There 's the doctor driving up, and it 's time I was off."

He met the doctor in the hall, told him of Fletcher's lapse of memory, and sped on his way. A few hours later, as he was driving to the station, he passed Fleming and Bond. He had only a few minutes to spare, and thrust his head out of the window, shouting: "Hullo, boys! Look up John, will you? He 's seedy; he 'll tell you all about it."

IV

On Wednesday Harry Bond called with a sad and reluctant heart and asked if he might see Fletcher. He gave a sigh of relief when he was told that the patient was asleep. He communicated his relief to Fleming, who had been unable to go with him and was thankful for the respite. Harry, too, was to be out of town till Monday; he had done his duty by poor conscience-stricken Fletcher, and the evil moment of an explanation was deferred. Fleming was free only in the evening, and in the evening Fletcher always slept. So at least he need not endure the sight of his friend, pitiful, physically prostrated by this new sense of dishonor.

And Fletcher, on his part, was glad to be alone. He supposed that Ned and Harry must know all the circumstances of his illness; how it had been caused by such an extraordinary exultation over his success at cards that he had gone home directly to get drunk and stumble about until he injured himself. The thought of facing them was mortifying.

He was determined that he would tell Philippa everything when she got back to New York; nothing should be hidden from her. It was strange that a man could tell a woman of his love and his momentary degradation in the same breath; but he would rather bring down her condemnation upon him than win her, knowing that he had hidden from that condemnation.

Still, his uppermost feeling was one of relief and elation. The hateful burden was removed. He would go to Fisher at the last moment—it would seem to lend greater keenness to his triumph—and make himself free.

The doctor allowed him to get up on Friday, and on Saturday, without waiting for permission, he took a cab and drove to Fisher's office. When, after what seemed to him inordinate delay, he was admitted to his creditor's presence, he found him sitting in his shirt-sleeves, his heels on a desk, and the paraphernalia of iced drinks at his elbow; in one hand was the morning paper, in the other a palm-leaf fan. Mr. Fisher was a fat man with round gray eyes; his neck rolled over the back of his collar in three red tiers; a toothpick protruded from his mustache. Before he had looked at Fletcher he began in a high, nasal voice:

"I 'm sorry, Mr. Fletcher, but this was the day we agreed on. There must be some day set, now must n't they? I can't go on extending the time; if people went on extending time, business 'd cease to be business, now would n't it?"

"No doubt. I did n't come here to ask you to extend. Will you please give me a receipt?" and Fletcher put down the bank-notes.

Fisher gave a prolonged "Oh!" adding, as he counted the notes swiftly with his forefinger, "This is a very different matter, ain't it? I was about making up my mind that you would n't come up to scratch."

When Fletcher's receipt had been made out, his late creditor pushed the tray toward him, affably inviting him to have a little something; the latter declining, he dropped the toothpick, drained his glass, and passed his tongue over his mustache, while Fletcher walked out with an expression of cool disgust. Mr. Fisher glanced at his watch, saw that it was his luncheon-hour, shouldered on his coat, and sauntered out with his hat on one side, saying to him-

self philosophically, "Young fool looked at me like I was carrion."

With a sensation of mingled fatigue and exultation Fletcher made a round of his lesser creditors and paid every debt. And now he must go to Philippa; he had not seen her for a month, and she would be happy to hear of his great relief; for Philippa, to whom he confided everything, knew that he had been in trouble.

She was sitting at her writing-table, bent over a letter. How exquisite she looked, darling Philippa! Her soft, dark hair, her face rather pale from the heat, her white blouse, with the neat black bow under her chin, all made a cool harmony of darkness and pallor. She got up and came to him slowly, her gray eyes smiling into his. He took her hands, and after studying his face for a moment she asked, "Have you been ill?"

"Yes; I came to tell you all about it." When they had sat down, he said: "I have n't been so happy for months, Philippa. There are drawbacks to my happiness, though, and now I am going to tell you of both. First, Philippa darling, I must tell you that I love you. But you know that."

"Yes, I know," she replied, putting her hand on his shoulder; and they leaned forward and kissed each other.

After a rapturous silence she said: "What are the drawbacks, Jack?"

"To tell you about those I must tell you about the good luck, too—but you won't approve of that. And I have a confession to make—a hateful confession.

"You know, I was in debt, and lately I have been expecting ruin—sure ruin, Philippa. I had tried to right myself by speculating, and that only led from bad to worse; then I got into the hands of a scoundrel, and by to-day it would have been all up with me. On Monday, knowing that the end was inevitable, I played poker with Uncle Fordy—you know Mr. Rutherford—and Harry and Ned and two other men. I was reckless; I knew I 'd lost you; I did n't care any longer what became of me, and I played I don't know how long: but I won, and kept on winning until I 'd made enough to pay all my debts. They are all paid, Philippa, and I 'm scot-free. But I know this only at second-hand, because—and here comes the strangest and most humiliating part of all—I must have gone home mad with relief at my success (thank Heaven, I hurt nobody by it!), for I got drunk. Yes," he repeated, putting her hand from his shoulder, "I got dead drunk, Philippa. I stumbled about, and fell, and struck my head. It made me lose consciousness, and when I came to I had completely forgotten about the whole thing. It was Uncle Fordy who told me how we played poker and I won, and how the servant found me in the morning. I can still recall nothing. And now I have come to ask your forgiveness. Forgive me, if you can. But if you should only feel disgust, I would rather disgust you than deceive you."

She drew a long breath, and, putting her hand back on his shoulder, said: "There is no disgust, Jack. I have nothing for you but love and forgiveness. Perhaps I love you better than ever, because it was my forgiveness which you thought of at once. Only one thing—don't gamble, dearest; never do it again. It hurt me to hear that more, far more, than the other thing. That was the madness of a moment. And now it 's all forgotten; but oh, Jack, take care of yourself! That strange loss of memory! Are you sure you feel all right, dearest?"

V

It so happened that Edward Fleming, too, loved Philippa, whose friend he had been for years, and on the Monday after Fletcher's confession he went to her and made his own avowal.

She was sitting at the same table, writing to Fletcher. When she looked up and saw the grave eagerness of Fleming's face, usually so impassive, her heart sank with the sense of what was impending. Nevertheless, she mustered an easy and unconcerned smile as she held out her hand.

"Well, Ned, what have you been doing with yourself lately? It 's a week since I last saw you, is n't it?" Then she remembered that it was exactly a week ago that evening that her poor Jack's strange good and bad fortune had crowded upon him, and she stopped short.

"Yes, Philippa." He looked up at her with his direct blue eyes. "I have n't had the courage to come and see you. I knew that if I did see you I could refrain no longer from telling you what was on

my mind, and I dreaded your answer. But I can wait no longer. Try to love me, Philippa," he said, getting up and putting his hand on her chair; "it is the one desire of my life—the only thing that I care about. If you can understand how I worship you, what I think of you—"

"Oh, Ned dear, don't think of me like that!"

"Then you don't care for me? But you may one day. Will you let me think that perhaps you will care some day?" he said, with grave insistence.

"I can't."

"Are you sure?"

"Quite sure."

"May I ask one thing more? Is there some one else? Is that why you 're sure?"

"Yes, Ned; that is why. Don't, don't look at me so! It makes me feel as though you blamed me." She put her hands pleadingly on his.

"Blame you?" he replied in a low voice. "Perhaps I do feel as if I blamed you, because it seems to me so impossible, so monstrous, almost, that what I feel for you should go for nothing, that it is powerless to help me. Such waste! So futile! But I do know that I hate him," he added calmly, taking up his hat. "Philippa—darling—how can I help hating him? Is n't he worse than my murderer?"

"You must n't hate him, Ned; you won't; he 's your friend."

"*My friend!*" he almost shouted, thinking of Harry, the one person to whom he had confided his secret.

"Yes—John Fletcher."

They stood and gazed at each other a minute, and then he came back to her and cried breathlessly: "Philippa, you don't mean it!"

"I can't understand you, Ned. Yes, I do mean it. Why are you so amazed?" And as he still stared at her, pale and speechless, she exclaimed: "Are you thinking of the other night, and do you suppose I can't overlook that one thing? Well, I can and I do. He told me everything, and I forgave him."

Fleming turned away.

"Ned, how can you judge a man so harshly, because for once, only once, he drank too much! Well, I am not so fastidious. Thank Heaven, I am not so fastidious as you!"

He stood for a moment with lowered eyes, then, raising them, he said, "Forgive me," and held out his hands, smiling.

She took them, pressed them, and then, bursting into tears of pity, left him.

As Fleming walked away in the warm darkness, he kept repeating to himself: "'Drank too much!' 'Told me everything!' What does she mean—what does it all mean?" Had Fletcher gone home to drink down his remorse? But why had he made a point of confessing that when the other, the disgraceful secret, must be weighing him down? And Philippa! This was the man for whom Philippa turned from him! Was she to marry a cheat, a sneak? Should he allow it? No, a thousand times no! She should be told; if it were to bring down her scorn and hatred on his head, she should be told. Let her forgive Fletcher if she could,—perhaps her love was strong enough,—but she should not be so monstrously deceived.

His own wretchedness was partly swallowed up by rage, and it was in this frame of mind that he passed his club. At the same moment Fletcher came down the steps, joined him, and put an arm through his. Fleming longed to throw him off, but repressed the impulse. Fletcher was saying:

"I feel as if last Monday were a year ago, Ned, instead of a week. Do you know, Ned, that Monday has made all the difference in the world to me: I 'm like a man who 's been standing with a rope around his neck, when just in time comes a reprieve. Heavens! what an escape I had! It seems like irony, when you think of it, that so much blessedness should flow from such a source! However, I 've made a solemn vow never to play for money again. If I had n't made a vow, it would be all the same. Do you know, I 've had the strangest aversion to cards since that night!"

Edward Fleming turned slowly and surveyed the face of the man who walked beside him. The face was happy; Fletcher's eyes looked forward with a rapt, unseeing gaze. He was a little haggard in the artificial light, and very handsome.

"I 'm glad you 're all right now," Fleming heard himself saying, with deep wonder.

Fletcher interpreted his constraint as a delicate embarrassment on behalf of the friend who had been discovered in such a plight. He bravely referred to the subject.

"I did feel ashamed at the thought of seeing you and Harry again." Fleming drew a tremendous, silent breath. "If I had been a fellow given to that kind of thing from time to time, I should n't have cared much. But that I, of all people, should turn in and drink myself into such a condition! I wonder if it had anything to do with that lapse of memory."

"*What* lapse of memory?" cried Fleming, sharply, stopping short.

"Why, Ned, did n't you hear? You mean to say Uncle Fordy did n't tell you! Why, of course," he cried, with a laugh of delight, taking Fleming's arm and almost dragging him forward. "Come along, and I 'll tell you all about it. The doctor says it 's one of the strangest cases he ever had."

"HARRY," said Fleming that night, "everything is over between Philippa and me."

Harry took his pipe out of his mouth and looked at his friend. Then he rose and put his arms about Fleming's shoulders. "Quite sure, dear old Ned?"

"Yes; there 's some one else." Then Fleming withdrew a few steps, and said, looking his friend full in the face: "It 's Jack Fletcher."

Even in the midst of his overpowering astonishment, Harry's ear caught the "Jack." They had been referring to Fletcher as "John" since last Monday. He stared at Fleming, his face flushing more and more crimson, and then he shouted, "*What!*"

Fleming bowed his head in reaffirmation.

"You mean to tell me he 's had the—"

Fleming pushed him gently back into his chair, sat down, stretched himself out, and said, in a voice as gentle as his gesture had been: "Harry, he 's as innocent as you or I."

"Ned, are you mad? Really, dear old boy, are you all right? Because, you know, I can't make head or tail out of all this."

"Yes," pursued Fleming, half to himself, and as if he had not been interrupted—"yes," he repeated, gazing fixedly before him; "he forgot."

"Forgot! What do you mean? What 's that got to do with it? He shall remember, I 'll be hanged if he sha'n't! Look here, Ned, what do you mean by 'forgetting'?"

"He went home and got drunk,—you see, he must have been crazy with remorse,—and then he fell and hit his head—"

"Well! Oh, go on!"

"Harry, that blow made him an innocent man! It drove the whole thing from his memory—everything that happened that night. Uncle Fordy had to tell him that he had made all that money. He needed it awfully, poor Jack!"

"But, good Lord, Ned! do you mean to say that a fellow, just by forgetting—"

"Hold on a minute, old man," said Fleming, restraining his friend with one hand while he reached for a cigar with the other. While he lighted the cigar, he said between the puffs:

"Do you remember when we used to discuss immortality in college, and the survival of personality after death, and that fellow Evans, who said he did n't care whether he retained his individuality or not, and—"

"Yes, of course I do; the silly idiot!" cried Harry, present and recalled emotions exasperating him beyond endurance.

"Of course you always reminded him that memory is the man, so to speak,—that if you lose your present individuality, you cease to be yourself—you become some one else."

"Oh, I see now what you 're making for, Ned. But Jack Fletcher 's virtually the same Jack Fletcher—same personality, same make-up, and everything. So your theory does n't hold good."

"Yes, it does. The Jack Fletcher who cheated at cards *has* disappeared; that part of him is obliterated as completely as a forgetful immortality would obliterate the Harry Bond I have before me now. Why, Harry, you can remember lots of things you did ten years ago and would n't do now; but no one would think of holding you responsible for them now, any more than if some one else had done them. All that is gone—that corner of the slate is wiped clean, merely because you ignore it, even though you may recall it. Then how much more clean Jack's corner has been wiped: he can't even recall."

"Oho, I 've got you now!" cried Harry, bracing himself on his elbows for the, to him, unusual psychological contest. "That corner of my slate is wiped clean because what was written there is n't a part of my present make-up—not my essential ego, you see, whereas—whereas—"

"You 're not going to say that cheating at cards is an essential part of Jack's?"

"It may be latent in him still, and he might do it again under the same circumstances. And besides, you must consciously repudiate what was on the slate, you must atone for it by suffering for it, you must pay up your score; *that 's* how people's slates are wiped clean."

"And do you suppose Jack did n't suffer enough on that night to atone? Do you suppose he did n't repudiate? And as for any latent tendency to cheat, I don't believe it; I don't believe that circumstances would bring about the same result. That

Drawn by John Russell

"'BUT OH, JACK, TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF!'"

result was a sudden mad impulse; it must have been like hypnotism or sleep-walking. There was never anything mean or ugly in Jack's make-up. Do you know, Harry, I 'm immensely—immensely pleased, shall I say?—to think that Jack 's been jostled out of the consequences of a few minutes of madness. Think of it—a lifetime of remorse for a few minutes of madness!"

They were silent for a minute, and Harry twisted about uneasily; then he sat bolt upright and exclaimed:

"You can't answer *this*, Ned: grant, if you like, that Jack's forgetfulness puts him back a day, makes him as if he had never cheated. It does *not* make him an innocent man; it only makes him an *untried* man. Now, I maintain that that crime *is* still latent in Jack; it must be. If the blow on his head effaced the committing of it, it 's merely brought him up to the committing-point again; he stands just where he did before.

"When a man," he went on loudly, moving his arm up and down, as if beating time to his words, "has the potentiality of crime so strong in him as to make him actually *commit* crime, then the only guaranty you have of the non-recurrence of that act is the man's repentance, based on the knowledge of his guilt. We know that goodness is n't mere ignorance of evil. I repeat: Jack 's not an innocent man; he 's an untried one."

"Would you lay traps for the untried, Harry?"

"No, I would n't. But in mere justice to others it is n't right that Jack should go about unwarned and capable of stealing other men's money."

"Oh, other men's money is safe enough. One thing does seem to have remained to Jack from last Monday—a sudden antipathy to cards. And he told me that he 'd made a vow never to play for money again. You 'll admit that Jack never broke his word under any circumstance. Above all, he 'll never break this vow: I know to whom he made it."

"There must be a screw loose somewhere,—there must be,—and I 'll put my finger on it in time."

"I don't want you to put your finger on it, Harry. And now I 'm off to bed; good night."

"One minute, Ned." Harry's eyes were wet.

"Well, old fellow?"

"Philippa—"

"Well?"

"Jack 's to have Philippa because he hit his head?"

"Yes."

"And if a man forgets a thing he 's to go scot-free?"

"Well, that 's all *I* can make of it, Harry."

A NEW OCCUPATION

THE WELFARE MANAGER

BY LILLIE HAMILTON FRENCH

WITH PICTURES BY CHARLOTTE HARDING

WITHIN the last few years there has been created in the industrial world an office now known as that of the welfare manager. It should not be forgotten, however, that this term was invented to fit an office already in existence, and that it was not so invented until much valuable work of a pioneer character had been accomplished.

This manager, who may be either a man or a woman, is a recognized intermediary between the employers and employees of mercantile houses and manufacturing plants which possess any pretensions to size and importance. Such a person represents the choice of an employer who would introduce among his employees improved and more favorable conditions, but who, hampered as he is by the complex ramifications of the industrial and social world of to-day, and unable to attend personally to every detail, finds himself obliged to summon to his aid the services of an intermediary between himself and those in his employ.

It is the employer, not the employee, who has chosen this intermediary and outlined the scope of the manager's work. At the same time, in order that his own purposes may not be defeated by the presence of too much friction in his establishment, he has been at pains, when making his choice, to respect the sentiments and prejudices, and sometimes even the dignities, of his employees. In no case coming under my observation has he failed to remove a welfare manager unable to preserve the harmonies. For such a manager, it must be understood, is unlike a superintendent or a foreman, and has no direct authority in the business, no power to engage or to dismiss an employee.

To have, hereafter, the holder of such a position represent the choice of the employee is, so I have been informed, a proposition now made by some who are interested in betterment work. "How would such a person differ from a walking delegate?" I asked; and although elaborate explanations full of points of distinction were made, it was difficult to see wherein the powers would vary, and still more difficult to appreciate the wisdom of the change proposed.

Take, for example, so simple a question as that with which the manager is frequently concerned—the value of fresh air and good drinking-water on the health of the individual. Inevitably it must be recognized that a question of health bears its relation to the wage-earning capacity. How, then, would it be possible for those accustomed to ill-ventilated rooms at home, and who understand nothing of hygiene, to demand fresh air and good drinking-water during their working hours, or to consider the question of electing a welfare manager who would demand them in a factory? These things the employer, with his broader knowledge and wider outlook, sees first.

Among the best-known welfare managers are to be found those who have prepared themselves for their profession, as they would have done for the practice of law or medicine. Like the rest of the employees, they are paid by the company, and,

Drawn by Charlotte Harding. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

"'I URGE BLACK AND WHITE FOR MANY OF OUR YOUNG WOMEN'"

as all managers should do, they keep the general welfare of the company in view, balancing the interests of employer and employee, and, in the end, proving them to be one and the same thing. Their ideal is to demonstrate the scientific nature of their calling, and they take pains to disclaim as an inspiration in their labors, or as a justification of ways and means, any of the so-called spirit of philanthropy. "interfere with the clothes of the employees, but I can prove to them that their own possibilities of making a sale are often ruined by the appearance which they may make as salespeople, not only by untidiness, but by the wearing of flaming and incongruous colors among stuffs where the delicacy of color makes the value of the material to be sold. That is why I urge black and white for many of our young

Drawn by Charlotte Harding. Haft-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

AT THE NOON HOUR

With them the success of their work resolves itself into a success of purely business principles and methods, and, unless a good business profit is made for the company and the employee, they regard their own department as a failure. "My sole aim," the welfare worker of a large retail establishment said to me, "is to increase the wages of the employees, and I can do this only by increasing their efficiency. Air, light, warmth, and good cheer must prevail in the store. Questions of good books to read and proper dresses to wear must also arise. I cannot," she continued, women. Then again," she continued, "think what a poor voice means!" The success of a person is often dependent upon manner of speech.

There are welfare workers—also in large retail establishments—whose point of view is taken from another side, and to whom neither the strictly sociological aspects of the problems nor yet the purely business side of the question involved have made any direct appeal. Something like a religious impulse is the controlling factor here—that form of religion which has the welfare of others at heart and which takes

Drawn by Charlotte Harding. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

A VILLAGE ON THE NEW ENGLAND COAST

rebuffs and discouragements in a cheerful spirit, going on in the work in obedience to some governing principle within and because of a love which nothing kills. And yet such a worker never disregards the interests of the firm or loses sight of its main objects and purposes. "Primarily," as such a one has said to me, "we are all here for one specific purpose—to hustle materials into our establishment and to hurry them out again as rapidly as we can and with the least possible friction. When that work has been accomplished, we have time for the other, and we must make time for the other. The young and the ignorant must be helped forward, must be shown how the best development is to be had of themselves as individuals." This speaker, although recognized as an intermediary and spoken of as such by the firm, is, for all that, not paid for the duties of the office, nor yet for the betterment work accomplished by it. She draws her salary for other duties connected with the business side of the store, those of her welfare work being undertaken voluntarily, in obedience to a dictate of the conscience and without a thought of pecuniary recompense. Her special training in betterment work came from association with a society devoted to the interests of young women.

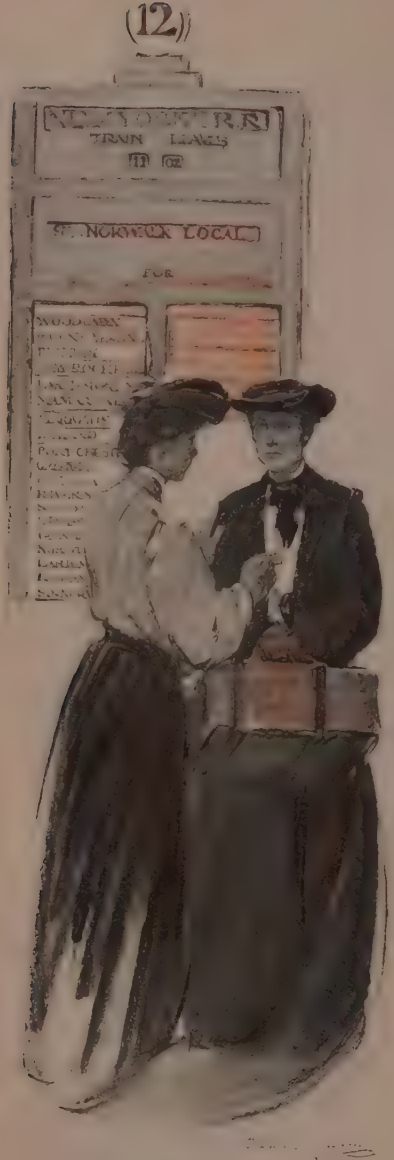
It is not unusual to discover welfare managers who, engaged by a company for some specific work, discover that the very nature of their calling forces upon them the rôle of intermediary as one that is a logical and inevitable outgrowth of their original contract. An architect or a landscape-gardener, for example, who has been engaged to build the houses or to lay out the grounds of an isolated manufacturing plant, must of necessity be brought into frequent contact with the employees for whom the houses are being built and with the children left at home while their parents are at work. If he knows that the purpose of the company is to consider the needs and to stimulate the interests of its em-

ployees, and if he cares anything about the work as a whole, he discovers many opportunities for drawing the attention of the company to still other new needs and requirements as they present themselves. If he be wise and would escape the much-talked-of troubles of other companies, he does not insist that all the porches of all the pretty houses that he has built with so much care be covered with vines, nor that all the windows be curtained with a washable material instead of being hung with aprons and shawls; nor yet does he boast of his righteous intentions, even when his enthusiasms are carrying him away. Instead, he shows the tenant how a vine-covered porch or a well-curtained window does look, and then he leaves the tenant free in the matter of choice.

A welfare manager who has been called to a great manufacturing plant has issues to meet which must differ from those found in the large retail establishments of a city—establishments to which hundreds of clerks come in the morning, only to be scattered in as many directions at night, miles away sometimes, or lost near by in the confusion of crowded tenements. Again, the problems differ with the situation of the manufacturing plant, which, like the cigarette and box factories of New York, may lie only a few blocks away from our fashionable avenues, or which may lie only in isolated districts. In large cities, therefore, the special housing of employees can hardly enter into the scope of an employer's obligations, nor, except in a general way, be the concern of the welfare manager. The very conditions of crowded metropolitan life, with its neighboring tenements on the one hand and its cheap transportation rates on the other, make it unnecessary for the employer to solve problems which confront others in charge of isolated plants, where an entire settlement will sometimes spring up about a single factory chimney. In the latter instance houses have to be built, and water has to be brought now into the houses and now into the factory. Often the very temperature of the water has to be studied, or otherwise the overheated man becomes ill after drinking. The question of transportation methods will often arise, and not infrequently a welfare manager has been the means of having bridges built and car-tracks laid for the benefit of employees obliged to lose half-hours in the morning

Drawn by Charlotte Harding. Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

"WILL WANT TO DANCE"



Drawn by Charlotte Harding. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

"THE BUYING OF TICKETS"

when making wide detours to avoid dangerous or impassable crossings.

As in all industrial establishments, the question of proper toilet facilities presents itself, and these facilities must be not only hygienic but convenient. In factories where the deleterious effects of lead upon the worker have been proved, it has sometimes been necessary to provide for daily baths and a change of clothing, as these add to the health and the longevity of the worker. The subject of ventilation has to be considered, and the air so introduced that no one when at work need be compelled to stand in a draft. To every necessity and to all questions of ways and means the welfare manager must be alive. When he happens to be an expert he works out his own solution; when he is not he consults some authority—an engineer, architect, or physician, as the case may be.

There will arise, too, questions in regard to lunching- and resting-places, recreation and holiday-making. Just here the welfare manager discovers that no inviolable rule can be laid down upon the subject, since that which will amuse one set of people will dismay another. National prejudices will enter in, as among Italians, Germans, Hungarians, and Irishmen. Religious sentiments and sectarian animosities will also complicate the question. The early training of the employees, the education and the temperaments of the workers, have to be considered. In some parts of our country the factory girl who has stood on her feet for hours will want to dance when the noon hour arrives, and she will go back to her labors refreshed. She will dance all night, too, when the chance is given her. In other sections she prefers to read. I saw a group of them, in a New England factory, deep in their books when luncheon was over. They had the air of earnest college students, like those among whom, at one time, I was thrown.

Again, the welfare manager of a great manufacturing plant, with its thousands of employees representing almost as many diversified needs and conditions, must be prepared to meet not only the arguments of men, but to treat with the temperaments of women. Such a person, whether man or woman, must be fortified with a knowledge of working institutions; understand questions of hours, wages, competition, output; be equipped, in other words, to discuss projects with union leaders, capitalists, employees, and always to discuss these projects with reason and intelligence.

The welfare manager, on the other hand, who is thrown in only with the women of a retail establishment, finds that no strictly

sociological training is necessary, and the need of meeting the so-called labor problems of the day, or of coming into contact with trades-unions and their leaders, does not inevitably arise. The problems encountered are for the most part individual. The young girl who has reached the age when she thinks that her mother "knows nothing of the world" must be guided with discretion, educated, amused, and kept out of the street. The sick must be taken care of, both at home and in the shop. The anxieties of the mother forced to leave her little children uncared for while she works

supreme. A love of truth and a spirit of justice and of right dealing must be in possession of the character. Aggressiveness, or any form of interference with individual rights, is out of the question. Espionage is sure to bring disaster to all concerned. Playing the patron is as bad as playing the spy, and will arouse a spirit of resentment often impossible to quell.

Here, indeed, seems to be the rock on which many have split. Even the best of gifts cannot be forced upon those not yet ready to receive them, as we see every day in the training of children, and the em-

Drawn by Charlotte Harding. Half-tone plate engraved by W. Aikman

"A LUNCH-ROOM . . . MAY BE PROPOSED"

are also to be set at rest, and the women themselves helped to take their own pleasures. Those of us who are accustomed to running about the country on our little jaunts would find it difficult to realize how the idea of arranging for a journey will dismay those whose lives are spent in the daily routine of a shop. The hiring of an expressman, the buying of tickets, and the checking of trunks represent to them the unknown arts. The question of how and where to secure summer board excites an even greater disquietude. It is a part of the duty of the welfare manager to arrange these matters for women, in order that the benefit of a week's fresh air may be theirs.

Both the employer and the welfare manager will tell you that, besides the mental equipment and the experience required for the success of the office, other requirements are absolutely essential. Tact must be

ployer or welfare manager, however righteous his intention, is guilty of folly when, after giving that for which others are not ready, complains because his efforts have met with no return. Wise employers insist that no parade of their betterment works shall be made. They are private affairs.

To be successful in its best, most rounded sense, both the employer and the welfare manager must be in constant control of themselves, renewing day by day, as it were, the disinterestedness and impersonality of their purposes. A certain sense of detachment must be present or the work is a failure—that spirit of detachment which may spring from a sense of humor, or from the recognition of the fact that, like the rest of the world, the employee must grow to an appreciation of conditions essential to progressive stages of development. When this recognition is had, the

Drawn by Charlotte Harding. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

THE VILLAGE ABOUT THE TOWERING CHIMNEYS

discontent of the employee may sometimes be regarded as only one of the signs of his growth, and is not condemned as an evidence of evil in him, nor complained of as a token of his ingratitude. Ingratitude, by the way, is a word which the best type of employer and welfare manager never permits. With them it is a question of establishing equable and humane relations. Thus an employer in a Massachusetts factory built two bathing-pavilions for the benefit of the men and women in his employ. He also furnished free towels. These towels were torn, lost, and otherwise abused. Coming as I did straight from another quarter in which the workingman's ingratitude was made the subject of loud complaint, I was interested to see what was done in this case. No suggestion of ingratitude had been uttered. A small charge was made for the towels used, and with this charge the troubles ceased.

The secret of all the great successes coming under my observation has lain in the conscious recognition of growth. One day, for example, I found myself in a lovely village on the New England coast. The houses had been built and arranged by the company. Curtains hung at the windows, the porches were in order, and the miniature lawns were either neatly trimmed or set out with flowers. On two summits overlooking the sea were a library of which any county might have been proud, and a lunch and recreation building with charming lines and proportions and of a color so delightful that no affront was offered to the color of sea or sky.

I lunched in the club on baked fish and vegetables and old-fashioned raised rolls. I have seldom seen a better room of its kind, even belonging to a country club.

Then I went into the library, with its solid oak furniture, its delightful books and pictures. A young librarian was busy here, and a young kindergarten teacher at work in a garden under the willows, the employees' children about her. There was spotless cleanliness everywhere—in the school-room by the pond, in the little kitchen where the cooking lessons were given, in the room where the welfare manager held boys' classes in sloid, in the small hospital, with its neatly made bed and its antiseptic apparatus arranged on a glass-covered table ready for the two nurses who at any moment might be summoned, and again in the club-room, with its orderly kitchen and pantries—a spotless cleanliness that had in it something inexpressibly delightful.

That spirit of detachment to which reference has been made, and which, recognizing stages of growth and development, takes them into account whenever industrial conditions are being altered, was notably exemplified in another instance, this time in a retail establishment of one of our large cities. Here a coöperative association had been formed by the head of the firm, and to this association most matters in the establishment are referred, even the question of my visit having been laid before it and a vote taken on the subject. Any and every thing relating to the efficiency of the employee is voted upon: the initiating or amending of rules which affect it, and therefore the question of working-hours, holidays, losses, improvements, the opening or building of new rooms for lunching, reading, or recreation. Its most important feature is a board of arbitration. Since its formation this board has decided upon ninety-one cases. Of these forty-two have been in favor of the employee, thirty-two in favor of the firm, while seventeen have represented cases where adjustments have been made, both interests being represented.

Such an association has been found to benefit both sides, doing away with friction or grounds for mutual suspicion, and leaving those who are in charge of the business free to do advanced work.

More and more as my investigations led me further I became convinced that in the minds of those who led, in the bettering of industrial conditions, there had always been an ideal. Afterward others may have recognized as "good business" the working out of this ideal, those who were greedy of public opinion adopting the methods; but primarily, in all the work of the advanced employer, there has been the ideal in which he *believed*.

How, then, it is asked frequently, does the work of the welfare manager differ from that of the settlement worker? Fundamentally, as they will tell you, the purposes are the same, and a knowledge of good settlement work is of great benefit to the manager who desires to promote the social and mental welfare of his employees. The question of residence, however, does

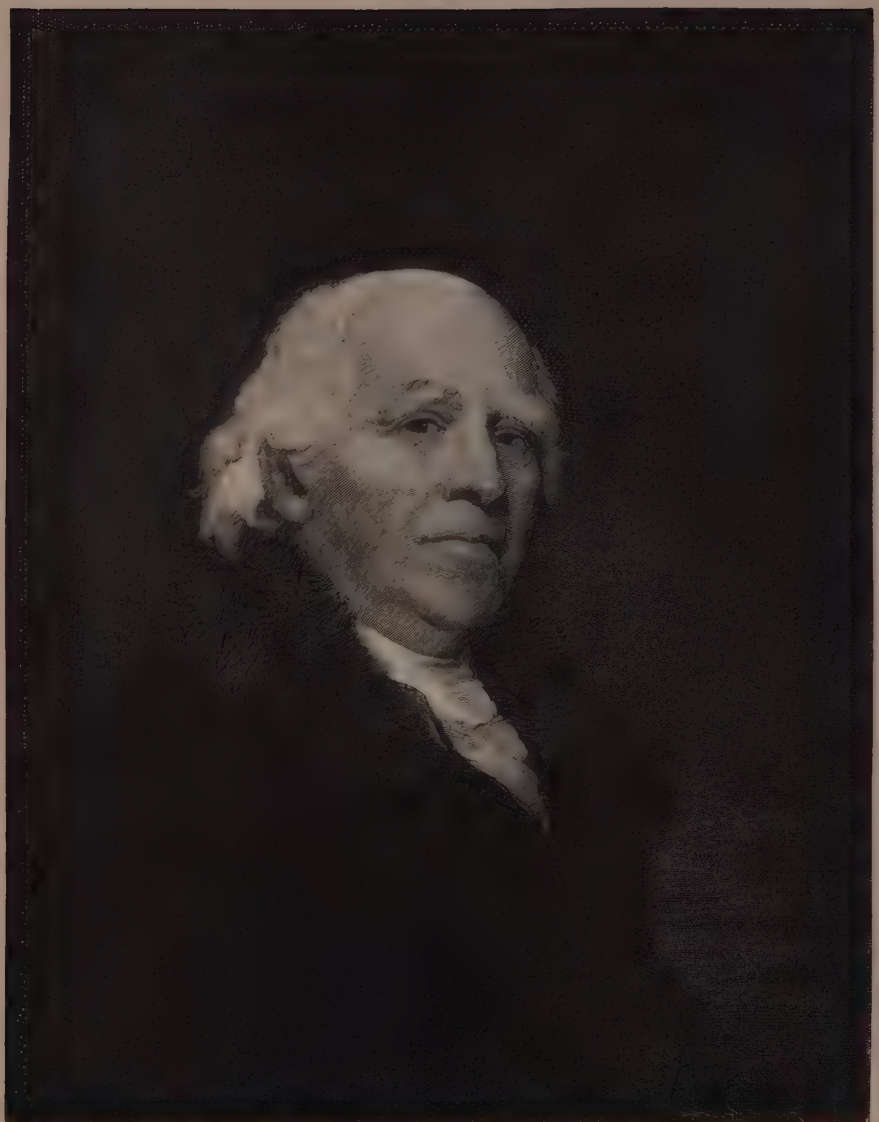
Drawn by Charlotte Harding. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

THE POULTRY SHOW IN A NEW ENGLAND FACTORY TOWN

not enter into the scope of the manager's work, and for that very reason, as the manager claims, it is easier to reach the people; for the settlement worker has to "coax his neighbor to be good," while the welfare manager proves that virtue pays for itself, better wages and better positions being sure to follow upon increased efficiency.

Like the settlement worker, the welfare manager reaches the people in various ways. Clubs are formed. One manager here in New York, for instance, founded a club among the young women under her, which now has a membership roll of three hundred and fifty, with a right of representation in the National Federation of Women's Clubs. Under the direction of a welfare manager lectures are given by well-known men and women on different subjects, both intellectual and moral. Classes are organized, circulating libraries and art collections are subscribed for. Publications are undertaken, edited by the welfare manager, with contributions made by the employees. Prizes are offered for well-kept gardens, good poultry, vegetables, butter, skill in athletics, and for essays on subjects of interest to the employee.

Unlike the settlement worker, however, the welfare manager has at times to explain the purposes of the improvements proposed. The relations of the employer and the employee may be so happy that all innovations and improvements are understood and accepted without question. But now and then it happens that the employee sniffs danger—a possible patronage or perhaps an advertising scheme. When this happens, the business of the welfare manager has often been to convince the employee that no liberties are to be taken with his individual rights, and that the capital of the company is not to be diverted into non-productive channels, when it might better be put into the pockets of the worker. A lunch-room, for instance, may be proposed as a more decorous place to eat in than the stairways or curbstones. But the employee wants first to know several things: Is he to be compelled to eat in this room, when he may want to eat with his family? Is his luncheon to be given him as a charity? Is the firm going to parade its beneficence? And how much extra, in the end, is it going to cost him, the employee? To answer these questions the welfare manager must sometimes invite the employees to a dinner in the middle of the day, laying the ins and outs of the question before them. Sometimes only the leaders are invited to the meeting. Sometimes, again, the union man has to be consulted on the subject, or the man of one religion persuaded to eat in the neighborhood of a man who boasts a different creed.



From the painting by Gilbert Stuart, in the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. Engraved on wood by Henry Wolf. See "Open Letters"

GILBERT STUART'S PORTRAITS OF MEN: JUDGE STEPHEN JONES

From a photograph

AGWAN DORDJI AND SERVANT-GUARD TRAVELING IN THE GOBI DESERT

A LEADER OF THE TIBETANS

BY J. DENIKER

President of the Anthropological Society of Paris

DURING the recent events in Tibet there has frequently been heard the name of Agwan Dordji (or Dordjiev), an ecclesiastic of the first rank, who, according to certain journalists, directed the resistance to the English in their march upon Lhasa.

One day in June, 1898, I received a visit from a Mongolian Buriat, who presented letters of introduction from one of my Russian friends, and asked if I would like to make the acquaintance of a Tibetan priest attached to the court of the Dalai-Lama. An hour later Agwan Dordji was at my Paris house. He was in European dress, a man of about forty, short and stocky. His bronzed face was of the keen Mongolian type, and he appeared intelligent and kindly. In the course of the conversation I questioned him about Buddhism; and then, in his turn, he began to question me, wishing to know if there were many Buddhists in Paris. I told him that the number of his co-religionists in my country was very small, but that many French scholars were interested in the doctrine of Buddha, and that in the Musée Guimet there was a collection of many objects of the Buddhist cult. A few days later I took him to see the museum. He was very much pleased with his reception, and permission was given him to celebrate a Buddhist mass in the library of the museum. This took place June 27, 1898, in the presence of a numerous company, including some actual Buddhists. After a visit to London he returned to Lhasa.

During his first trip the great priest had been presented, though unofficially, to the Czar, who made him a present, among other gifts, of a gold watch inscribed with the imperial monogram. In the following year, however, he was charged with a semi-official mission to the Czar. For a long time the Dalai-Lama had desired that the Mongolian Buriats of Russian allegiance should have formal permission of the Czar to undertake pilgrimages to Lhasa; so the Tibetan ruler sent him again to St. Petersburg to further this desire. Moreover, the convents, dissatisfied with Chinese business methods, gave him commissions to have various objects of worship made in Europe. As Russian artisans were unable to execute the orders, he returned to Paris and made himself known again to me. In the course of his second stay he told me something of his personal history.

He was born in the Transbaikal of Mongol Buriat parents. Desiring to consecrate himself to the monastic life, he undertook a course of religious study, and at the age of eighteen visited Lhasa with a company of pilgrims. There, in the midst of the temples of the Holy City, profoundly

affected, he decided to continue his theological education. By a privilege without precedent, since he was not a Tibetan, he was permitted to remain at Lhasa and to study in the convent Sera. It was in this cloister that his industry and religious fervor were first remarked. and won for him the title of *khambo*—that is, superior of the convent. He had soon the distinguished honor of being chosen preceptor of the Dalai-Lama. Intrusted with the theological training of the young man, Agwan gained the confidence of his pupil and was attached to his personal suite. He was a valued counselor of the Dalai-Lama, and his large intelligence, naturally open to great ideas, made of him something almost exceptional—a liberal lama. Indeed, on his return from his first trip, in 1898, he found that his standing was very much compromised. He was accused of extreme liberalism, and the conservative party were scandalized by a photograph in which he was shown in company with a Russian lady. To these accusations he replied with tact, citing the example of the Tara-Eike, the White and Green Buddhist goddesses who brought the Buddhist faith to Tibet. "In the West," he asserted, "if you wish to have friends you must have the influence of women. For this reason I would not have wished to displease this Russian lady, who is already a fervent admirer of our religion." But another and more serious accusation confronted him. He had taken several portraits "in a little black box" to exhibit in the West! In order to escape from the anger of the priests, he was obliged to destroy his photographic apparatus before all the court of the Dalai-Lama. But, with a tact characteristically Asiatic, he regained his position, and finally won permission to revisit Europe.

From a photograph

AGWAN DORDJI IN CEREMONIAL COSTUME, THE TIARA OF YELLOW CLOTH, TRIMMED WITH RED, BEING THE HEAD-DRESS OF THE SUPERIOR OF A CONVENT

Having ordered in France some metal vases for the use of the Buddhist monks, and other objects, Agwan left Paris in September, 1900, and went to the Crimea, where the Czar received him graciously at the summer residence and gave him many presents.

In June, 1901, he obtained from the Czar the formal permission desired for the pilgrimages to Lhasa. He also visited Italy, and at the Vatican observed for himself the power of the Pope. He returned to Paris, and in October, 1902, gave the order for the famous *tse-boum*, which I described in THE CENTURY for February, 1904.

AN IMPOSSIBLE POSSIBILITY

BY ELLIOTT FLOWER

WITH PICTURES BY FREDERIC R. GRUGER

AN elderly man, attired like a prosperous farmer on an outing, entered the City Hall and proceeded to the mayor's office. To the people who spoke or nodded to him he replied in a dazed way, as if he did not quite understand what it was all about. At the door of the office he paused, and, for a moment, seemed disposed to turn back, for the room was crowded and there was a babel of voices that smote his ear. However, his momentary hesitation lost him the chance for flight: he was recognized.

"Here 's the mayor!" some one cried.

Thereupon a dozen men rushed to greet him, and he was drawn into the big room where politicians and others were accustomed to await the pleasure of the man who was momentarily at the head of municipal affairs. Bewildered, he listened to the congratulations and suggestions until a young man rescued him from his predicament.

"Better slip into the inner office and take them one at a time," suggested the young man.

Once inside, Mayor Ethan Hollins drew a long breath and looked about him with the air of one who wanted to get his bearings. Somehow he did not seem to exactly fit into the surroundings, for there was a good deal of display about the office and none at all about him. He was a plain man of the people, who had unexpectedly come into office on a wave of reform—a man of fair education and much hard sense, but one who had previously taken no important part in the politics of the city. That was why he was in the mayor's office: the people had wearied of trying the politicians, so they had turned out in unexpected force to put in a man who had no political affiliations at all. Naturally, they also got a man who had no practical knowledge of municipal affairs. But the men in the outer office erred when they accepted his momentary bewilderment as an evidence of weakness. Ethan Hollins was strong without being aggressive: he was the kind of man who, with a saving grace of humor, still held steadfastly to his own ideas in the face of any opposition that did not convince him. He wanted to know what he was doing and why he was doing it.

It was not unnatural, however, that he should have been regarded as "easy" at first glance. He was a strange man in a strange place, and he knew it and showed it. What he did not show was the quickness with which he could "pull himself together," as he expressed it, and the stubbornness with which he could hold to a course that he believed to be right.

"Room for the politicians and none for the taxpayers," he commented.

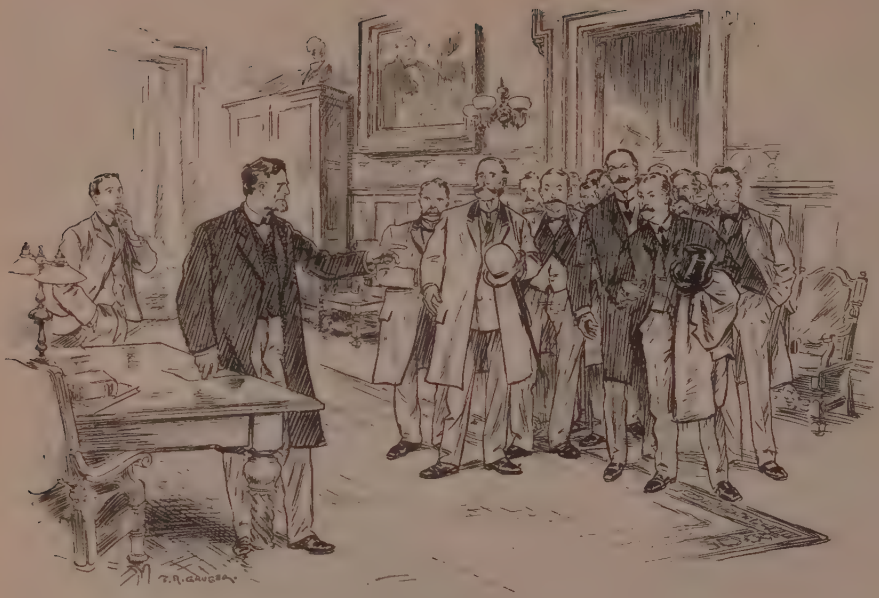
The young man looked at him with surprised inquiry.

"I was thinking," explained Hollins, "of the difference between seeing the mayor and trying to pay taxes. But of course the public does n't count."

"The mayor requires a good deal of space," the young man suggested finally, seeing that the reference was to the size of the room.

"I suppose so," commented Hollins. "Most of them have kept a political boom of some sort stored here, have n't they?"

The young man was uncertain whether to smile or not. Hollins spoke with solemn



Drawn by Frederic R. Gruger

"'THAT 'S THE WAY OUT'"

seriousness, but there was a suggestion of humor in his eyes. However, he promptly passed on to the next point.

"Those people out there seem mighty glad to see me," he said.

"Yes," said the young man, non-committally.

"But I don't believe they are going to keep on being so glad," added Hollins. "Have I got to see them?"

"It 's customary."

"Big waste of time," remarked Hollins. "I thought I got through with all that foolishness when I was sworn in before the council last night."

"Oh, this is n't foolishness," explained the young man. "They all want offices or favors of some kind."

"And you don't think that 's foolishness!" retorted Hollins. "Young man, you don't know *me!* I 'm not going to run a political party; I 'm going to run the city. But they don't know that yet. Open the exit to the hall, and show them in."

The politicians, workers, and applicants were totally unprepared for the reception they received. They knew that Hollins had only such knowledge of municipal affairs as he had gained from the papers, and they had seen his distress and bewilderment at the first onslaught in the outer office, so they rather expected to overwhelm him by aggressive assurance. But the Hollins of the outer office and the Hollins of the inner office were very different men. They discovered in something less than thirty seconds that the latter, in spite of his clothes, was *the mayor*. He was standing by the table in the center of the room when they entered, and they forgot his apparel when he raised his hand and stopped the first rush toward him.

"Glad to see you, gentlemen," he said, "and delighted to have this evidence of your good will. If any of you have any requests or suggestions to make, please put them in writing and file them with my secretary. I expect to be very busy this morning. That 's the way out," pointing to the exit to the hall.

Some of them thought they saw a faint twinkle in his eyes as the line filed past him and out the other door, but they could be sure of nothing except that they had bumped up against something hard.

"I 've seen frosts," one of them said ruefully, "but that 's the worst ever."

"Anybody who picks him up for a fool wants to drop him quick," said another.

That was just what the young man in

the office was thinking, too. He became suddenly deferential. And then there was another change.

"Got my second wind," announced Hollins, and there was no mistake about it this time: he was smiling; it was a joke. "I had to have a minute to catch my breath after that riot when I came in," he added; "I was n't expecting it, but I 'm all right now."

"You certainly are," said the young man, with the fervor of sincere admiration.

"Who are you?" asked Hollins, ignoring the implied compliment.

"I 'm Albert Kenny. I was private secretary to your predecessor. You 'll find my resignation on the desk."

"Sick of the job?"

"Why, no."

"For a minute," said Hollins, "I thought I 'd found a man who would let go of a public job without having his knuckles rapped; but I was mistaken."

Kenny's face flushed. He did not think the fact that he was willing to remain justified this verbal slap. But before he could speak Hollins had torn the resignation up and thrown it into the waste-basket.

"Saves the trouble of appointing you over again," he said, and again there was something of humor in his eyes. Later, Kenny told one of the clerks that "anybody who tries to read that old fellow is going to find himself tackling an unknown language." But just then he could only suggest humbly —and he was far from being humble—that the retiring department heads were waiting to pay their respects.

"Retiring the way you are?" asked Hollins. There could be no doubt about it— this man was a humorist. But he was again the mayor when the department heads entered —a man careless of appearances, although neither shabby nor slovenly; a man who did not know or care what "correct dress" meant; but still the mayor.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I 'm an accidental mayor, unexpectedly elected on an independent ticket. I came in here on a reform movement, and while I 'm here it 's going to be a movement that moves, but it needs experience to make it move smoothly. You have the experience, and I have not; but I have a few ideas that perhaps never would occur to you, owing to your more or less intimate association with politics. One of them is that the man who is running a department is going to run it very much the way the man who put him there wants it run. If they have not been run satisfactorily at any time in the past, it has been because the mayor did n't want them so run. This mayor does, and he wants the help of the men who are familiar with the work. Gentlemen, if any one of you wants to resign, he will have to go to the trouble of making another trial, for I 'm going to tear these resignations up."

This was so unusual, so absolutely contrary to precedent, that the department

Drawn by Frederic R. Gruger

"'SAVES THE TROUBLE OF APPOINTING YOU OVER AGAIN'

heads hardly knew what to say. Finally the commissioner of public works suggested that there seemed to be innovations ahead, and asked what particular plans he had for the various departments.

"That they shall be run according to law," replied Hollins; "according to law as it is written, and not according to law as somebody thinks it ought to be written."

"There are some dead letters in the code," remarked the controller.

"Not now," said Hollins.

The department heads looked at the mayor in amazement. This was the limit of absurdity.

"Why, there are laws that never were meant to be enforced," the controller urged.

"Bluffs?" asked Hollins.

"Yes; bluffs by the council," answered the controller.

"Well, the council is going to quit bluffing," announced Hollins, "for a bluff that 's called is mighty discouraging."

"There are antiquated laws," persisted the controller; "laws that never have been enforced and never were intended to be enforced. Oh, it 's impossible!"

"Did you ever hear of an impossible possibility?" asked Hollins, with the air of a man seeking confidential information.

"Never."

"Well, you will," asserted Hollins, suddenly changing his tone and manner. "If the code is wrong, we 'll have a new code. The one central idea of this administration is going to be to stick to the law as it stands. Do I make myself clear?"

Drawn by Frederic R. Gruger

"'IT 'S THE LAW, IS N'T IT?' ASKED HOLLINS"

He did, and the department heads agreed to adhere strictly to this plan. One or two wished to retire, for private business reasons, but they consented to hold on for a little time. As a matter of fact, they were interested and curious: they wanted to see what would happen. Others had talked of rigid adherence to the law, but no one could judge of this mayor by his predecessors: he was "an original package," as one man expressed it; he puzzled them.

"A new code!" laughed the commissioner of public works, when they reached the hall. "We 've needed one for the last fifteen years, and this sublime egotist speaks of it in an offhand way, as a mere incident of his administration."

News of the extraordinary stand taken

by the new mayor spread rapidly, and many called to give him advice. To these he proved an enigma. He was not ugly or aggressive; in fact, he conceded his political ignorance and was really timorous in some things, but certain lines of discussion always came back to the same question: "It 's the law, is n't it?" That apparently settled the matter, so far as he was concerned, and he seemed to take it for granted that it settled it for every one else. He asked the question mildly, innocently, as if realizing the possibility of an error of fact on his part; but, the fact granted, he considered the conclusion too obvious to require explanation or comment. Two or three days he spent in these fruitless discussions, while he was becoming accustomed to the situation, and he was found to be tractable and ready to defer to his subordinates on every other subject. The questions that usually occupy the attention of a new mayor he passed over lightly: his cabinet he had settled the first morning, to the surprise and disappointment of many people; politics did not interest him; important future legislation he would take up later; big departmental questions were decided on the recommendation of department heads; but the enforcement of existing laws was something that demanded his immediate personal attention.

One morning he asked for a copy of the municipal code, and, announcing that he was now ready to get down to real business, spent an hour in the study of it.

"Mighty interesting reading," he remarked.

"Rather dull," said Kenny.

"No," returned Hollins; "there 's a good deal of humor, if you have the art to pick it out and see the point of the joke. Perhaps the aldermen thought they saw the point when they put some of the provisions in here, but I don't believe they really did. Maybe they will later. Send for a policeman."

When the policeman arrived, Hollins gave him a name and address.

"That man is dumping his ashes in the alley," he said. "Tell him they 've got to be taken away to-day, and it will mean trouble if I see any there when I pass tomorrow."

The policeman hesitated.

"Why, he 's an alderman!" he exclaimed.

"I told you there was a joke in that book," said Hollins, turning to Kenny. Then to the policeman: "If there 's anything wrong in sending an ordinary policeman to an alderman, turn the job over to a sergeant. I don't know much about municipal etiquette."

The perplexed policeman departed, and Hollins settled down to a further perusal of the municipal code.

"Write to John Baxter & Co.," he said, suddenly looking up, "and tell them to get the boxes and barrels off the sidewalk, and keep them off. They use the sidewalk for a shipping-room."

"So do others," suggested Kenny.

"Who?" demanded Hollins.

"Why, Blake & Carter, among others."

"Write to them, too."

"But, Mr. Mayor," protested Kenny, "Blake was one of the leaders in the movement that elected you, and he contributed generously to your campaign fund."

"Did he?" asked Hollins. "That makes it funnier, does n't it? I told you this book was full of jokes. Write it in red ink, and I 'll sign it myself."

Kenny looked up at his chief, but the latter was deep in the code again. The strain of trying to comprehend his chief and follow his changes of manner and mood was beginning to tell on Kenny. One moment he wanted to tell him a funny story, and the next he was saying "sir" very respectfully.

"Tell the chief of police," instructed Hollins a little later, "that I passed three places this morning where from eight to fifteen delivery-wagons were occupying half the street while loading up. It 's got to stop."

Kenny was aghast.

"You 'll have a riot on your hands, Mr. Mayor!" he argued. "That is customary all over town."

"It 's against the law."

"The law is a dead letter."

"Not now."

"Such radical action will force many firms out of business," persisted Kenny.

"That being the case, of course the law is n't the law," commented Hollins, and Kenny meekly made out the order for the chief of police without another word. Hollins spoke mildly, pleasantly, but there was a sting that was disconcerting, and there could be no possible doubt that the

only mayor of that city was Ethan Hollins. "I was elected to enforce the laws," he went on presently. "Everybody was yelling for a mayor who would enforce them. What did they mean by that?"

"The laws against crime and the criminal classes—the police-court laws," said Kenny.

"I did n't think of that," mused Hollins. "A man can always ease his conscience by taking a rap at the poor devils, can't he? Well, I 'll visit one of the police courts, where I can't make a wreck of the city every time I look up a law."

Hollins entered the police court with the same modest uncertainty with which he had entered the City Hall a few days before. He was unsophisticated, ignorant of details and methods; but the justice, who invited him to a seat on the bench, soon learned, even as others had learned, that on one point he had the courage of his convictions at all times, and that he had a trick of waking up unexpectedly.

A young man of sportive tendencies was discharged with a reprimand.

"Give him back his revolver," instructed the justice.

"Got a permit for it?" asked Hollins.

"Why, no," was the reply. "Just drunk, you know; he did n't try to shoot anybody, and it is n't customary—"

"It 's the law, is n't it?" asked Hollins.

"I believe a man does have to have a permit to carry a revolver," admitted the justice, "but we usually overlook that, unless he happens to be a desperate character."

"It 's the law, is n't it?" repeated Hollins, with disconcerting directness.

"On second thought," said the justice to his clerk, "I believe we will confiscate the revolver."

Hollins was beginning to be seriously troubled. Apparently, he was the only man who did not believe the law should be ignored, enforced or interpreted according to the convenience of the moment, and the idea that had seemed to him straightforward and easy was beginning to develop distressing complications. Reasoning in this strain on his way back to his office, he was almost run over by a man who swung his horse suddenly round a corner.

Drawn by Frederic R. Gruger

"'IT 'S THE LAW, IS N'T IT?' RETORTED HOLLINS"

"Are you blind?" yelled the man.

"Stop him!" shouted Hollins, and the man was pulled up short by a policeman. "Take him to the station," instructed Hollins.

"What charge?" asked the policeman.

"Charge!" exclaimed Hollins. "Why, rounding a corner faster than a walk, of course."

"Nobody has ever been arrested for that yet," urged the policeman.

"It 's the law, is n't it?" retorted Hollins.

"The law says you shall bring your horse to a walk at every street-intersection, too," argued the driver, "but who does it?"

"I 'd be arresting a man a minute for that," added the policeman.

Hollins scratched his head.

"The principal industry of this city will be putting the population in the police stations if I don't watch out," he remarked, "and we 've got to have somebody outside to pay taxes. Perhaps I 'd better give warning through the newspapers about this law first. Let him go this time, officer."

At his office there was more trouble. At least twenty men had assembled there since he left, many of them aldermen, and more were constantly arriving.

"What 's the row?" he asked.

"Row!" exclaimed one of the aldermen. "Why, Mr. Mayor, you 're putting the town out of business! Half a dozen merchants have been to me about your order

to stop loading delivery-wagons from the sidewalk. They have n't room to do it anywhere else."

"That is n't my fault, is it?" demanded Hollins.

"It 's confiscation, Mr. Mayor!" cried one of the merchants, advancing belligerently. "You might as well send the police down and close our store."

"It has always been permitted!" added another.

Then came Baxter, the man who had barrels and boxes in front of his store, and who was the more indignant because Hollins lived in his neighborhood.

"You 're crazy, Ethan Hollins!" he exclaimed. "You don't know your friends! Why, I helped to nominate you!"

"So as to keep on breaking the law?" asked Hollins, mildly.

"It 's absolutely senseless!" broke in an alderman. "There are a lot of crazy laws in the code—"

"But they 're there, are n't they?" interrupted Hollins.

"Of course, but they don't mean anything."

"Looks to me like they do," said Hollins, with a significant glance at the excited crowd.

"You surely don't want to ruin the business of the city," argued another of the merchants. "You don't want to put substantial and progressive concerns in bankruptcy or drive them to other cities?"

"No-o," admitted Hollins.

"Well, that 's what you 'll do. We 've spent our money and established ourselves in good faith, and it 's an outrage to attempt to change the conditions at this late day. It destroys the basis upon which we 've figured, demoralizes business, impairs our investments, adds to our expenses—in fact, compels a complete reorganization."

"Why, of course," said Hollins. "It 's very simple when you look at it right, is n't it? You violated the law in making your business plans, so you ought to be allowed to continue violating it."

"I tell you, Mr. Mayor, it 's idiocy, rank idiocy!" thundered an alderman, exasperated by this quiet sarcasm. "If you keep on with your monkey-business, we 'll put you to the bad in politics and everything else."

Hollins looked surprised.

"You 'd better look out for yourself!" cautioned another.

Hollins, merely Hollins the man before, began to show signs of being Hollins the mayor.

"The people won't stand it!" declared another of the city fathers. "You 'll have to take to the woods!"

Hollins made a complete and startling change of base.

"Who is the mayor of this city?" he demanded, and answered his own question: "I am. What did I swear to do? Enforce the laws. Who made the fool laws? Why, you hypocrites made them! You stand up and saw the air and talk pretty and swell out and pass a law that you don't mean, and then you come sneaking in here to tell me to ignore it! You want the credit of putting something that is theoretically nice on the books, and then you want me to take the odium of making it a dead letter! But I won't do it! I tell you, every bad law that becomes a dead letter takes some good law to the graveyard with it and weakens all law! If you don't like the law, change it! For while it 's in the code I 'm going to make you obey it to the letter!"

The merchants and aldermen were trembling with passionate indignation as they listened to this defiance; but this man was the mayor beyond question. Standing by the table, straight, earnest, fearless, he held them in check when they were in a mood to mob him.

"I have n't really begun yet," declared Hollins, "but I 'm going to begin now." He turned to his private secretary, who fairly thrilled with admiration for the splendid nerve of his chief. "Kenny," he said, "take down the instructions that I give you and see that they go to the right men. Loading from the sidewalks must stop; overhanging signs must go—"

"That was n't under discussion," excitedly interposed a merchant who had an eight-foot sign suspended over his sidewalk for which he had only a three-foot permit.

"It 's the law, is n't it?" demanded Hollins.

"There are some permits—"

"All permits, except those given by special order of the council, are rescinded," interrupted Hollins. "The council may break its own laws, but this administration won't. This applies also to wooden awn-

ings. Sidewalks must be kept clear of goods, and there must be no skids to block the free passage of pedestrians; the police must see that ashes and garbage are kept in separate cans and not dumped in the alleys—"

"Wait a minute!" broke in the man of whose ash-piles Hollins had complained. "There 's an ash-pile behind your own house."

"Make a note of that," said Hollins to Kenny, with imperturbable gravity. "Tell the police to notify Ethan Hollins that he 'll find himself in the police court to-morrow morning if those ashes are n't removed. He did n't know about it, but that 's his fault, and this administration is treating all alike. Tell the police that horses must be brought to a walk at corners and when emerging from alleys, and write to the police magistrates that they are not put there to make laws, but to follow them. Violations—all violations—must be punished or I 'll know the reason why. The trouble with this town is that every man who gets a little money or influence thinks he 's three sizes bigger than the law, which was only made for him to pass judgment on."

Several impatient and excited men tried to close in on the mayor to argue with him, but a gesture stopped them.

"The police must close the saloons Sundays, too," he declared.

"Oh, the devil!" exclaimed a saloon-keeping alderman, despairingly. "Why, that law prohibits the opening of barber-shops and all stores, even cigar-stores."

"Make a note of that, Kenny," instructed Hollins, with a quick, whimsical glance at the discomfited alderman. "I overlooked it, but close them all; and give the building department a rap on revolving doors. The law says that doors must open out, and half of a revolving door opens in."

The men were frantic, but Hollins still held them—held *them*, but not their tongues. "You 'll kill the city!" "We 'll impeach you!" "Throw him out the window!" were among the cries that went up.

"For what?" demanded Hollins. "They 're your laws, are n't they? The city does n't have to have laws it does n't want! I tell you, I 'm going to make honest men of you! I 'm going to make you go on record for what you mean! Stand back!" as they suddenly surged toward him. "I 'm not through yet! There are wooden sidewalks that must come up, frame buildings that must come down, bulging show-windows that must back up, bridges over alleys—"

"You 'll swing from a lamp-post!" an alderman cried.

"Oh, you don't like your laws!" retorted Hollins. "You 've been tying yourselves up in hard knots, and looking owlishly wise while you were doing it! You 'd pass any old law that a constituent wanted, so long as you could wink at a complaisant mayor when it came to enforcing it! And I want to say to the merchants here, Turn your guns on the council! That 's where the trouble lies, and the people will find it out when the laws are enforced. They 'll be marching on the council-chamber to put the aldermen on record, to drive them from their holes and make them say what they mean, and I 'll show them where the blame rests for the whole miserable business!"

The aldermen were plainly disconcerted, and one of the merchants, in spite of his previous anger, saw both the humor and the logic of the situation.

"I guess he has put it up to the council," he said.

"But we can't do it in a minute," protested an alderman, suddenly finding himself put on the defensive. "We must have time."

"Why, of course," retorted Hollins, with one of his disquieting changes to quiet sarcasm. "You 've only had about fifteen years, and you need fifteen years and three months. Well, I 'll give you the three months extra time, but the laws go as they stand three months from to-day."

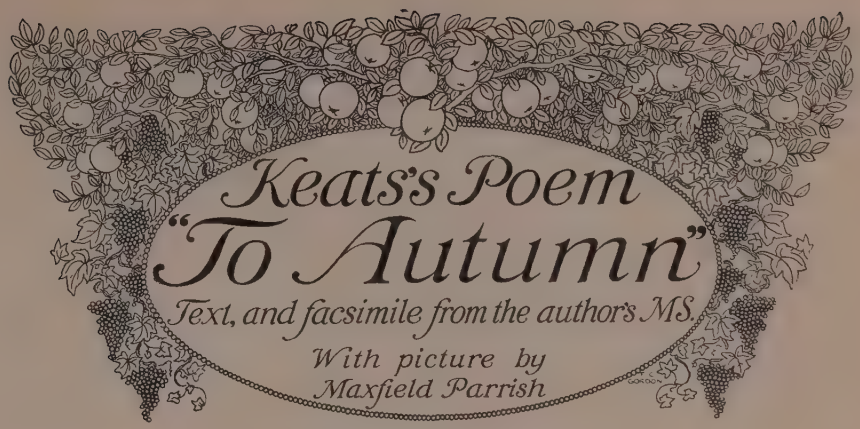
"We 'll have to have a complete new code," said the alderman.

"Impossible!" ejaculated Hollins.

They looked at him uncertainly, and they knew that somewhere in his interior he was enjoying a joke, but there was no exterior indication of it.

"I mean," he added, "an impossible possibility."

Then they all laughed and shook hands and joked about the late unpleasantness. But there was no doubt that the city was going to have a new and an honest code, that meant what it said, just as soon as one could be prepared.

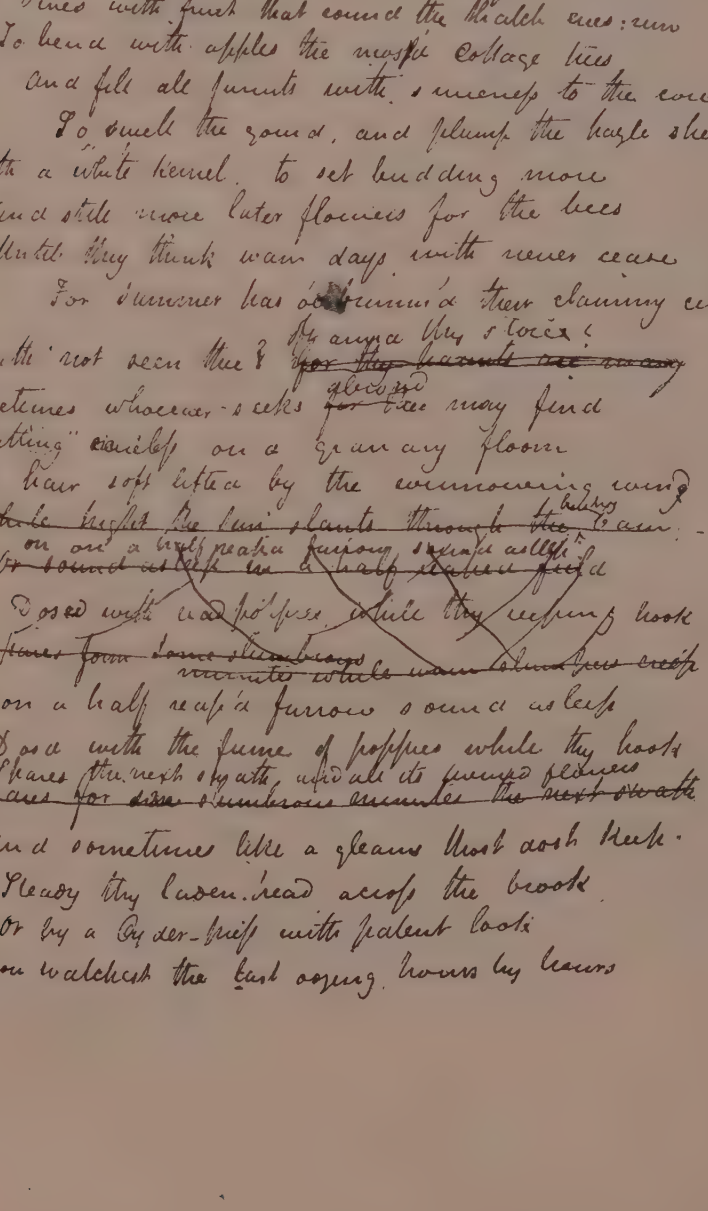


Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness!
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For summer has o'er-brimm'd their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers;
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook:
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of spring? Aye, where are they?
Think not of them—thou hast thy music too,
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river sallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud-bleat from hilly bourn;
Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft
The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft,
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

KEATS'S POEM "TO AUTUMN"


Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness
Close bosom friend of the maturing sun,
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
The Vines with fruit that round the thatch eves run:
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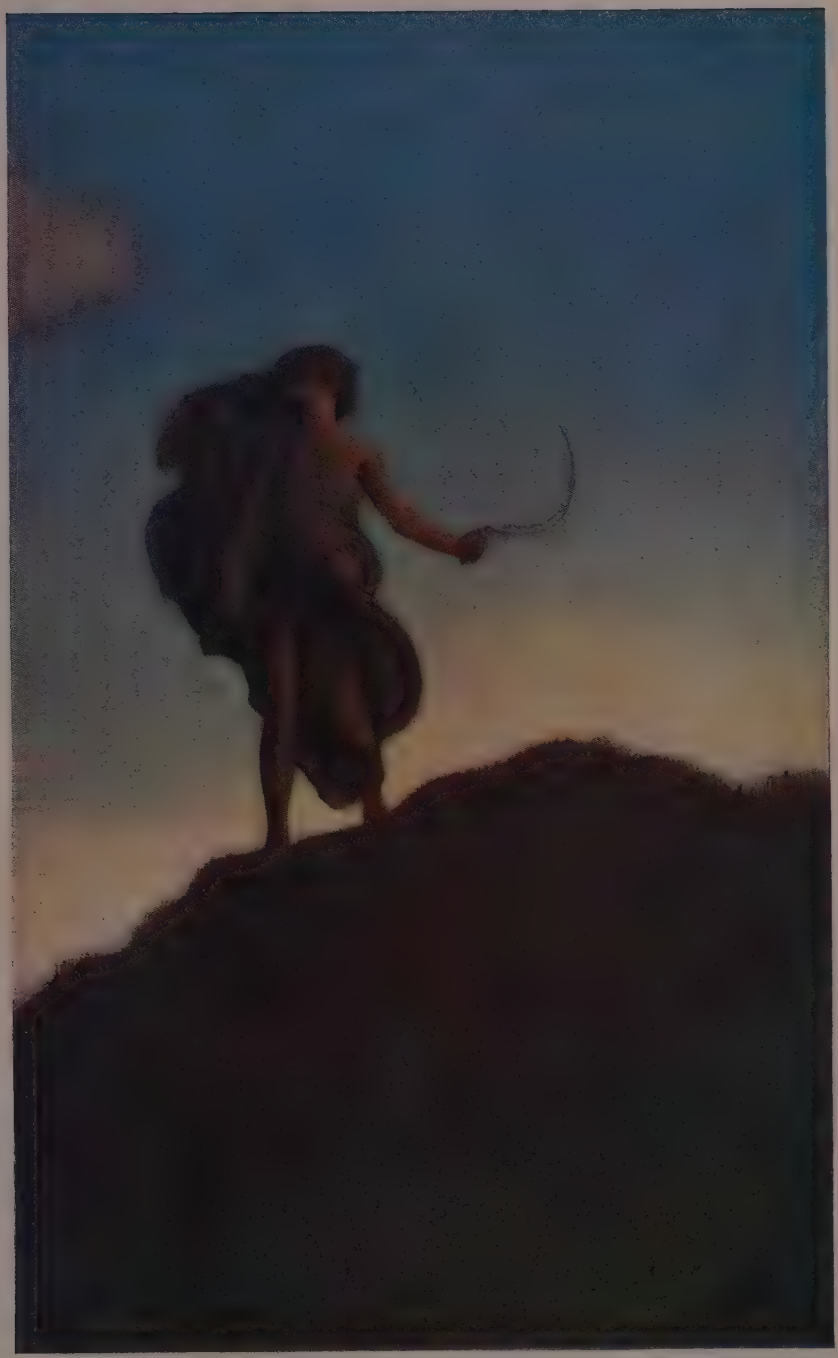
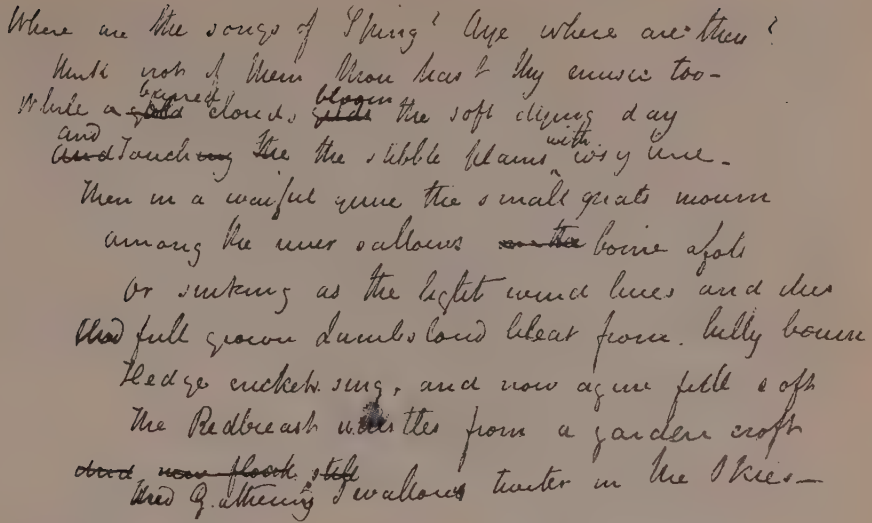


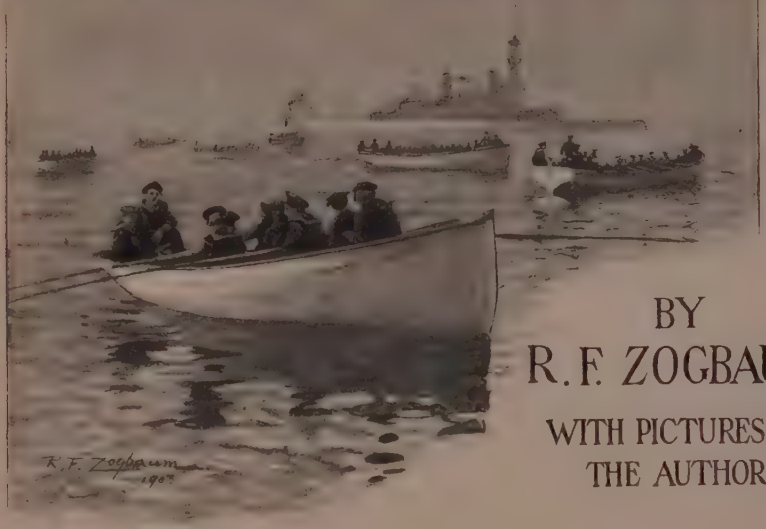


The foregoing draft of the lines "To Autumn" (see also p. 83) is here reproduced from the author's holograph, which bears at the close these inscriptions: "*Original* manuscript of John Keats' Poem to Autumn. Presented to Miss A. Barker by the author's Brother [George] L'lle [i.e., Louisville] Nov 15 1839" "Given to my granddaughter Elizabeth Ward Nov. 14th '96 Anna H. B. Ward" Mrs. Ward, wife of Samuel Gray Ward, Esq., of Washington, D. C., was a friend of George Keats, and it is by the kind permission of her granddaughter, now Mrs. Charles B. Perkins of Boston, that this reproduction is made. The poem was composed in 1819. In a letter to John Hamilton Reynolds, dated "Winchester 22nd Sept 1819," Keats wrote: "How beautiful the season is now! How fine the air!—a temperate sharpness about it. Really, without joking, chaste weather—Dian skies. I never liked stubble fields so much as now—aye, better than the chilly green of the spring. Somehow, a stubble field looks warm. This struck me so much in my Sunday's walk that I composed upon it." Here followed the text.—EDITOR.

Photographed from the electrotype mask in the National Portrait Gallery, London, for Kenyon West, by special permission

FRONT VIEW OF THE LIFE-MASK OF KEATS, BY HAYDON

OUR MODERN BLUE-JACKET



BY
R. F. ZOGBAUM
WITH PICTURES BY
THE AUTHOR

LIKE one of its own great ships as, answering to the thrust of her powerful propellers, she pushes steadily onward, laying back knot after knot of her voyage, has been the progress of the navy—in all that leads to improvement in efficiency of material and personnel—ever since the four ships of Admiral Walker's "White Squadron" first shoved their noses out to sea one gusty, windy December morning now some fifteen years ago. Tall masts and wide-reaching spars with great squares of canvas, bellying to the wind and blackened with the smoke of the fires below, still rose from the steel hulls of these ships. The hum and buzz of electric crane and winch had not yet displaced the creaking of yard and block, or the measured thud of feet upon the deck and the merry squeal and rattle of fife and drum, as sail-ormen, marines, idlers, all tailed on to the falls, and the boats were run up to the davits; and in spite of circular barbette, thick-walled conning-tower, bulging sponsons in their white sides, and many radical changes in gear and equipment, there was much remaining to remind one of

"the days of heave and haul,
Of the weather-gage, of tack and sheet,
When the anchor rose to the tap of feet
And the click of the capstan pawl."

And yet, though these vessels—or, like one ancient graybeard of a boatswain's mate sarcastically put it, as he glanced around decks cumbered, in his bewildered mind, with newfangled devices and machinery like a factory ashore, "These here blankety-blanked iron coal-stoves wot they calls ships"—were but the prototypes of the tremendous sea-machines to come, to many an old shellback among their crews the knell of all true seamanship tolled out with every stroke of the ship's bells.

But while it is true that the mariner is no longer dependent upon his skill and ability to handle and move his ship by means of a force of nature he cannot control, and though human ingenuity has given him a machine combining in its mechanism the forces of the air, the fire, and the lightning, enabling it to come and go by day or night wherever there is water enough under the keel to float it, the sea ever remains the same, and the domination over its mighty power will always be the problem of him who goes down to it. The same stoutness of heart, the same quickness of brain, the same skill in reading current and tide, the

Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

GAUDILY COLORED FLAGS BY DAY

same resourceful readiness under all conditions of wind and wave, fog, storm, or battle, that have so conspicuously marked the achievements of the American naval seaman of the past must to-day meet tests of seamanship as rigid in their requirements as ever before.

All of the ship's company—machinist, fireman, or coal-passer down where the engines throb and thrust; yeoman, steward, and messman in the narrow ammunition-passages below; marine in military top and battery; every soul on board, each in his way—form the units of the fighting whole; all must face alike, with equal courage and devotion, the danger and terror of battle. But it is on the trained skill of the seaman—he who mans the ship's weapons on gun-deck, in turret and torpedo-room; who manages and navigates, directs and controls every movement of his craft, battleship or cruiser, torpedo-boat or submarine—that mainly depend the triumph of victory, the safety and security of vessel and crew.

Quick, ready, and resourceful as was the nimble topman and the tarry-handed, curved-fingered hauler of sheet and bowline, another "handy man," equally adroit, expert, and efficient, but with complicated duties requiring education and training such as his forebears never dreamed of, succeeds them in the person of the blue-jacket—seaman and artificer—of the times in which we live. While on almost any of the big ships may still be found some sturdy survivors of the old navy,—some level-headed, oaken-hearted master-at-arms; some hard-fisted, sea-worn chief quartermaster; some canny, handy gunner's or carpenter's mate, for, anomalous as it may seem, the carpenter and his mates still have their hands full of work even on the newest of steel ships,—the youth of the great mass of

Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

BRIGHT WINKING SIGNAL-LAMPS BY NIGHT

Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

A BATTLESHIP'S TURRETS IN ACTION

the crews is apparent even to the casual visitor; and while some of the disadvantages of youth may be evident in our young man-of-war's-man, take him by and large, he is an excellent product of the conditions of naval life of the present day.

The youthful blue-jacket may seem, at times, a trifle too self-confident, too prone to believe he "knows it all," but that is because he has an active brain and nimble wit; and though, like most young Americans of his class, he has been accustomed to restraint of but a mild nature before entering the service, a comparatively short experience on shipboard will usually teach him the wisdom of holding his tongue and attending strictly to what he is told to do by those to whom the law gives authority over him. Yet, while punishment, swift and sure, follows offenses, the discipline of the navy is conducted under generally wise laws, the observance of which is incumbent on all grades from the commander-in-chief to the last enlisted landsman. No commanding officer may refuse "to receive and consider any request, report, or statement that any member of the crew may desire to make," and the rights of the subordinate, no matter how humble his position, are as safely guarded as the privileges of the highest in command.

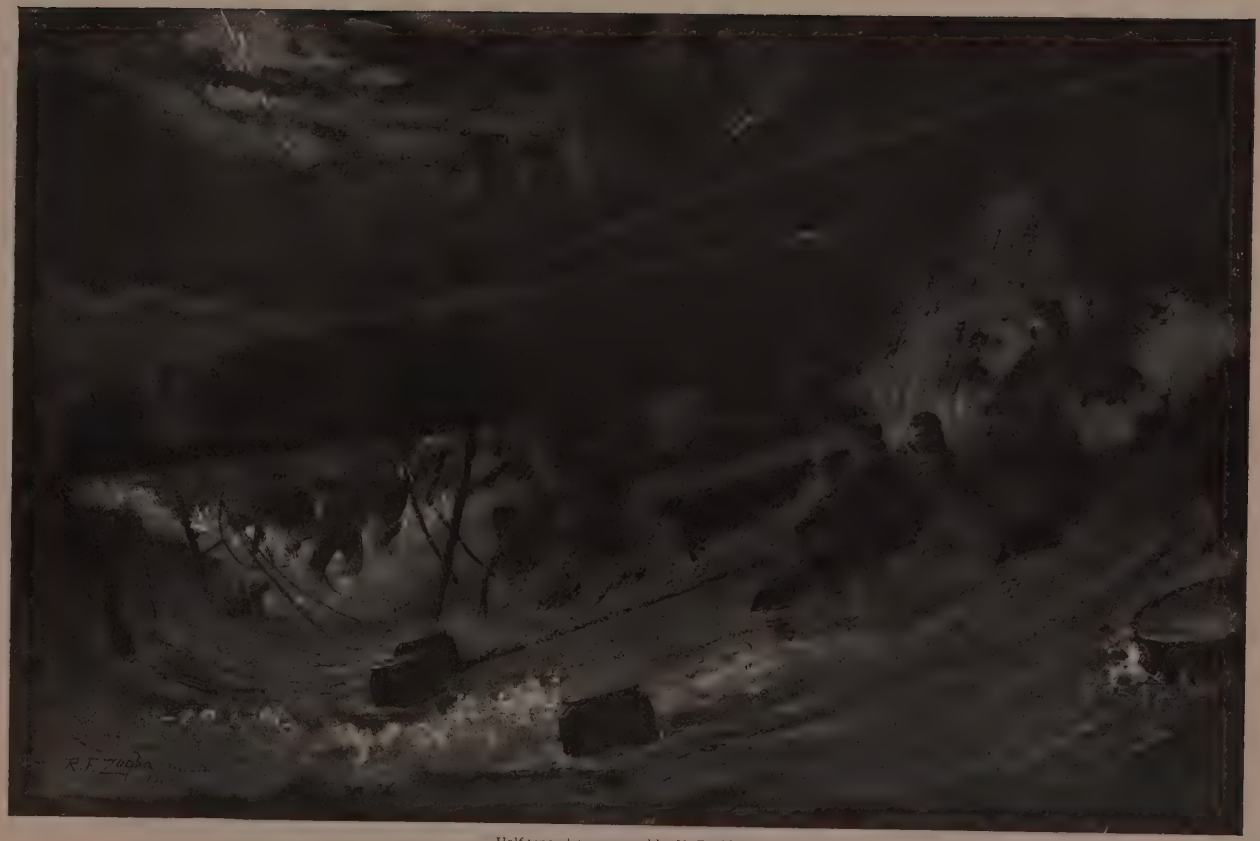
As a rule most good-natured, our sailor-lad is not wanting in the combativeness of his race—not a bad quality in a man the ultimate object of whose being is to fight in defense of the rights and interests of the country, provided it be properly controlled; and discipline takes care of that. Human nature on shipboard is very much like human nature in other places; so in ship's companies, numbering anywhere from one hundred to seven hundred men, occasional disputes and contentions are bound to occur. To the credit of the great majority, however, there is much "give and take" in the intimate proximity of ship life, and under the unwritten law of the forecastle, a selfish, quarrelsome, or dirty shipmate is soon made to realize the unpopularity of his ways.

Cleanliness of ship and person is a sort of fetish in the navy. Scrubbing, polishing, and painting seem to be going on somewhere on board almost all the time, and your thorough man-of-war's-man himself is more often than otherwise a model of neatness in person and dress. You may see the bulge of a quid in his cheek, but tooth-brush and powder come out of his ditty-box—the little wooden chest where he keeps his most cherished belongings—night and morning, and he washes and scrubs his lithe, muscular body until the tattoo-marks stand out in clear red and blue against a white skin as fine as silk.

It is "clean dirt"—only coal-dust and oil—that besmirches face and clothing of the grimy, perspiring fireman, as at the end of his watch he makes his way to the shower-baths provided for his use alone on board the larger vessels.

Nothing seems to please the blue-jacket more than to paddle about, barefooted, in the water running from the hose over the decks in the daily "washing-down" and holystoning of the morning watch; and when the periodical task of coaling ship—that most trying of all duties to both officers and men, for all hands, whether from ward-room or forecastle, must remain on board during the operation—is over, some scores of brawny fellows, naked as the day they were born, stand or move about behind the shelter of the high bulwarks on the superstructure deck, soapsuds and lather up to their eyes, playing the hose on one another, capering about with chaff and laughter like so many boys just set free from school.

Although, with clue-garnets and stu'n'-sails, much of the picturesque language of the sea has passed away, Jack's conversation is still garnished with expressions and terms born of the conditions of his life on the ocean. His language with his mates is a curious combination of Bowery slang and sea-phrases,—"Youse guys come in out er that boat and bear a hand!" as I heard one young cockswain order,—and I believe that if Shakspere could have known our modern Yankee man-of-war's-man, he never would have put strange oaths in the mouth of a soldier. Yet in spite of the peculiarities of his speech and his almost universal neglect of the rule that two negatives make an affirmative, he can send or read the most complicated message in either the international or naval code—with signal-flags in the daytime, or by the Ardois system of red and white electric lights at night, through which our war-ships hold conversations with one another—as intelligently and correctly as the most



Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"WITH HAWSER AND CABLE THEY CAUGHT THE SWINGING GUNS"

skilful telegrapher can tick one off on his instrument.

Knowledge in the care and use of the often complicated, sometimes even delicate, mechanical devices by the aid of which much of his work is done frequently calls for the exercise of a high order of intelligence on the part of the blue-jacket—artificer or seaman or gunner. Chat with the smooth-shaven, earnest-eyed electrician in the intervals of the search-light drill; or visit him in the dynamo-room, or in the electrical store-room 'way down between decks, and talk with him about his work, the chances are that he will reach up to some shelf and bring forth plans, or blue prints, or some book or other to help him explain. In his 'prentice days he has been taught to hand, reef, and steer, and he can handle an oar in a boat, and a rifle or revolver, too, if called on, and all he has learned about electricity he has learned in the service.

Or come for a smoke with my friend the gunner's mate, in the turret where the big guns are, and where the thick white, curving sides of steel are as spotless and clean as the walls of a fine lady's drawing-room. He loves his great guns, and is eternally pottering about them, polishing here or touching up a spot on the paint on the mounts there. He can tell you all about what they can do, these grim pets of his—Sampson and Dewey he has named them.

I know one gunner's mate who designates his big thirteen-inch fellows as Protector and Defender; he has ideas, that honest sailorman, and will discourse learnedly about initial velocity, resisting power, and the like.

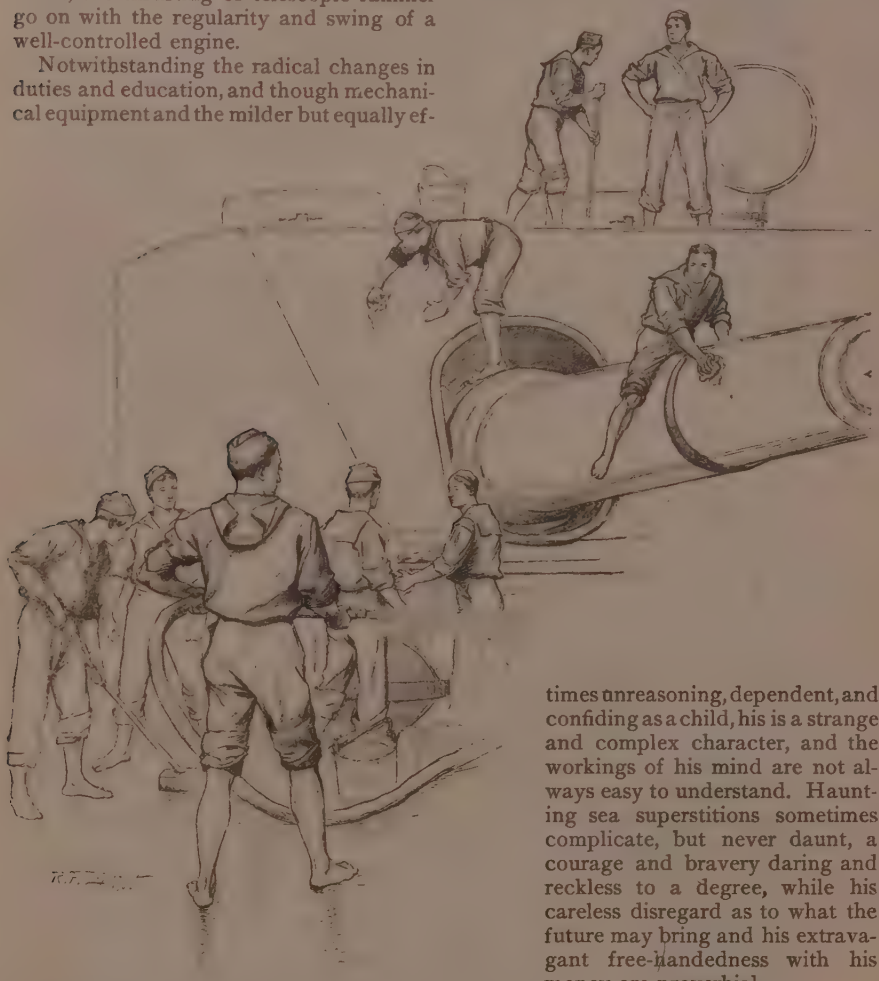
Though he is rather shy with strangers, if you know him well he may bring out some of his sketches, for he has a crude, natural handiness with his pencil, and produces wonderful pictures of ships with every bolt and rivet carefully defined; or he may show you photographs of ship life, or scenes in the ports he has visited, which he has taken and developed and printed himself. He is a great reader, too, in the intervals of fussing with his guns: likes Dickens, and can quote line after line from Shakspere's plays; nevertheless, when he goes ashore on liberty he lays a straight course for the "vawdvill shows," as he calls these popular places of entertainment.

But to see him at his best is when, the ship cleared for action, the big guns in the turrets come into play. There is just room for you to stand in the narrow passage between the two great cannon; you are shut in tight in the thick-walled turret, together with a dozen or more men of the guns' crews standing, naked to the waist, silently at their stations. The battle-lanterns are burning, and a few diffused rays of daylight shine dimly in through the oval openings of the gun-ports. You can feel the massive turret moving slowly and smoothly, but you can see nothing outside. An order from the quiet-voiced officer in command, and instantly everything springs into action. Out of the depths of the ship, rising through the circular shaft which, curving like the inner walls of the tower of a lighthouse, leads to the ammunition-passages and magazines below, a metallic rumbling sounds up from where the huge shells and great powder-cartridges are being loaded on the electric ammunition-hoists. Up come the cars, quickly and quietly, until the projectile points into the gun's breech thrown open to receive it. With smooth, quick thrusts the electric rammer shoves shell and powder-charge firmly home. A clang, and the breech-block closes; a pressure of an electric stud, and the piece is discharged, settling back on its carriage from the recoil of the explosion of nearly three hundred pounds of powder[1] as gently and lightly, seemingly, as the fall of a feather. You do not feel much of the tearing displacement of the air outside, the "blast" of the gun; the ponderous steel walls of the turret have in a measure protected you from the tremendous rush of air into the vacuum created by the explosion, and only a heavy, bursting thud strikes your ears, which, however, if you have neglected a little cotton for them, may produce surprising sensations. Some vapor seeps through the interstices between the gun tubes and the sides of the ports, and the powder gases make you choke and gasp a little, but, except for the heated and confined atmosphere of the steel box in which you are closed up, you do not feel much discomfort. Several times the guns are loaded and fired, but there is no

[1] The service charge of a thirteen-inch gun is about 275 pounds of smokeless powder. The projectile, inclusive of a bursting-charge of 50 pounds of powder, weighs 1150 pounds.

confusion, no hurry, though the turret is alive with quick-moving forms as the well-drilled men spring to and from their various posts, and the rush of the ammunition-cars, the smooth movement of the guns and turret, the thrusting of telescopic rammer go on with the regularity and swing of a well-controlled engine.

Notwithstanding the radical changes in duties and education, and though mechanical equipment and the milder but equally effective methods of training and discipline have brought about such marked contrasts with those of bygone days in his environment, Jack has always remained Jack. "The burden of the mystery of the sea" is his, and the strange, fascinating influence of traditions and customs handed down through generation after generation of farers of the ocean still holds sway over him, and marks him as one apart from his fellow-men ashore. Alike simple and shrewd, manly and self-reliant, and yet at times unreasoning, dependent, and confiding as a child, his is a strange and complex character, and the workings of his mind are not always easy to understand. Haunting sea superstitions sometimes complicate, but never daunt, a courage and bravery daring and reckless to a degree, while his careless disregard as to what the future may bring and his extravagant free-handedness with his money are proverbial.



Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

IN THE MORNING WATCH

"Put some of it in a savings-bank? Not on your life! There ain't no one dependent on me," once said one of my friends before the mast to me. "Why, look-a here; you r'member that old German-Swede, Blank? Don't you know, sir, he was quarter-gunner on this ship time you made the cruise in the Mediterranean with us. Well, *he* was the savin' kind: so close and

mean he was a byword with all hands. Wot happened! He had n't taken his discharge two weeks when he went to the hospital, and when he come out, he come out feet first. Wot good did all his savin' do him? What fun does such fellows have out o' life? No, sir! I 'm goin' to blow in every cent—and a butterfly dude won't be in it with *me!*"

My sailor friend was a splendid type of the minor petty officer of the new navy, tall and spare in flesh, but solid in bone and muscle, with a thick mustache twisted and turned upward at the ends. A great dandy, his uniforms, blue or white, were always clean and fresh and cut in as exaggerated a sea-fashion as his officers could permit with due regard to the regulations; he had a fad of wearing long black silk stockings and patent-leather pumps when he went ashore on liberty: but in spite of his harmless frills, no better boatswain's mate ever piped all hands to muster.

We had been shipmates before on more than one short cruise it had been my privilege to make, and were well acquainted. He had been telling me that his term of enlistment had nearly expired, and that a very respectable sum—several hundreds of dollars—had accumulated to his credit on the paymaster's books. A few weeks later, while crossing Broadway, I almost came in collision with a man who, in his brand-new clothes, shining high hat, and silver-topped cane, looked as if cut out from one of the fashion-plates you see hanging on the walls of your tailor's shop, and it was not until my finger-bones were almost crushed in the clasp of a great red-gloved hand that I recognized the smiling gray eyes and upturned mustache of my friend the whilom boatswain's mate. Oh, yes, he reënlisted within the three months,[1] and no doubt is now doing his duty in some quarter of the globe as faithfully and cheerfully as always, laying his pay aside until the time comes for another run ashore in his character of gentleman of leisure. There is nothing new under the sun. Shade of Marryat! do we not all remember Mr. Chucks, the boatswain in "Peter Simple"?

Like human beings, ships have their peculiar characteristics. Those who command and man them must learn their ways; must make allowance for their defects, and study how best to make use of their effective potency and strength. They must know to a hair's-breadth just what answer helm and screw will give under all the varying phases of sea and wave; how to regulate and control the vessel's speed whether going ahead, astern, or turning in her circle. Where in the rapidly following movements of a manœuver in squadron the great battle-ships, rushing through the water at a speed of from twelve to fifteen knots with others ahead or astern or on either quarter, turn or advance, wheel in column or in line in answer to the hoists of gaudily colored flags, streaming from the signal-yard of the flag-ship by day, or the bright-winking gleams of her signal-lamps by night, the dire disaster of collision is possible if eye and ear and trained mind are not always alert. It is not out of mere routine that, day in and day out, on every fighting-ship in the navy, the warning shriek of the siren-whistle sounds the call for collision-drill and the closing of water-tight doors all through the ship.

In a thick fog, such as so often suddenly drifts over the waters of the North Atlantic coast, nine ships of Admiral Bunce's squadron were steaming to the eastward. For twenty-four hours the heavy masses of vapor entirely shut out the view of one ship from another; all night and all day the dismal wails of the whistles of the ships sounded, one after another, all down the line, counting out their distinguishing numbers, or answering to the orders blown to them through the mist from the flag-ship. No observation of the sun could be had, and position and course of the squadron were determined and held by dead-reckoning, yet, though during the whole time not a ship caught as much as a glimpse of its squadron mates, when the fog lifted, as quickly as it had shut down, every vessel was in position in the column stretching its length over the sea back from the flag-ship. There was nothing extraordinary in this; it is mentioned here simply as an incident of seamanly skill in handling and navigating, not only individual ships, but an entire squadron, circumstances the difficulties of which could be successfully confronted and overcome only by those schooled and educated to the sea.

The forces of his engines have mitigated

[1] As a premium for reënlistment, a man-of-war's-man, on joining the service again within three months from the date of his discharge, is credited with a certain amount of pay for that time.

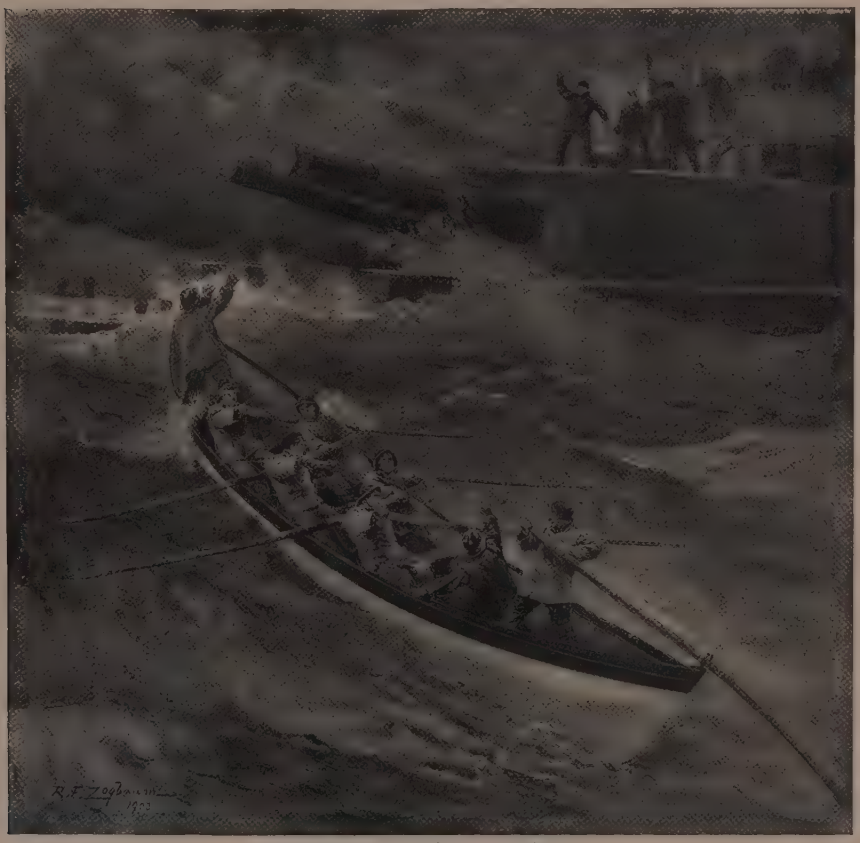
the perils of a lee shore, but in the very power and strength of the ship itself may some time lie the cause of sudden unforeseen danger, calling forth, to the utmost extent of strain, the exercise of all the trained courage and skill of the seaman.

In the "Toilers of the Sea" we read the story of the gun breaking from its lashings and running amuck on the deck of the ship until caught and subdued by the master seaman of Hugo's tale. I think it was in 1896, in a great storm off Hatteras,—but time and place are immaterial,—that the controlling device for holding fast the forward turret of the battle-ship *Indiana* gave way under the stress of the tremendous sea running, and the ponderous mass of steel, five hundred tons in weight, with the heavy guns shoving their long tubes out of the ports, began to revolve, swinging in uncontrolled, smashing force from side to side as the ship rolled, threatening destruction and death to vessel and crew. Then it was that the master seaman on the bridge, the master seamen on the decks below it, the seamen under them, gave proof of disciplined courage and presence of mind, born of the strenuous experience of ever-recurring conflict with the ocean's might. Down below, the engines answered to the summons from the bridge; obedient to the nervous touch of the seaman at the wheel the vessel turned at bay to the huge gray waves, leaping up and shouldering one another, as if in hungry haste to overwhelm and drag her down beneath their depths. Like some stricken monster of the sea, the great warship wallowed and rolled, now burying her bows in the crest of some fierce comber, now rising heavily under the weight of the water rushing along her decks and pouring in cataracts over the sides. But undismayed and undaunted, officers and men, beaten down and thrown about the decks in the swirl of boarding seas—only to spring forward again and again, laboring with the sailorly skill which only the trained "habit of the sea" could give them—with hawser and cable caught the swinging guns, actually lassoing them, as it were, checking and subduing the crushing turns of the turret's great round bulk, and holding it fast in bonds of hemp and steel.

Service in the ships' boats—pulling-barge or cutter, sailing-launch or steamer—is an important factor in the development of seaman-like resourcefulness and courage. There are not only the ordinary boat-drills,—the exercising by crews or by whole fleets under oars or sail, or the landing of a force "armed and equipped for distant service,"—but a score and more of other duties. A squadron at anchor will have boats in the water coming and going in all directions. There are the regular ferries, so to speak, to and from the landing-place ashore; the boats with the mail-orderlies, the trim marine soldiers who act as letter-carriers; the guard-boat, with the red-crossed white flag in the bow, carrying messages, papers, and orders from one ship to another. Here comes the admiral's barge, sweeping smoothly along under the twelve-oared stroke of its picked crew; the heavy "beef-boat," loaded down with provisions for some ship, loses way, as the crew tosses oars, and the midshipman in charge rises from his seat in the stern-sheets, holding hand to cap-visor in salute as the commander-in-chief passes. Duty in the boats is often severe, not to say dangerous; it must be dirty weather indeed—nothing short of a gale of wind—that will prevent the regular duty-boats from making their customary trips.

The history of the navy is full of tales of gallant deeds of rescue on the ocean. At sea the life-boat is always held in readiness for instant lowering, and the cry of "Man overboard" will send its crew tumbling into it, never knowing whether the alarm is one for purposes of drill, or whether they are actually to pull away to the aid of some shipmate struggling for life in the water astern. A monitor whose engines had broken down once anchored in soundings off the Carolina coast. A whale-boat, under command of one of the watch-officers, was sent to the distant shore to telegraph the naval authorities for assistance. The sea was running so high on the return to the ship that it was impossible to take the boat alongside to hoist her aboard. Night was coming on; sea and wind were steadily rising; to go back the long distance to the shore and attempt a landing in the heavy breakers that were now piling up under the increasing force of the gale would be simply exchanging Scylla for Charybdis. But the ready resourcefulness of the seaman was not to be overcome by any such conditions as faced the lieutenant and his boat's crew. The raft-like decks of a monitor are almost awash even in com-

paratively quiet water, and now the sea was breaking over them fore and aft. Our lieutenant, pulling to windward, turned the bow of his boat toward the ship, and seizing his opportunity as the seas swept onward, boldly rode in on the crest of a big



Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

RIDING IN UPON THE DECK OF A MONITOR ON THE CREST OF A BIG WAVE

wave, he and his crew actually beaching their boat on the steel deck of the monitor, like fishermen coming ashore through the surf. I do not know whether the bottom of the whale-boat was stove in or not by the impact on the hard deck; probably it was, but the lieutenant and his men were safe.

Unfortunately, the seafaring population of the United States is not large enough to recruit the navy, even at the strength now authorized by law. The nation should have none but Americans in the crews of its war-ships; but in what comparatively little deep-sea commerce it can lay claim to, the American sailor is not found in any great number before the mast, and the fisherman, than whom no finer seaman can be found the world over, rarely "joins the navy," largely because he likes the independence and freedom of his trade, is born and brought up in it, so to speak, and, above all, is a genuine "tack and sheet" sailorman, to whom the smell of the engine-room is a "stench to the nostrils" and the coal-whip an abomination.

Nevertheless, the raw material to draw from is not wanting. First there are the thousands who live and have their being on the banks of our great rivers and all along our extensive coasts by lake and sea; then the landsmen in general; and last, and

best of all, those fine youngsters developed by the excellent apprentice system of the service. The law authorizes the enlistment of a certain number of boys to serve as naval apprentices from the time of their entry into the service until they reach the age of twenty-one years. Great pains are taken in the selection of these youths, and much care and attention are given to their education and training, first for a period at various shore stations, then on training-ships at sea, whence they are distributed to the vessels in commission throughout the fleet. They are recruited in all parts of the land, principally in the cities, although there is a respectable representation from the rural districts, and physically and mentally they form the pick of the youngsters of the working-classes, from which they generally spring. Many of that most excellent body of officers—the warrant-officers of the navy—rise from their ranks; the best of the young petty officers and artificers bear, in addition to their chevrons, the distinguishing mark of the passed apprentice.

The ideal method of keeping full the crews of our ships would be, it seems to me, to extend the apprentice system to a degree enabling the navy to draw its enlisted force of seamen and many artificers mainly from this force, just as it draws its line-officers from the Naval Academy. Given sufficient, if gradual, expansion to the apprentice system, and liberal laws encouraging and inducing reënlistment in the navy, or enrolment in a reserve (not a State militia, which, however, has its excellent uses—"but that is another story"), it is my modest but firm conviction that the navy of the United States would possess an enlisted sea personnel which, in intelligence, sturdy and proper independence and self-respect combined with discipline and quick-witted obedience to the lawful orders of their superiors, could not be surpassed, if, indeed, equaled, by that of any other service, bar none.

Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

A YOUNG BLUE-JACKET

THE PEERESSES OF JAPAN IN TABLEAUX

THEIR FIRST PUBLIC ENTERTAINMENT FOR CHARITY

BY YEI THEODORA OZAKI

THE social ideas of a people are the last to change, and this has been strikingly illustrated in the case of Japan. Aroused from her seclusion of centuries by her contact with the West, the little Island Empire has developed her constitutional government, her army and her navy, after the most approved models of the West, with marvelous rapidity. Though she is so progressive in all these respects, Japan is still very conservative in all that regards the home and domesticity of its women.

While Japanese ladies appear at the spring and autumn garden-parties,—the young girls mostly in their own beautiful national costume,—they vanish when the function is over as irrevocably as a flock of birds in their flight of migration. A few of the wives of ministers and officials attend the big dinners, but the daughters of Japan are still kept in guarded retirement. There is no social intercourse between young people of both sexes. In the field of public charity, however, there is a marked divergence from the general rule. Unanimously the nation seems to have agreed that here is a sphere in which "place aux dames" can be accorded without reserve.

The number of charitable and educational societies founded by women within the last twenty years is surprising. The names of the highest and most influential ladies of the land are enrolled on their committees, and a recent public entertainment with tableaux vivants, organized by the Peeresses, marks an epoch in the evolution of the Japanese woman.

It was given at the Naval Club, by the graduates of the Peeresses' School, for the benefit of the domestic and industrial schools organized by Mme. Shimoda, the head mistress of the Peeresses' School. The entertainment, an informal garden-party, with tableaux, was furnished by the young Peeresses, who in lovely kimonos of sapphire, fawn, periwinkle, and turquoise crape, girdled with sashes glinting with gold, made pictures of grace and beauty against the sylvan background of the club gardens, with the glimmering sea beyond. Over two thousand guests from the leading native and foreign coteries of Tokio were present.

The twelve tableaux which pictured famous female characters in the history of ancient, medieval, and eighteenth-century Japan are here reproduced from photographs.

Ancient Times: Tachibana no Taehime, famous for filial piety, following her father into exile. He dies, and her devotion to his memory wins posthumous pardon

Fujiwara Epoch (990 A.D.): Seishonagon, noted for learning and ready wit, lifting a curtain and disclosing the snowy summit of Mount Koro, as she quotes from a Chinese poet

Kamakura Shogunate (Thirteenth Century): Matsushita Zenni teaching her son economy in public affairs, by patching a screen, which accounts for the simple habits of the Hojo family, who ruled for nine generations

Time of the Pretenders (1336 A.D.): Kusunoki, before his execution, gives his dagger to his son Masatsura, and admonishes him to persist in the cause of the Emperor

Civil Wars (1583 A.D.): The wife of Okumura, the commander of a besieged fortress, inspecting the lines, arousing sleeping sentinels, cheering the weary, consoling the sick, and attending the wounded

Tokugawa Shogunate (1710 A.D.): Shushiki, famous for her devotion to literature, at fourteen, attaching a poem to the branches of a cherry-tree, "which, unlike man, never drank too much though so near the well"

Ancient Times (540–571 A.D.): Obako, wife of a Japanese commander killed by rebellious Koreans, on being summoned to surrender, waves defiance with her upper garment, and sings devotion to the Emperor

Fujiwara Period (Tenth Century): Akazome no Emon counseling her husband how to write the letter of resignation of his feudal lord whose treatment by the government became neither his lineage nor his attainments

Kamakura Shogunate (Thirteenth Century): Masako, widow of the Shogun Yoritomo, as the "nun-shogun," directing the affairs of the Shogunate from a convent

Time of the Pretenders (1337–92 A.D.): Iga no Tsubone, when the resources of all others fail, with her own hands places great pines across a torrent to further the escape of the Emperor and Empress

Civil Wars (Sixteenth Century): The wife of Ymanouchi Katsutoyo offers to her husband ten gold pieces placed in her mirror-case at marriage, with which he buys a beautiful charger, and attains favor and power

Tokugawa Shogunate (Eighteenth Century): Kasuga no Tsubone, as nurse of the Second Shogun's son Takechiyo, teaching her charge to fight a duel with cherry-blossom branches (the kneeling antagonist is a boy). She is celebrated in literature and the drama

WITHIN THE ENEMY'S LINES

BY EDWARD BOLTWOOD

WITH PICTURES BY E. M. ASHE

THREE big men sat late at night in room 212 of the college-town hotel and talked foot-ball. It is a saying that the wall-paper of 212 knows more foot-ball than the Intercollegiate Rules Committee. Every autumn the room is the headquarters for the coaching staff of the eleven.

Of the three men McDuffield was the most important, because he was chief coach and had been with the team six weeks while two perplexed underlings were trying temporarily to fill his place as manager of a Southern railroad. The other veterans in 212 were Gleason and Ducrow. Dr. Gleason is allowed a fortnight's vacation yearly at the Massachusetts General Hospital, and during this holiday he invariably becomes hollow-eyed over the manufacture of kicking half-backs. Stephen Ducrow, after glorifying the position of end rush for four successive seasons, turned sailor missionary, and among the slums of San Francisco his square jaw and lumpy shoulders are as well respected as they were fifteen years or so ago when he was bulldogging down the field under Gleason's historic punts.

"I mean Butcher Endicot," said McDuffield, from an arm-chair. "Played tackle in the Thanksgiving game in '87, after Gavegan was hurt."

"'88," corrected Ducrow, — "old Clarke's year."

"He was a ball of fire in a cross-buck," went on McDuffield. "They worked it for twenty yards on us just before Anderson's run."

Gleason pounded the marble top of the bureau on which he was sitting.

"Twenty!" he snorted. "They made twelve. That 's every inch they made. Don't I remember? Old Clarke told their quarter-back that the only way they could get across our line was to go round the world and come up on the other side. Then Mucker Root scratched that goal from the field for them with his shin. Don't I remember? Ah!"

"Mighty kingdom! but it was a hard game to lose!" groaned McDuffield.

The physician's face became grave. He leaned forward and spoke very slowly and solemnly.

"I want to tell you the gospel truth about that game," he said. "If Norris had n't played so wide, and if I had n't struck that patch of mud, and if—"

"Oh, you and your 'ifs'!" broke in McDuffield. "Man alive, you were boxed!"

"I was not boxed," Gleason protested stormily. "You know perfectly well that I was boxed only twice that season. Once was the time at the polo grounds, and—"

Ducrow wriggled joyfully among the pillows of the bed. He had not even seen

Drawn by E. M. Ashe. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

"THE ACADEMY QUARTER . . . RECOVERED THE BALL AND MADE HIS DISTANCE"

a foot-ball for many years. He was in the East on a matter of business, and McDuffield had insisted that he join the coaches for a day or two. Ducrow had not wished particularly to come, although his brother was the present captain. The final season of his own athletic career was a bitter memory. When Ducrow was captain of the eleven they had lost the championship game, and Stephen had wrongfully been blamed for the defeat. But now that he was in 212 he was glad to be there, and he pulled at his pipe in contented silence. He had arrived only two hours before.

A deferential knock heralded Dan Flint, the trainer. Ducrow bounced from the bed and greeted him cordially, although he had always disliked Dan. Flint was an elderly, red-haired fellow with a hatchet face and knowing eyes. In his younger days he had been a professional oarsman of somewhat ill repute.

"Ducrow has come back to hear some of your anecdotes again," suggested Gleason.

"Oh, yes, I remember the yarns," responded Ducrow, trying to seem friendly. "The one about that cross you rowed in Baltimore, and the stories of your shady old partner—Wilson or Tilson—what was his—"

McDuffield coughed sharply. "How are the people to-night, Dan?" he asked.

"Pretty fair. I 've just been over to the captain's room."

"That 's right," said Gleason, glancing at Ducrow. "Take care of the boy. He 's the reason why we 've got to win."

The missionary smiled, not quite mirthfully. "True for you," said he. "One whipped captain is enough in the Ducrow family."

There was a slightly embarrassed pause while Ducrow rekindled his tobacco. McDuffield jumped up and stamped viciously on the hearth-rug.

"What gravels me about losing that game, Steve," he declared, "is the fact that Root was captain of the team that beat you. Why, he 's bragging about it yet! But this year it 's different. We 'll win, all right. We 've got to. That 's what we 're here for." He bit off the words. "We 've got to do everything to win."

Ducrow looked curiously at him, and dropped back on the pillows amid a cloud of smoke. Gleason observed the look.

"Wait until the parson has seen a line-up," he laughed. "He 'll be as crazy to win as anybody."

"Well," said Flint, "I come to tell you the scrubs did n't have their second formation O. K. this afternoon. The ends had ought to take more ground and leave the half smother the tackle. Here, I 'll show you that attack of theirs."

He took an envelop from his pocket. A small blackboard was propped on the steam-radiator. Flint slipped out a sheet of paper and chalked some lines on the board. Ducrow sleepily noted that the envelop was postmarked. He was surprised, lazily, for in his time the trainer had never professed expert knowledge of the game.

"What 's your opinion of the lay out?" asked McDuffield, after Dan and Gleason had gone.

"I guess our chances are rather slim, are n't they?" retorted Ducrow.

"Devilish slim, if your reverence will excuse me. And the game only thirteen days off."

They began to undress.

"It seems to me that you 're putting in a lot of time on working up a defense to two or three plays," said Ducrow.

"Maybe we are, just now." McDuffield stooped to loosen his shoes. "If we can stop the other fellows, they can't win. That 's how I figure it. If we can train our team to stop their plays—"

"Yes," Ducrow interrupted, "if some one should tell us the other fellows' plays beforehand."

The head coach yawned tremendously. "I vote we turn in," said he. "I 've hardly slept this week with worrying."

II

Ducrow had breakfast at the training-table, where the undergraduates pleased him much by knowing him without an introduction. After breakfast he bought a newspaper and roosted on the fence of the gymnasium yard. The weather was warm and sunny, and a gentle breeze sociably tilted Ducrow's stiff hat while he looked for the foot-ball news in his paper.

This was the item which caught his eye. It was a bit of gossip from "the other place"—information from the camp of the enemy:

The friends of Hilson, a candidate for quarter-back, complain that their favorite is not fairly treated. Hilson is the son of the late "Fiddler" Hilson, a once celebrated pugilist.

Hilson a candidate for the rival team! That was the name Ducrow was trying to remember last night—the name of Dan Flint's disgraceful partner.

Ducrow whistled and folded the newspaper deliberately. Gleason, wearing an old varsity sweater, led his squad of kickers into the yard for their morning practice. Half a dozen foot-balls sailed through the air. The boom of them quickened Ducrow's pulse. A rise of color reddened his cheeks as he heard Gleason yelling imperious orders to his charges. McDuffield strolled into the yard.

"Well, what do you think?" he inquired.

"I think they 're nervous," said Ducrow. "That 's the third fumble for the little chap. He shifts his eye too soon. Are n't they all over-anxious?"

"I reckon they 're no more anxious than we are."

Ducrow pocketed the newspaper. "Let 's have a look at the trophy-room," he proposed.

Thinking hard, he followed McDuffield between the heavy olive portières of the white marble apartment in the gymnasium. In the corners were cabinets for the silver cups and gilded base-balls. Along the walls was ranged a frayed array of boating flags, the prizes of victorious crews for forty years. At one end of the room hung the championship foot-balls, each labeled with a score and a captain's name.

"There 's mine, and there 's Glee's," pointed McDuffield.

"And there is n't mine," laughed the parson. "Root has mine down at the other place."

McDuffield touched Ducrow's elbow bashfully.

"We could n't all win," he muttered. "And there 'll be a Ducrow foot-ball hanging there within a month, or I 'll know why."

He leaned against the center-table, under the suspended prow of a racing-shell.

"Mac," said Ducrow, "are we getting tips from the other team?"

The table creaked. Ducrow braced his shoulders almost imperceptibly.

"We 're pretty well aware what they 're up to," returned McDuffield. "We always are. We have to be. But nobody is giving away their plays to me. What do you mean?"

"I mean this. The son of Flint's pal, Hilson, is trying for their eleven. They don't treat him the way he wants. Ten to one he 'd like to spite them for it, and twenty to one he has a crooked streak in him. It 's his blood. Now, what 's going on at our end? Flint gets letters with foot-ball plays in them. Our team is coached to meet those plays. Why are they so important? Where do they come from?"

McDuffield rubbed his leg meditatively and dismounted from the table. "I don't know what you 're talking about," he said emphatically.

"Oh, be fair!"

"I don't know what you 're talking about. I can't discuss about something I don't know, can I?"

"But don't you see? You 'd be as crooked as Hilson if you—"

"Look here," interposed McDuffield, flushing. "Dan Flint coaches our scrubs. I coach our team. Is it any of my business where Dan gets his ideas? And, besides, what if I did know directly the other fellows' plays? Mind, I don't admit it—but what if I did? That would n't win the game for us by a long shot."

"You 're dodging. I hoped you 'd right it, Mac," murmured Ducrow. His face fell. His disappointment mastered him. "It 's the principle—the principle," he resumed, raising his voice. "Flint's influence is bad, and you yield to the old rogue. Are n't there such things as rules of honor? But any rule with Flint is merely something to be evaded. That 's his nature—to fight fair only for the benefit of the umpire."

"Fine preaching," commented McDuffield. "As for this young Hilson—"

"As for young Hilson," echoed Ducrow, "nobody can be more sorry for him than I am. He 's beginning well, is n't he? He 's booked already to go the way of his father and Dan and the rest of the gang. I call it an outrageous shame that somebody should n't tell him—"

"Take care," warned McDuffield, and nodded toward the door.

The portière shook tentatively, and Dan Flint's red hair was visible in the opening.

Ducrow did not waste time in guessing how much Dan had overheard. There used to be a train to the other place at ten-fifty. Ducrow's duty seemed clear. That which could not be made McDuffield's business could be made his own. He clicked his watch and walked away without disclosing his errand.

III

"It 's a four-hour run," the conductor informed Ducrow.

"They 've cut it down a little, have n't they? When I made this trip back in the eighties it seemed to take about a week."

Ducrow tried to read, but through the leaves of the book he saw with startling vividness the car as it had been during his last journey over the road, after his defeat, crowded with heartbroken, weary boys and clumsily sympathetic men. He could catch the whispered comments on his leadership and the awkward condolence. "You did your best," they told him, "but Root had the luck." Ducrow's lips tightened as he turned the pages. That was a hard game to lose.

The brick station at the other place was unchanged. Ducrow set out afoot for the athletic field where Hilson, he thought, would be taking part in the afternoon practice of the foot-ball squad. Ducrow knew the road to their field well enough. He had traversed it, once jubilant and victorious, and once—he gazed reminiscently at a certain stone wall. When he had passed this wall before, a screaming group of the other fellows was painting a score on it—the score by which Ducrow had just been beaten. He remembered how young Gleason hysterically shook his battered fist at the numerals, and how the other fellows roared when they saw him.

At the field Ducrow found that a game was scheduled. While he was buying his ticket at the gate, a short, stockily made man shouldered into him.

"Why, you're Du—Mr. Ducrow!" cried the man, in surprise. "You ought to recollect me. I 'm Root. I have n't seen you since, have I?"

Slightly confused, the two shook hands.

"I 've every reason to recollect you, Mr. Root," responded Ducrow. "It 's funny that we should meet right here."

"I 'm coaching our lads," said Root.

"I did n't know that. Well, if you turn out as fine a team as the one that licked mine when you were captain—"

"Come straight in, Mr. Ducrow." Root's brisk cordiality was disagreeably overdone. "Come on to the side-lines. We 'll give you all the chance you want to look us over. No trouble to show goods. We 're having a little practice game with the academy."

Ducrow followed his former antagonist over the low fence which skirted the gridiron. Root's manner was laboriously chivalrous and condescending, and it was plain that he considered his guest to be a detected spy. At an end of the field beyond the bleachers was a tackling-machine. The dummy figure, dangling from the rope, was dressed grotesquely in the color of Ducrow's college. Root indicated it with an unpleasant grin.

"Did n't have those things in our day, old man," he remarked. "You see, that color sort of devils up our chaps."

"I should think likely," grunted Ducrow.

They squatted on the turf, and Root muttered aside to several neighbors, who thereupon nudged elbows and stared at the visitor with a mixture of amusement and enmity. Ducrow stared, too. It interested him to observe that the fellows from the other place still wore that indescribable and vaguely hostile air which, in his eyes, always marked them. Ducrow was sure that he would have known fellows from the other place had he met them in the antipodes. Then the referee's whistle blew, and Ducrow's arms involuntarily came back with a twitch. Sometimes the muscles of Loyal Legion men behave similarly at the tang of a bugle. Ducrow's eager eyes fixed themselves on the enemy's eleven.

"Same old bunch, eh?" said Root.

"Just the same," said Ducrow, under his breath. "I could almost think that I —oh, pretty work!"

The academy quarter fumbled a pass, but recovered the ball and made his distance.

"Rank work, I call it," growled Root. "We ought to have nailed that ball. Here, Morton, put it down against our left tackle."

He rose and joined a dejected watcher who was keeping a note-book. Ducrow laughed to himself. Of course the academy players were preposterously over-

matched, but their gritty alertness made Ducrow clench his fists happily inside his pockets.

"That 's the stuff!" he whispered. "Let 'em have it! Every pound—every ounce. Give it to 'em—hard!"

Ducrow bent over, his sinews tense. He would like to be playing that right end for a minute. He 'd show them something about smashing tandems. The long-disused foot-ball machinery of his mind glided marvelously into motion without a creak. He weighed the strength and weakness of the college eleven, he foresaw their stratagems, he plotted effective attack. His nerves jumped while he was waiting for the signals, but at each shout of the quarter-back's hoarse voice they were steeled, as they used to be, to a cold and indomitable confidence.

"Game has n't changed much," he said. "There 's old Clarke's crisscross. Tear 'em up, you guard!"

The big team was forced to kick. Ducrow instinctively shot an expert glance upward to diagnose the wind. It was exactly such weather as this down here when he—*thud, thud!* like the discharge of a double-barreled gun. The academy center rush had blocked the kick. The spectators on the bleachers rustled mournfully. Ducrow screwed his heel into the ground to give vent to his delight. The shrill whistle sounded the finish of the game.

When the academy eleven gathered in a knot and barked out a cheer, lifting their steaming shoulders in unison, Ducrow had a desire to join them. He felt strangely that those boys were his friends. Some of the other fellows, drifting through the gate, started a foot-ball song. Ducrow listened, but his ears were choked by the echo of the chorus they had roared after his last game:

"Oh, we 'll make a holy show
Out of Cap'n Steve Ducrow
When we teach 'em how to play the game of foot-ball!"

Well, they had made a holy show of him, certainly. Ducrow dug his finger-nails into his palm as he recalled the miserable twilight of the second half, after his eleven had played their hearts out in a losing cause. The finger-nails went in a trifle deeper when he heard the cheer of the college team on the side-lines. The familiar yell rang tauntingly. The absurd dummy dangled from the tackling-machine with a new significance, that of a contemptuous caricature of himself.

"Say, I hope you 're satisfied with us, Mr. Ducrow," called Root, for the benefit of the chuckling bystanders. "Tell your brother he 'll know he 's had a game when we get through with him next week."

"Oh, I guess that 'll be all right, thank you," said Ducrow, promptly.

He added a mental resolution to make it all right if he could. If he could help it, his brother should not be humiliated by this cad of a Root, as he had been. Ducrow examined his watch. If he hurried he could rejoin McDuffield in time for the nightly conference with the eleven. Every minute counted a week before the game. His brain simmered with schemes of play.

Ducrow quickened his pace when he saw a bus loaded with the academy team and bound for the station. He ought to have a talk with those youngsters. The bell of a locomotive clanged vigorously. Ducrow ran across the platform and swung to the steps of the last car. Beyond the door he bumped into the outstretched legs of Flint, the trainer.

IV

THE parson gasped. "Why, Dan, I never expected to—to—"

"Well, I sort of expected to see you," vouchsafed Flint, grimly. "Sit down. Chase along forward, will you, Bobbie?"

The youth who sat beside the trainer arose sheepishly, and Ducrow took the vacant place. Dan tugged at his grizzled mustache.

"I presume you 've had a talk with Root and the others about this matter, ain't you?" asked Flint.

"Yes, I 've talked with Root," faltered Ducrow.

He contemplated the scurrying landscape absently. The effervescent flood of his foot-ball spirit, in which he had been swamped, began to grow flat and quiet. He remembered his Hilson mission.

"I knowed you 'd be down here," Flint explained. "I tried to get in ahead of you. Wanted to square the thing myself. You see, I was behind the curtains in the gym this morning when you spoke to McDuffield. I heard the last part of what you said. That 's the cause of Bobbie Hilson being with me now. I 'm taking him away

from there. There ain't much harm done. He 's wrote a letter to their cap'n, making a clean breast of it. I guess we 're in time, don't you?"

Ducrow did not reply.

"It was this way," went on Dan, doggedly. "When Fiddler Hilson dies, a few of us whacks up some money for the kid, to give him a good chance—schooling and so on. So he goes off by himself, and he goes wrong, like you suspicioned. And I did n't sense how wrong till I heard you talking this forenoon. You see, us folks, Mr. Ducrow, we 're sort of different from your straight kind, just as you reckoned. You see, we get tied up in the idea of beating the other chap any old way, and we forget pretty much everything else."

"I see," said Ducrow, slowly. "I see very well."

"You must n't blame the boy. There 's crookedness, maybe, in the blood—his and mine. He did n't know no better. You men is bred straight. When you spot anything underhanded, you 're keen to right it quick, and win or lose. Well, that 's the gentleman of it. That 's the way I 'd like this kid for to go, if he can." Flint fumbled among some cigars in his pocket in order to conceal his earnestness. "What did Root and them fellows say when you warned them about Bob's crooked business? Here, have a smoke."

"I did n't warn them," said Ducrow.

"You—what?"

"I forgot to warn them." Ducrow looked wearily into the trainer's astonished eyes. "Would they have been warned at all except for you? I'm not sure. Upon my life, I can't be sure. Shake hands, Dan Flint."

A DINNER OF HERBS

BY WILLIAM HAYES WARD

WE won us a lodge in the edge of the wood,
My Love and I;
The forest behind and the fallows before,
And a well-spring nigh;
And we made us a bed of the balsam boughs,
And we built us a fire before the door.
In a blissful solitude
We hid us away for a month and a day,
My Love and I,
Where the leaves were green and the mosses were gray,
And the clouds a-drowse.

And a book I took for a lofty mood:
Brave was its dirge over Lycidas dead;
And bitterly Samson avenged the jeer
The uncircumcised flung at his shaven head;
Of chaos and Satan it trumpeted clear;
And cheerily, airily, hymned it the day
When the heaven-born Babe in the manger lay,
And the gods, astonied, slunk away.

And my Love, she took her a daintier book,
For a softer vein.
It told in languorous, lingering rhymes,
That floated like petals of roses strewn
On the placid river of Heaven,
The knightly wars of the Virtues seven,
And the knights that fought in their train
In the dreamy, fabulous times;
Of the lion's breast that was Una's throne,
And the iron man with the iron flail,
And the marriage song and the magic sail,
When Thames flowed soft for the marriage day.
And thus we hid us away,
My Love and I, for a month and a day.

But what is the call that comes hot on the wire?
By messenger-post it is sent to my nest:
"Come back. List the fray. Why hide thee away
When the heavens are red and the world is afire?
The Muscovite fights; East answers the West;
Mikado and Czar are grappling to slay.
Why stay thee in war-time to love or to rest?

"Come back. List the fray. The Republic has heard
The clarion call to the balloting men,
And the parties are marshaled for battle again.
The leaders have uttered the rallying-word;
The conflict is on; there is honor to earn;
There is office to win and incense to burn.
Of the fat you shall eat, and drink of the sweet,
With a portion to send to a patriot friend."

But I said: "Nay, nay.
You may drink of your sweet, and your fat you may eat;
But I hunger for none of your savory meat.
No favor I crave, and no honor I miss;
No office I ask; for no profit I pray.
So a month and a day with my Love I will stay;
And we 'll cook us a dinner of herbs, I wis,
Where Love is."

DOWN THE FLUME WITH THE SNEATH PIANO

BY BAILEY MILLARD

WITH PICTURES BY J. N. MARCHAND

I HAD halted at Camp Five to catch my breath. This flying down a Sierran lumber-flume, scurrying through the heady air like another Phaëton, was too full of thrills to be taken all in one gasp. I dropped limply into the rawhide-bottomed chair under the awning in front of the big board shanty which was on stilts beside the airy flume, and gazed on down the long, gleaming, tragic, watery way to the next steep slide. Then I looked at the frail little flume-boat which had borne Oram Sheets and me thus far on our hazardous journey to the valley. Perhaps I shivered a bit at the prospect of more of this hair-raising adventure. At any rate, Oram, the intrepid flume-herder, laughed, dug his picaroon into a log, and asked:

"Sorry yeh come? Wal, it does git onto a man's nerve the first trip. Strange so many brash ones like you wanter try, but few on 'em ever dast git in ag'in. But I 've be'n down so often." Then he peered about the cabin. "Looks like none o' the boys was to home. Wish they was; they might git us up a little dinner. It 's jest twelve."

He went inside the open door, and I heard him foraging about, the shanty echoing hollowly to the clumping of his big boots. By and by his nasal note was resumed:

"Come in, pardner! Here 's a great find: a big can o' green gages an' a hunk o' jerk an' a lot o' cold biscuits."

Inside, with my legs under the greasy, coverless table, I chewed the jerk like one who was determined to give his jaws the benefit of strenuous physical culture, and listened while Oram rattled on, with his mouth full of the sodden, half-baked biscuits.

"You might n't think it," said he, "but three years ago this here was the most scrumptious camp on the hull flume. Ol' man Hemenway lived here then with his daughter Jess. She kep' house fer him. Jess was a great gal. Every man along the flume, from Skyland to Mill Flat, was in love with her. Shape? You could n't beat that there gal for figger if yeh was to round up every actress in the country. She had a pair o' big round baby-blue eyes, an' was as pretty as any o' them there cigarette picters. A little on the strawbary-blonde, but not too much red in her hair, an' yet spunky as a badger when yeh teased her.

"The boys down this way did n't have much show. It looked like Jess had hit it off with Jud Brusie, a big, husky, clean-lookin' chap up to the h'ist. Jud used ter send her down notes stuck in sticks wedged inter the clamps, an' he used ter sneak down this way on Sundays when he 'd git a chanst. She 'd meet him up to the Riffles there by that big bunch o' yaller pines we passed. He did n't dast come down here nary time till ol' man Hemenway he got laid up with a busted laig from slippin' off the trestle in the snow. That there was Jud's show ter git in his fine work. Used ter bring down deer-meat for the ol' man, an' sody-water from that there spoutin' spring up ter Crazy Cañon; an' it begun to look like Hemenway 'd give in an' let him have her. But he seemed to hold off.

"The boys used ter nearly josh the life out o' Jud. One feller—his name was Phil Pettis—was skunkin' mean enough to read

a note Jud sent down oncet an' tell about it roun' Skyland; but that was the only time any of 'em ever done anything like that, fer Jud jest laid fer Phil an' went through him like a buzz-saw an' chucked him inter the flume.

"No, it did n't kill Phil, but he got tol'able well used up. His clothes was nearly all tore off, an' his hands got some bruised where he caught on to the aidges before he got a holt an' lifted himself out in a still place. He 'd be'n all right only he got mixed up with a string o' lumber that was a-comin' down, an' so he had to go to the hospital.

"One thing about Jess—she was a singer all right. I ain't never heared ary one o' them there the-*ay*-ter gals that could beat her singin'. She warbled like a lark with his belly full o' grubworms. It was wuth ridin' a clamp from here to Mill Flat to hear her sing. She had a couple o' hymn-books an' a stack o' them coon songs the newspapers gives away, an' I tell yeh, she 'd sing them there songs like she 'd knowed 'em all her life. Picked out the tunes some ways on a little string-thing like a sawed-off guitar. Sounds like muskeeters hummin' around. Yes, a mandy-linn—that 's it. But that there mandy-linn did n't soot her a little bit. She was crazy ter have a pianner. I heared her tell her paw, who was around ag'in workin' after his busted laig got well, she 'd give ten years o' her life for any ol' cheap pianner he could skeer up fer her.

"'Wal,' says he, 'how in tunket am I a-goin' ter git anything like that—thirty miles off'n the road, an' nary way o' freightin' it up or down the cañon to this camp?'

"'Could n't yeh have it brung up to Skyland by the stage road,' asts she, 'an' then have it rafted down the flume? Jest a little one?' she asts very earnest-like.

"'Gee-whittaker!' says he, laughin' all over. 'You 'll be a-wantin' 'em to send yeh down a parlor-keer nex'.'

"Then she gits hot in the collar an' cries an' takes on, an' Jud, who was a-hangin' around, has to walk her up to the Riffles; an' he must 'a' comforted her a heap, fer she comes back alone, singin' 'Nearer, my God, to Thee' like a angel.

"The' was a big spill up to the Devil's Gate,—one o' them places back there where the flume hangs onto the side o' the cliff, about half a mile above the bottom o' the gulch,—an' Jud Brusie an' all hands has to work there three days an' nights ter git things straightened out. Jud worked so derned hard, up all night an' hangin' on ter the ropes he was let up an' down by till yeh 'd think he was ready to drop, that the soop'rintendent said he 'd make Jud flume boss when he got back from Noo York, where he was a-goin' fer a few months. The soop'rintendent—that 's Mr. Sneath—went over the hull flume with Jud a little while before he lit out for the East, p'intin' things out ter him that he wanted did when he got back. I was down here flume-herdin' at Five when him an' Jud come along in a dude-lookin' flume-boat, rigged out in great style. I stopped 'em back there a ways with my picaroon, when they sung out, an' they walked down here on the side planks. Jest as they got near the camp the soop'rintendent he stopped like he 'd struck a rotten plank an' stared at the house.

"'Who 's that singin'?' says he.

"'Miss Hemenway,' says Jud, proud-like.

"'She 's got an awful sweet voice,' says the ol' man. 'It oughter be trained. She ought to go to a hothouse'—or something like that. 'Conservatory'? Yes, that 's it.

"'She 's mighty anxious to l'arn,' says Jud. 'She wants a pianner awful bad.'

"'Does she?' says the soop'rintendent. 'She oughter have one.'

"When he come along to the house he says to Jess, who stuck her head outer the door an' looked kinder scared-like, says he, 'I wish yeh 'd sing a few songs fer me.'

"Wal, yeh could see wal enough that Jess's knees was a-knockin' together, but she tunes up her mandy-linn, scratches at the strings with a little chip, an' gits started all right on 'Rock o' Ages,' an' gits to goin' along kinder quavery-like fer a while, an' then she busts right inter 'He'r dem Bells,' so strong an' high an' wild that it takes the ol' man right out o' his boots.

"He claps his hands an' yells, 'Hooray! Give us another.'

"Then she saws along on 'Gather at the River,' an' chops inter 'All Coons Looks Alike ter Me' in a way to stop the mill.

"Her paw stan's around all the while, tickled t' death an' smilin' all over.

"'Wal,' says the soop'rintendent, when Jess she stops ter git her wind, 'yer all

Drawn by J. N. Marchand. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'SHE TUNES UP HER MANDY-LINN, SCRATCHES AT THE STRINGS WITH A LITTLE CHIP'"

right, Miss Hemenway. Yer as full o' music as a wind-harp in a tornado.' Then he says to her paw on the Q. T., 'If yeh was ter let that gal go ter the city an' l'arn some o' them high-toned op'ry songs, yeh would n't have to be picaroonin' lumber strings much longer.'

"'Yes,' says Hemenway, bloated up like a gobbler an' lookin' at Jess where she stan's with her face red an' still a-puffin' for breath; 'an' she thinks she could l'arn right here if she only had a pianner.'

"'She 'd oughter have one, that 's right,' says Mr. Sneath. 'I wish,' he says, an' then he breaks off like a busted log-chain. 'But we could n't git it down here.'

"'What 's that?' asts Hemenway.

"'We got a pianner up to our place, an' Mrs. Sneath won't be a-fingerin' on it fer five months. She 's a-goin' East with me. If we could only git it down here an' back all right. If the' 's only a road from Skyland down here or from Mill Flat up, but the' ain't, so the' 's no use talkin'. Could n't ship it down to the Flat an' up on mule-back, or nothin', either; so I guess it can't be did.'

"'Why not send it down the flume?' asts Jess, timid-like. I could see she was jest crazy about gittin' it.

"'Oh, the flume is old, an' it 's rotten in places, an' such a heavy load might go through.'

"'Why, it holds up the grub-boat all right,' says Jess. 'Oh, if I could only have that pianner down here! I can play a little already, an' I 'd l'arn a lot. I 'd practise eight hours a day.'

"'How about gittin' the meals?' asts Hemenway.

"'Wal, I 'd set up, then, an' practise all night,' says she.

"'I 'm afeard that 'u'd be pretty hard on yer paw,' says Mr. Sneath, smilin'. 'Wal, Jud, we got ter be goin'.'

"So they gits inter their dude boat, an' Jess she skips along after 'em, an' jest as they 's about to ontie she yells out to the soop'rintendent:

"'Cain't I have it? Cain't I have it? Cain't yeh send it down the flume? Please say yeh will. I 'll take the best kind o' keer of it. It sha'n't git a single scratch.'

"Mr. Sneath he looks at her a minute kinder tender-like, an' I knowed them big eyes o' hern was a-doin' their work. Them big soft baby eyes would 'a' drawed sap outer a dead log.

"'Wal,' says he, 'we 'll see. If Mrs. Sneath 's willin' I guess it 'll be all right.'

"'Thank you, thank you, thank you!' she yells as the boat flies down the flume.

"I seed Jud blow a kiss to her, an' I knowed she was happy as a bird. She was a-singin' around the shanty all day, an' at supper she done nothin' but talk, talk, talk about that there pianner.

"'Don't be so awful gay, Miss Hemenway,' says I, for I was afeard she might be disapp'inted. 'Yeh ain't got it yet. Yeh know, Mr. Sneath 's a' awful busy man, an' he may fergit it.'

"'Oh, he won't fergit! Jud 'll poke him up on it,' says she. 'An' I think I 'll have it put right over there in that corner. No, that 's on the flume side, an' it might draw dampness there. Over there by the winder 's the place, an' plenty o' light, too. Wonder if they 'll think to send down a stool.'

"I had to skin up to Skyland nex' day. Jud says the soop'rintendent has to light out quicker 'n he 'd thought, but he did n't fergit about the pianner. Mis' Sneath was as easy as greased skids, but Mr. Sneath he did n't know exactly. He sends the pianner over to the warehouse there 'longside the flume an' has the men slap together a stout boat to run her down in; but at the las' minute he backs out. He was a-lookin' at the pianner standin' there in the warehouse, an' he says to Jud, says he:

"'That there pianner has be'n in our family ever sence we was married. Marthy allus sot a heap o' store by that pianner. It was my first present to her, an' I know she thinks a hull lot of it, even if she don't seem ter keer. Trouble is, she don't know what sendin' it down the flume means. Yeh see, it ain't like a long string o' lumber—weight 's all in one place, an' she might break through. This flume ain't what it was thirteen years ago, yeh know.'

"Jud he argies with him, 'cos he knows Jess's heart 'll be broke if she don't git the pianner; an' after a while he thinks he 's got it all fixed; but jest afore Sneath an' his wife takes the stage he telaphones down to the warehouse to let the pianner stay there till he comes back. Then he goes away, an' Jud is as down in the mouth as if he 'd run his fist ag'in' a band-saw. He mopes around all day, an' he 's afraid to tell Jess; but as I was a-goin' back to Five that night, he tells me to break it to her gentle-like an' say he 'd done his best. Which I did. Wal, that gal jest howls when I tells her, an' sobs an' sobs an' takes on like a baby coyote with the croup. But her dad he quiets her at last.

"Jud he hardly dasts to show up on Sunday, but when he does git in she won't look at him fer quite a while. Then some o' that strawbary-blonde in her comes out in some o' the dernedest scoldin' yeh ever heared.

"'It 's too bad, Jessie,' says he, 'but it ain't my fault. I done my best. He backed out at the las' minute; he backed out, an' I could n't do no more than if a tree dropped on me. He backed out.'

"After a while he takes her off up the flume a piece, an' they stays there a long time, but she don't seem satisfied much when she comes back. There is hell a-poppin' there for about three days over that there pianner, an' the ol' man he gits so sick of it he gives her warnin' he 'll light out if she don't quit. Wal, she quiets down some after that, but she makes Jud as mis'able as a treed coon fer over a week. She keeps a-tryin' an' a-tryin' to git him to send the pianner down anyway. She tells him she 'll send it back afore the Sneaths gits home.

"'He told me I could have it; he promised me,' says she, 'he promised me, an' I 'll never marry you unless you send it down. You can do it; you 're goin' to be boss, an' you know it will be all right. I 'll see that they ain't a scratch on it; an' you can put it in the warehouse, an' they 'll never know it 's be'n away.'

"An' so she keeps a-teasin' an' a-teasin', till finally Jud he gits desperate.

"'Oram,' says he to me one day, 'Oram, you 're a ol' flume man. What do you think o' runnin' that pianner down to Five?'

"I shakes my head. I likes the boy, an' I don't want ter see him take sech big chances o' gittin' inter trouble. Somebody might tell Sneath, an' then it might be all off about his bein' flume boss. Besides, nobody had never run no pianner down no flume before, an' yeh could n't tell what might happen.

"'D' yeh think, honest, Oram,' says he, 'the ol' flume 's likely ter give way anywheres?'

"'No,' says I; 'she 's strong as a railroad-track.'

"'Wal, then,' says he, 'I 'm a-goin' to do it. You come down Sunday an' we 'll take her out afore anybody 's out o' the bunk-house.'

"I tries to argy him out of it, but he won't listen. So Sunday, about five in the mornin', I goes up to Skyland, an' we slides the big boat inter the flume an' gits the pianner onto the rollers, an' 't ain't much trouble to load her all right; fer, yeh know, them big boats has flat tops like decks, an' things sets up on top of 'em. But while we was a-doin' that an' the boat is hitched tight to a stanchion 'longside o' the flume, the water backs up behind so high that it looks as though the pianner is a-goin' ter git wet. This skeers Jud, an' he seems to lose his head someways.

"'Hustle up, Oram!' says he, very nervous-like. 'The boat 's crowdin' down so it won't let any water past. Ontie that rope.'

"I takes a good notice o' the pianner, an' I don't like her looks, sittin' up there so high on that little deck.

"'We oughter tie her on good an' tight,' says I.

"She 's a upright, yeh see, an' she 's as top-heavy as a pile-driver. I was afeard she 'd strike a low limb or somethin' an' git smashed. So I goes to settle her a bit an' lay her down on her back an' tie her on; but he says he don't know about that layin'-down business, an' declares she 'll ride all right. He speaks pretty sharp, too. So I gits a little huffy an' onties the rope, an' we starts.

"Wal, she don't go very fast at first, 'cos she 's heavy an' they ain't none too much water in front; but after a while we comes to the Devil's Slide,—you remember the place,—an' we scoots down there like the mill-tails o' hell.

"'Gee-whiz!' says Jud. 'She 's a-rockin' like a teeter. I hope she 'll stay on all right.' He was settin' back with me, behind the pianner, an' we both tries to holt on to her an' keep her stiddy, but we cain't do much more 'n set down an' cuss haff the time, we 're so afeard we 'll git throwed out. Wal, after we come to the foot of the slide, we breathes easy-like, an' Jud he says it 's all right, for that there was the wust place. For about three miles the pianner set on that boat as stiddy as a church, an' from there on down to Four it was pretty good sailin'. Of course we went a good deal faster in the steep places than any other boat ever sent down the flume, because the heft o' the thing, when she got started, was bound to make her fly, water or no water. In a good many places we run ahead of the stream, an' then in the quiet spots the water would catch up to us an' back up behind us an' shove us along.

"Between Four an' Five there 's a place we used ter call Cape Horn. The flume is bracketed onto a cliff, yeh know, fer about a mile, an' it 's a skeery place any way yeh shoot it; yeh scoot aroun' them there sharp curves so lively, an' yeh look down there four or five hundred feet inter the bottom o' the cañon. That 's where yeh shut yer eyes. Yeh remember? Wal,

Drawn by J. N. Marchand. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"'CAIN'T I HAVE IT? CAIN'T I HAVE IT? CAIN'T YEH SEND IT DOWN THE FLUME?'"

when I sees Cape Horn ahead I gits a little skeered when I thinks how she might rock. We run onto a place where I could look away ahead, an' there, wavin' her apron or somethin', is a gal, an' I knows it 's Jess, out from Five to see the pianner come down. Jud he knows, too, an' waves back.

"We runs out onto the brackets, turns a sharp curve, an' she begins to wabble an' stagger like a drunken man, floppin' back an' forth, an' the strings an' things inside is a-hummin' an' a-drummin'.

"'Slow her down!' yells Jud. 'Slow her down, or we 'll never git past the Horn!'

"I claps on the brake, but she 's so heavy she don't pay no 'tention to it, though I makes smoke 'long them planks, I tell yer. She scoots ahead faster 'n ever, an' bows to the scenery, this way an' that, like she was crazy, an' a-hummin' harder than ever.

"'Slow her down! Ease her down!' hollers Jud, grittin' his teeth an' holdin' onto her with all his hundred an' eighty pounds weight. But 't ain't no good. I gits a holt oncet, but the water backs up behind us an' we goes a-scootin' down on a big wave that sloshes out o' the flume on both sides an' sends us flyin' toward that Horn fer further orders.

"When we gits to the sharpest curve we knows we 're there all right. She wabbles on one side an' then on the other, so I can see chunks o' sky ahead right under her. An' then, all of a sudden, she gives a whoopin' big jump right off the top o' the boat, an' over the side o' the flume she goes, her strings all a-singin' like mad, an' sailin' down four hundred feet. Jud had a holt of her before she dropped, an' if I had n't 'a' grabbed him he 'd 'a' gone over, too.

"You might not believe it, pardner, but we run a quarter of a mile down that there flume before we hears her strike. Jeroosalem! What a crash! I never heared one o' them big redwoods that made half so much noise when she dropped. How she did roar! An' I tell yeh what was strange about that there noise: it seemed like all the music that everybody had ever expected to play on that pianner for the nex' hundred years come a-boomin' out all to oncet in one great big whoop-hurray that echered up an' down that cañon fer half an hour.

"'We 've lost somethin',' says I, cheerful-like, fer I thinks the' 's no use cryin' over spilt pianners.

"But Jud he never says nothin': jest sets there like he was froze plumb stiff an' could n't stir a eyelid—sets there, starin' straight ahead down the flume. Looks like his face is caught in the air and held that way.

"Of course, now our load 's gone, the brake works all right, an' I hooks a-holt onto the side about a hundred feet from where Jess stands like a marble statute, lookin' down inter the gulch.

"'Come on, Jud,' says I, layin' my hand onto his arm soft-like; 'we gits out here.'

"He don't say nothin', but tries to shake me off. I gits him out at last, an' we goes over to where poor Jess stands, stiff an' starin' down inter the gulch. When she hears our feet on the side planks, she starts up an' begins to beller like a week-old calf; an' that fetches Jud outer his trance for a while, an' he puts his arm aroun' her an' he helps her back along the walk till we comes to a place where we gits down an' goes over to view the wreck.

"Great snakes, pardner, but it was a sight! The pianner had flew down an' lit onto a big, flat rock, an' the' was n't a piece of her left as big as that there plate. There was all kinds o' wires a-wrigglin' aroun' on the ground an' a-shinin' in the sun, an' the' was white keys an' black keys an' the greatest lot o' them little woolly things that strikes the strings all mixed up with little bits o' mahogany an' nuts an' bolts an' little scraps o' red flannel an' leather, an' pegs an' bits o' iron that did n't look as if it had ever been any part o' the machine. It was the dernedest mess! I picked up somethin' Jess said was a pedal,—a little piece o' shiny iron about as long as that,—'n' that was the only thing that seemed to have any shape left to it. The litter did n't make any pile at all—jest a lot o' siftin' sawdust-stuff scattered around on the rocks.

"'She struck tol'able hard,' says I, lookin' at Jud. But he don't say nothin'; jest stan's over there on the side o' the rock an' looks as if he 'd like to jump off another fifty feet the' was there.

"'Don't take it like that, Jud,' says Jess, grabbin' holt o' him an' not payin' any 'tention to my bein' there. 'Cry, cuss, swear—anything, but don't be so solemn-like. It 's my fault, Juddie dear—all my fault. Can yeh ever, ever fergive me? Yeh said yeh did n't think it was safe, an' I kep' a-goadin' yeh to it; an' now—' She broke out a-blubberin' an' a-bellerin' again, an' he puts his arm around her an' smiles, an' says soft-like:

"'It don't matter much. I can raise the money an' buy a new one fer Mis' Sneath. How much do they cost?' says he.

"'Oh, I dunno! Five hundred dollars, I think. It 's an awful lot o' money!'

"'Wal, I got three-fifty saved up,—you know what fer,—an' I can raise the rest an' put a new pianner in the place o' that one,' says he.

"He looks at the wreck, an' fer the first time I sees his eyes is jest a little damp.

"They did n't either of 'em seem to take any notice o' me, an' I did n't feel that I counted, nohow.

"'An' we cain't git married,' says Jud,

sorrowful-like, 'for ever so long. There 'll be nothin' to housekeep on till I can save up some more.'

"'Yes, we can, too,' says she. 'I don't keer if yeh ain't got so much as a piece o' bale-rope.'

"'But yer paw?'

"'I don't keer,' says she, very hard-like, a-stampin' her foot. 'He can like it or lump it.'

"Wal, I sneaks away an' leaves 'em there, an' by an' by they comes up to where I sets on top o' the boat, an' Jud is n't so plumb gloomy as I thinks he 'd be.

"Him an' her goes down ter Fresno nex' day an' buys one o' that same identical make o' pianners an' has it shipped up on the first freight-wagon to Skyland. An' they puts it inter the warehouse, an' there she stands till Mr. Sneath comes home with his wife.

"When Mis' Sneath she sees the pianner brung inter her house she don't notice any difference fer a while; but one day she sets down ter play, an' she pounds out a few music, an' then she gives a jump an' looks all over the machine an' she says, 'Good Lord!' An' Sneath he comes in, an' they has a great time over how the' 's be'n sech a change in that pianner. She finally makes up her mind it 's a bran'-new one, an' sends fer Jud an' asts him what he knows about it. An' he cain't lie a little bit, so he up an' tells her that her pianner is all inter sawdust an' scrap-iron down on the rocks, an' that this is a new one that he owes a hundred an' fifty dollars on down ter Fresno.

"Then she busts out a-laughin' an' says:

"'Why, that old tin pan! I 'm glad it flew the flume. It was n't wuth twenty dollars. I got a noo grand pianner on the way here that I ordered in Noo York. I 'll make this here one a weddin'-present to you an' Jess.'

"And the soop'rintendent he writes out his check an' sends it down to Fresno to pay off the hundred an' fifty, an' when the weddin' it comes off he gives 'em a set o' chiny dishes besides.

"Jud 's flume boss now, an' Jess she plays that pianner an' sings like a bird. When we gits down ter Mill Flat I 'll show yeh their house. It 's a white one up on the side o' the hill, jest across the gulch from the mill.

"Wal, yeh had all the grub yeh want, pardner? Say, ain't them green gages sour? They sets yer teeth on aidge all right. An' I could n't find the boys' sugar-can. If yer full up, I guess we 'd better git inter the boat."

I took my seat behind Oram and a particularly offensive pipe he had just lighted. Looking down the long, swift-running, threatening flume, I shuddered; for since Oram's recital the native hue of my resolution had been "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." I remarked that if he saw any of those Cape Horn curves ahead to let me know and I would get out and walk.

"Don't yeh be skeered by what I told yeh," said he. "Yeh got a pretty fair-sized head, but yeh ain't quite so top-heavy as Mis' Sneath's big upright. An' besides, the' ain't no more Cape Horn on this flume; they calls that place Pianner P'int now."

A MORO LOVE-SONG

BY EDWARD BARRON

SHADOWS dream along Lapak—
  Siassi, pearl of all the isles!
Soon shall come the proa back
  Of one who hungers for thy smiles.
  Sailing up the weary miles,
Scarlet-hued his sail shall shine—
  Scarlet-hued and fringed with black,
As you wove it, line and line,
  Long ago on far Lapak.

Siassi, O sweet heart of pearl!
  From Lapak too long he bides—
Green Lapak, whose waters whirl
  Through the Strait of Whispering Tides.
  Ere the rice the hill slope hides,
Madly shall the conch-horns play,
  Signaling the boats that furl
All their streamers in the bay—
  Love's call for thee, O heart of pearl!

Color drawing by Charles R. Knight

TIGER AND COBRA

A DIPLOMAT'S RECOLLECTIONS OF RUSSIA

INCIDENTS AND IMPRESSIONS OF MY MISSION IN 1892–94

BY ANDREW D. WHITE

DURING four years after my return from service as minister to Germany I devoted myself to the presidency of Cornell University, and on resigning that position gave all time possible to study and travel, with reference to the book on which I was then engaged: "A History of the Warfare of Science with Theology."

But in 1892 came a surprise. In the reminiscences of my political life I have given an account of a visit, with Theodore Roosevelt, Henry Cabot Lodge, Sherman Rogers, and others, to President Harrison at the White House, and of some very plain talk, on both sides, relating to what we thought shortcomings of the administration in regard to the civil service. President Harrison greatly impressed me at the time by the clearness and strength of his utterances. My last expectation in the world would have been of anything in the nature of an appointment from him. High officials do not generally think well of people who comment unfavorably on their doings or give them unpleasant advice; this I had done to the best of my ability in addressing the President, and great, therefore, was my astonishment when, in 1892, he tendered me the post of minister plenipotentiary at St. Petersburg.

RAILWAY IMPROVEMENT

ON the 4th of November I arrived in Russia, after an absence of thirty-seven years. Even in that country, where everything moves so slowly, there had clearly been changes, the most evident of these being the railway from the frontier. At my former visit the journey from Berlin to St. Petersburg had required nine days and nine nights of steady travel, mainly in a narrow post-coach; now it was easily done in one day and two nights in very comfortable cars. At that first visit the entire railway system of Russia, with the exception of the road from the capital to Gatchina, only a few miles long, consisted of the line to Moscow; at this second visit the system had spread very largely over the empire, and was rapidly extending through Siberia and northern China to the Pacific.

LACK OF ENTERPRISE

BUT the deadening influence of the whole Russian system was evident. Persons who clamor for government ownership of American railways should visit Germany, and above all Russia, to see how such ownership results. In Germany its defects are evident enough: people are made to travel in carriages which our main lines would not think of using, and with a lack of conveniences which with us would provoke a revolt. But the most amazing thing about this administration in Russia is that the whole atmosphere of the country seems to paralyze energy. During my stay at St. Petersburg I traveled over the line between that city and Berlin six or eight times, and though there was usually only one express-train a day, I never saw more than twenty or thirty through passengers. When one bears in mind the fact that this road is the main artery connecting one hundred and twenty

millions of people at one end with over two hundred millions at the other, this seems amazing; but still more so when one considers that in the United States, with a population of, say, seventy millions, we have five great trunk-lines across the continent, each running large express-trains several times a day.

There was evidently little change as regards enterprise in Russia, whatever there might be as regards facilities for travel. St. Petersburg had grown, of course. There were new streets in the suburbs, and where the old admiralty wharves had stood, for the space of perhaps an eighth of a mile along the Neva, fine buildings had been erected. But these were the only evident changes. The renowned Nevsky Prospekt remained as formerly—a long line of stuccoed houses on each side, almost all poor in architecture, and the street itself the same unkempt, shabby, commonplace thoroughfare as of old. No new bridge had been built across the Neva for forty years; there was still but one permanent structure spanning the river, and the great stream of travel and traffic between the two parts of the city was dependent mainly on the bridges of boats, which, at the breaking of the ice in the spring, had sometimes to be withdrawn during many days.

A change had indeed been wrought by the emancipation of the serfs, but there was little outward sign of it. The muzhik remained to all appearance what he was before; in fact, as the train drew into St. Petersburg, the peasants, with their sheepskin caftans, cropped hair, and stupid faces, brought back the old impressions so vividly that I seemed not to have been absent a week. The old atmosphere of repression was evident everywhere. I had begun my experience of it under Nicholas I, had seen a more liberal policy under Alexander II, but now found a recurrence of reaction, and everywhere a pressure which deadened all efforts at initiating a better condition of things.

But I soon found one change for the better. During my former stay, under Nicholas I and Alexander II, the air was full of charges of swindling and cheatery against various men at court. Now next to nothing of that sort was heard: it was evident that Alexander III, narrow and illiberal though he might be, was an honest man, and determined to end the sort of thing that had disgraced the reigns of his father and grandfather.

PRESENTATION TO THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS

HAVING made the usual visit to the Foreign Office upon my arrival, I was accompanied, three days later, by the proper officials, Prince Soltikoff and M. de Koniar, on a special train to Gatchina, and was there received by the Emperor. I found him, though much more reserved than his father, agreeable and straightforward. As he was averse to set speeches, we began, at once, a discussion on various questions interesting the two nations, and especially those arising out of the Bering Sea fisheries. He seemed to enter fully into the American view, characterizing the marauders in that sea as *ces poachers là*, using the English word, although our conversation was in French; and on my saying that the Russian and American interests in that question were identical, he not only acquiesced, but spoke at considerable length, and earnestly, in the same sense. Something being said of sundry misrepresentations of Russia by travelers, I told him that this might be another cause of sympathy between the two countries, and referred to the malignant calumnies spread through Europe by many writers upon America, and in this he acquiesced with some feeling.

This interview concluded, I was taken through a long series of apartments filled with tapestries, porcelain, carvings, portraits, and the like, to be received by the Empress. She was slight in figure, graceful, with a kindly face and manner, and she put me at ease immediately, addressing me in English, and detaining me much longer than I had expected.

The impression made by the Emperor upon me at that time was deepened during my whole stay. He was evidently a strong character, but within very unfortunate limits: he was upright, devoted to his family, with a strong sense of his duty to his people and of his accountability to the Almighty; but more and more it became evident that his political and religious theories were narrow, and that the assassination of his father had thrown him back into the hands of reactionists. At court and elsewhere I often found myself looking at him and expressing my thoughts inwardly

much as follows: "You are honest, true-hearted, with a deep sense of duty; but what a world of harm you are destined to do! With your immense physical frame and giant strength you will last fifty years longer; you will try by main force to hold back the whole tide of Russian thought; and after you will come the deluge." There was little indeed to indicate the fact that he was just at the close of his life.

IMPRESSION OF THE PRESENT CZAR

At a later period I was presented to the heir to the throne, now the Emperor Nicholas II. He seemed a kindly young man; but one of his remarks amazed and disappointed me. During the previous year the famine which had become chronic in large parts of Russia had taken an acute form, and in its train had come typhus and cholera. It was, in fact, the same wide-spread and deadly combination of starvation and disease which similar causes produced so often in western Europe during the Middle Ages. From the United States had come large contributions of money and grain, and as, during the year after my arrival, there had been a recurrence of the famine, about forty thousand rubles more had been sent me from Philadelphia for distribution. I therefore spoke to him on the general subject, referring to the fact that he was president of the Imperial Relief Commission. He answered that since the crops of the last year there was no longer any suffering, that there was no famine worthy of mention, and that he was no longer giving attention to the subject. This was said in an offhand, easy-going way which appalled me. The simple fact was that the famine, though not so wide-spread, was more trying than during the year before; for it found the peasant population in Finland and in the central districts of the empire even less prepared to meet it. During the previous winter they had very generally eaten their draft-animals and burned everything not absolutely necessary for their own shelter; from Finland specimens of bread made largely of ferns had been brought to me, which it would seem a shame to give to horses or cattle; and yet his Imperial Highness, the heir to the throne, evidently knew nothing of all this!

In explanation, I was afterward told by a person who had known him intimately from his childhood that, though courteous, his main characteristic was an absolute indifference to all persons and things about him, and that he never showed any application to business or a spark of ambition of any sort. This was confirmed by what I afterward saw of him at court. He seemed to stand about listlessly, speaking in a good-natured way to this or that person when it was easier than not to do so, but, on the whole, indifferent to all that went on about him.

After his accession to the throne, one of the best judges in Europe, who had every opportunity to observe him closely, said to me: "He knows nothing of his empire or of his people; he never goes out of his house if he can help it"; and this explains in some degree the insufficiency of his program for the Peace Conference at The Hague, and for the Japanese war, which, as I revise these lines, is going on with fearful disaster and disgrace to Russia.

The representative of a foreign power in any European capital must be presented to the principal members of the reigning family, and so I paid my respects to the grand dukes and duchesses. The first and most interesting of these to me was the old Grand Duke Michael, the last surviving son of the first Nicholas. He was doubtless rightly regarded as, next to his elder brother Alexander II, the flower of the flock, and his reputation was evidently much enhanced by comparison with his brother next him in age, the Grand Duke Nicholas. It was frequently charged that the conduct of the latter during the Turkish campaign was not only unpatriotic but inhuman. An army officer once speaking to me regarding the suffering of his soldiers at that time for want of shoes, I asked him where the shoes were, and he answered, "In the pockets of the Grand Duke Nicholas."

Michael was evidently different from his brother; not haughty and careless toward all other created beings, but kindly, and with a strong sense of duty. One thing touched me. I said to him that the last time I had seen him was when he reached St. Petersburg from the seat of the Crimean War in the spring of 1855, as he drove from the railway to the palace in company with his brother Nicholas. Instantly the tears came into his eyes and flowed down his cheeks. He answered: "Yes, that was sad

indeed. My father [meaning the first Emperor Nicholas] telegraphed us that our mother was in very poor health, longed to see us, and insisted on our coming to her bedside. On our way home we learned of his death."

Of the younger generation of grand dukes,—the brothers of Alexander III,—the greatest impression was made upon me by Vladimir. He was apparently the strongest of all the sons of Alexander II, being of the big Romanoff breed, strong and muscular, like his brother the Emperor. We chatted pleasantly, and I remember that he referred to Mr. James Gordon Bennett—whom he had met on a yachting cruise—as "my friend."

Another of these big Romanoff grand dukes was Alexis, the Grand Admiral. He referred to his recollections of the United States with apparent pleasure, in spite of the wretched Cazalet imbroglio, which hindered President Grant from showing him any hospitality at the White House, and which so vexed his father, the Emperor Alexander II.

The ladies of the imperial family were very agreeable. A remark of one of them, a beautiful and cultivated woman,—a princess of one of the Saxon duchies,—surprised me: when I happened to mention Dresden, she told me that her great desire had been to visit that capital of her own country, but that she had never been able to do so. She spoke of German literature, and as I mentioned receiving a letter the day before from Professor Georg Ebers, the historical novelist, she said, evidently from her heart: "You are happy indeed that you can meet such people. How I should like to know Ebers!" Such are the limitations of royalty.

COLLEAGUES IN THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS

MEANTIME I made visits to my colleagues of the diplomatic corps, and found them interesting and agreeable, as it is the business of diplomatists to be. The dean was the German ambassador, General von Schweinitz, a man ideally fit for such a position: of wide experience, high character, and evidently strong and firm though kindly. When ambassador at Vienna, he had married the daughter of his colleague the American minister, Mr. John Jay, an old friend and colleague of mine in the American Historical Association, and so came very pleasant relations between us. His plain, strong sense was of use to me in more than one difficult question.

The British ambassador was Sir Robert Morier. He too was a strong character, though lacking, apparently, in some of General von Schweinitz's more kindly qualities. He was big, roughish, and at times so brusque that he might almost be called brutal. When bullying was needed it was generally understood that he could do it *con amore*. A story was told of him which, whether exact or not, seemed to fit his character. He had been for a time minister to Portugal, and during one of his controversies with the Portuguese Minister of Foreign Affairs, the latter, becoming exasperated, said to him: "Sir, it is evident that you were not born a Portuguese cavalier." Thereupon Morier replied: "No, thank God, I was not. If I had been, I would have killed myself on the breast of my mother."

THE GERMAN ELEMENT

THERE was evidently a disposition among very many of the most ardent Russians to make a merit of their imperfect civilization and to cultivate hatred for any people whom they clearly saw possessing anything better; hence it came that, just as so many Frenchmen hate Great Britain, and so many in the backward, slipshod regions of our country hate New England, it was quite the fashion among large classes of Russians to hate everything German, and especially to detest the Baltic provinces.

One evening during my stay a young Russian at a social gathering of military and other officials voiced this feeling by saying: "I hope the time will soon come when we shall have cleared out all these Germans from the Russian service; they are the curse of the country." Thereupon a young American present, who was especially noted for his plain speaking, immediately answered: "How are you going to do it? I notice that as a rule you rarely dare give a position which really involves high responsibility to a Russian; you always give it to a German. When the Emperor goes to the manœuvers, does he dare trust his immediate surroundings to a Russian? Never. He intrusts them to General Richter, who is a Baltic-province German. And

when his Majesty is here in town, does he dare trust his personal safety to a Russian? Not at all. He relies on Von Wahl, prefect of St. Petersburg, another German." And so this plain-spoken American youth went on with a full catalogue of leading Baltic-province Germans in positions of the highest responsibility, finally saying: "You know as well as I that if the salvation of the Emperor depended on any one of you, and you should catch sight of a pretty woman, you would instantly forget your sovereign and run after her."

RUSSIAN MEN OF NOTE

To meet scientific men of note my wont was to visit the Latin Quarter, and there, at the house of Professor Woeikoff of St. Petersburg University, I met at various times a considerable number of those best worth knowing. One of those who made a specially strong impression upon me was Admiral Makharoff. As I revise these lines, news comes of his death as commander of the Russian fleet at Port Arthur, his flag-ship, with nearly all on board, being sunk by a torpedo. At court, in the university quarter, and, later, at Washington I met him often and rated him among the half-dozen best Russians I ever knew. Having won fame as a vigorous and skilful commander in the Turkish war, he was devoting himself to the scientific side of his profession. He had made a success of his colossal ice-breaker in various Northern waters, and was now giving his main thoughts to the mapping out, on an immense scale, of all the oceans, as regards winds and currents. As explained by him with quiet enthusiasm, it seemed likely to be one of the greatest triumphs of the inductive method since Lord Bacon. With Senator Semenoff and Prince Gregory Galitzin I had very interesting talks on their Asiatic travels. I was greatly impressed by the simplicity and strength of Mendeleieff, who is certainly to-day among the two or three foremost living authorities in chemistry. Although men of science, unless they hold high official positions, are rarely seen at court, I was glad to find that there were some Russian nobles who appreciated them, and an admirable example of this was once shown at my own house. It was at a dinner when there was present a young Russian of very high lineage, and I was in great doubt as to the question of precedence, this being a matter of grave import under the circumstances. At last my wife went to the nobleman himself and asked him frankly regarding it. His answer did him credit; he said: "I should be ashamed to take precedence here of a man like Mendeleieff, who is an honor to Russia in the eyes of the whole world, and I earnestly hope that he may be given the first place."

There were also various interesting women in St. Petersburg society, the reception afternoons of two of them being especially attractive; they seemed not unlike the French salons under the old régime.

ANECDOTES OF THE LEGATION

The American colony at St. Petersburg was very small. Interesting compatriots came from time to time on various errands, and I was glad to see them; but the one whose interviews were always most heartily welcomed was a former vice-consul, Mr. Prince, an original, shrewd down-easter, and his reminiscences of some of my predecessors were full of interest to me.

One especially dwells in my mind. It had reference to a former senator of the United States who, about the year 1840, was sent to Russia as minister. There were various evidences in the archives of the legation that sobriety was not this gentleman's special virtue, and among them many copies of notes in which the minister, through the secretary of legation, excused himself from engagements at the Foreign Office on the ground of "sudden indisposition."

Mr. Prince told me that one day this minister's valet, who was an Irishman, came to the consulate and said: "Oi 'll not stay wid his Igsillincy anny longer; Oi 've done wid 'im." "What 's the trouble now?" said Mr. Prince. "Well," said the man, "this mornin' Oi thought it was toime to git his Igsillincy out of bed, for he had been dhrunk about a week and in bed most of the toime; and so Oi wint to 'im and says Oi, gentle-loike, 'Would your Igsillincy have a cup of coffee?' whin he rose up and shtruck me in the face. On that Oi took 'im by the collar, lifted 'im out of bed, took 'im acrass the room, showed 'im his ugly face in the glass, and Oi said to 'im, says Oi, 'Is thim the eyes of

an invoy igstraorr-rrdinarry and ministher plinipotentiarry?'"

An interesting reminder of another predecessor was a letter in the archives written about the year 1832 by Mr. Buchanan, afterward senator, minister in London, Secretary of State, and President of the United States. It was a friendly missive to an official personage in our country, and went on somewhat as follows:

I feel almost ashamed to tell you that your letters to me, mine to you, and indeed everything that has come and gone between us by mail, has been read by other eyes than ours. This was true of your last letter to me, and, without doubt, it will be true of this letter. Can you imagine it? Think of the moral turpitude of a creature employed to break open private letters and to read them! Can you imagine work more degrading? What a dirty dog he must be! How despicable indeed he must seem to himself!

And so Mr. Buchanan went on, and wound up on this wise:

Not only does this person read private letters, but he is a forger: he forges seals, and I regret to say that his imitation of the eagle on our legation seal is a *very sorry bird.*

Whether this dose had any salutary effect on the official concerned I never learned.

EXCELLENT PRECAUTIONS AGAINST CHOLERA

A PECULIAR duty during my last stay in St. Petersburg was to watch the approach of cholera, especially on the Persian frontier. Admirable precautions had been taken for securing telegraphic information, and every day I received notices from the Foreign Office as to the result, which I communicated to Washington. For ages Russia had relied on fetishisms of various kinds to preserve her from great epidemics, but at last her leading officials had come to realize the necessity of applying modern science to the problem, and they did this well. In the city "sanitary columns" were established, made up of small squads of officials representing the medical and engineering professions and the police. These visited every nook and corner of the city, and, having extraordinary powers for the emergency, compelled even the most dirty of the population to keep their premises clean. Excellent hospitals and laboratories were established, and of these I learned much from a former Cornell student who held an important position in one of them. Coming to town three or four times a week from my summer cottage in Finland, I was struck by the precautions on the Finnish and other railways: notices of what was to be done to prevent cholera and to meet it in case it appeared were posted everywhere, in six different languages; disinfectants were made accessible everywhere; the seats and hangings in the railway-cars were covered with leather cloth frequently washed with disinfectants; and to the main trains a hospital-car was attached, while a temporary hospital, well equipped, was established at each main station. In spite of this the number in the cholera hospitals at St. Petersburg in the middle of July rose to a very high figure, and the number of deaths each day from cholera was about one hundred.

Of these victims the most eminent was Tschaikovsky, the composer, a man of genius and a most charming character, to whom Mr. Andrew Carnegie had introduced me at New York. One evening, at a dinner-party, he poured out a goblet of water from a decanter on the table, drank it down, and the next day he was dead. But with this exception the patients were, so far as I learned, almost entirely from the peasant class. Although boiled water was supplied for drinking purposes, and some public-spirited individuals went so far as to set out samovars and the means of supplying hot tea to peasant workmen, the answer of one of the muzhiks when told that he ought to drink boiled water indicated the peasant view: "If God had wished us to drink hot water he would have heated the Neva."

RUSSIAN HIGH OFFICIALS

A FOREIGN representative has to meet on business not merely the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs and the heads of departments in the Foreign Office, but various other members of the imperial cabinet, especially the ministers of finance, of war, of the navy, of the interior, and of justice, as well as the chief municipal authorities of St. Petersburg; and I can say that many of these gentlemen, both as men and as officials, are fully equal to men in similar

positions in most other countries which I have known. Though they were at times tenacious in questions between their own people and ours, and though they upheld political doctrines very different from those we cherish, I am bound to say that they generally did so in a way which disarmed criticism. At the same time I must confess a conviction which has more and more grown upon me, that the popular view regarding the power, vigor, and astuteness of Russian statesmen is ill-founded. Russian officials and their families are very susceptible to social influences: a foreign representative who entertains them frequently and well can secure far more for his country than one who trusts to argument alone; in no part of the world will a diplomatist more surely realize the truth embedded in Oxenstiern's famous utterance, "Go forth, my son, and see with how little wisdom the world is governed." When one sees what a really strong man might do in Russia, what vast possibilities there are which year after year are utterly neglected, one cannot but think that the popular impression regarding the superiority of Russian statesmen is badly based. As a matter of fact, there has not been a statesman of the first class in Russia since Peter the Great, and none of the second class unless Nesselrode and the first Emperor Nicholas are to be excepted. To consider Prince Gortchakoff a great chancellor on account of his elaborate despatches is absurd. The noted epigram regarding him is doubtless just, "C'est un Narcisse qui se mire dans son encrier." To call him a great statesman, in the time of Cavour, Bismarck, Lincoln, and Seward, is preposterous. Whatever growth Russia has made in the last forty years has been mainly in spite of the men who have posed before the world as her statesmen: the atmosphere of Russian autocracy is fatal to greatness in her public men.

The emancipation of the serfs was due to a policy advocated by the first Nicholas and carried out under Alexander II; but it was made possible mainly by Miloutine, Samarin, Tscherkasky, and other subordinates who were never allowed to approach the first rank as state servants. This is my own judgment founded on observation and reading during half a century, and it is the quiet judgment of many who have had occasion to observe Russia longer and more carefully.

NO PROGRAM AT THE HAGUE CONFERENCE

Of course in saying this I refer mainly to the Russian Foreign Office, though the remark applies to most other branches of the administration. Take the peace measures proposed to the world by Nicholas II. When all Europe got together at The Hague to carry out the Czar's purpose, it was found that all was haphazard; that no preliminary studies had been made by Russia, no project prepared; in fact, that the Emperor's government had virtually done nothing toward guaranties of peace. Russia did indeed send one especially strong man to the Peace Conference—M. de Martens; but he was clearly not empowered to do anything which should practically secure Europe or Asia against the ambition of the war party at the Winter Palace.

RUSSIA'S FATUOUS COURSE WITH FINLAND

Take also the dealings with Finland. The whole thing is monstrous. It is both comedy and tragedy. Finland is by far the best-developed part of the empire; it stands on a higher plane than do the other provinces as regards every element of civilization; it has steadily been the most loyal of all the realms of the Czar, nihilism and anarchism never having gained the slightest foothold: yet to-day there is nobody in the whole empire strong enough to prevent sundry bigots, military and ecclesiastical, leading the Emperor to violate his coronation oath; to make the simple presentation of a petition to him treasonable; to trample Finland under his feet, to grievously wrong and grossly insult its whole people, to banish its best men and confiscate their property, to muzzle its press, to brutalize its peasantry, and thus to lower the whole country to the level of the remainder of Russia.

At the time of the Crimean War I had been interested in the Finnish peasants whom I saw serving on the gunboats. There was a sturdiness, heartiness, and loyalty about them which could not fail to elicit good will. But during this second stay in Russia my sympathies with them were more especially enlisted. The hot weather of the first summer I passed with

my family at the Finnish capital, Helsingfors, at the point where the Gulf of Finland opens into the Baltic. The whole people deeply interested me. Here is one of the most important universities of Europe, with a noble public library, beautiful buildings, and throughout the whole town an atmosphere of cleanliness and civilization far superior to that which one finds in any Russian city. Having been added to Russia by Alexander I, under his most solemn pledges that it should retain its own constitutional government, it had done so up to the time of my stay, and the results were evident throughout the entire grand duchy. While in Russia there had been from time immemorial a debased currency, the currency of Finland was as good as gold; while in Russia all public matters bore the marks of arbitrary repression, in Finland one could see the results of enlightened discussion; while in Russia the peasant is but little, if any, above Asiatic barbarism, the Finnish peasant, simple, genuine, is clearly far better developed both morally and religiously. It is a grief to me in these latter days to see that the measures which were then feared have since been taken. Finland is to be ground down to a level with Russia in general. Not long since we heard much sympathy expressed for the Boers in South Africa in their struggle against England; but infinitely more pathetic is the case of Finland. The little grand duchy has done what it could to save itself, but it recognizes the fact that its two millions of people are utterly powerless against the brute force of the one hundred and thirty millions of the Russian Empire. The struggle in South Africa meant, after all, that if worst came to worst, the Boers would, within a generation or two, enjoy a higher type of constitutional liberty than they ever would have developed under any republic they could have established; but Finland is now forced to give up her constitutional government and to come under the rule of brutal Russian satraps. These have already begun their work; all is to be "Russified": the constitutional bodies are to be virtually abolished; the university is to be brought down to the level of Dorpat—once so noted as a German university, now "Russified" and worthless; for the simple Protestantism of the people is to be substituted the fetishism of the Russo-Greek Church. It is the saddest spectacle of our time. Former emperors, however much they have wished to do so, have not dared break their oaths to Finland; but the present weakling sovereign, in his indifference, carelessness, and absolute unfitness to rule, has allowed the dominant reactionary clique about him to accomplish its own good pleasure. I put on record here the prophecy that his dynasty, if not himself, will be punished for it. All history shows that no such crime has been committed without receiving punishment.[1]

DE GIERS AND DE WITTE

THE first Russian statesman with whom I had to do was the Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. de Giers; but he was dying. I saw him twice in his retirement at Tsarskoé-Seló, and came to respect him much. He spoke at length regarding the *entente* between Russia and France, and insisted that

[1] The above was written before the Russian war with Japan and the assassinations of Bobrikoff, Plehve, and others, were dreamed of. My prophecy seems likely to be realized far earlier than I had thought possible.

As these sheets go to press, word comes that the Emperor has decreed the assembling of the Finnish Parliament, and various people unacquainted with Russian modes of government seem to be basing hopes for Finland on this statement. Pity that such hopes are more than doubtful! To those acquainted with Russian history, such a Parliament looks like a mere trap by which the next satrap who rules Finland can detect, by their utterances, the nobler and more patriotic men of the country, report them as dangerous, and so secure their banishment.

As a man who, during a long life, has pondered much upon history, I have found in it constant evidences of "a Power, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness." That Power has punished such dynasties as the Valois and Bourbons in France, the Stuarts in England, the Hapsburgs in Spain, and will, I firmly believe, punish, not less, the dynasty of Romanoff. There is a striking resemblance in personal characteristics and surroundings between Charles IX of France and Nicholas II of Russia. The former allowed himself to be dragged by priests, women, and a palace clique into the Massacre of St. Bartholomew; the latter has allowed himself to be dragged by priests, women, and a palace clique into the assassination of Finland and the present frightful war.

The question between Russia and Japan could have been easily and satisfactorily settled in a morning talk by any two business men of average ability—giving to each country all that it needs or can fairly claim; but there has been wantonly forced on by Russia one of the most terrible wars in history, which bids fair to result in the greatest humiliation which she has ever known.

it was not in the interest of war, but of peace. "Tell your government," he said, "that the closer the lines are drawn which bind Russia and France, the more strongly will Russian influence be used to hold back the French from war."

At another time he discoursed on the folly of war, and especially regarding the recent conflict between Russia and Turkey. He spoke of its wretched results, of the ingratitude which Russia had experienced from the peoples she had saved from the Turks, and finally, with extreme bitterness, of the vast sums of money wasted in it which could have been used in raising the condition of the Russian peasantry. He spoke with the conviction of a dying man, and I felt that he was sincere; at the same time I felt it a pity that under the Russian system there is no chance for such a man really to enforce his ideas: for one day he may be in the ascendancy with the autocrat, and the next, through the influence of grand dukes, women, priests, or courtiers, the very opposite ideas may become dominant.

The strongest man among the Czar's immediate advisers was understood to be the Finance Minister, De Witte. There always seemed in him a certain sullen force. The story usually told of his rise in the world is curious. It is in effect that when the Emperor Alexander II and his family were wrecked in their special train at Borki, many of their attendants were killed, and the world generally, including the immediate survivors of the catastrophe, believed for some time that it was the result of a Nihilist plot. There was, therefore, a general sweeping into prison of subordinate railway officials, and among these was De Witte, then in charge of a railway-station. During the examinations which ensued he showed himself so clear-headed and straightforward that he attracted attention, was given a subordinate position in the Finance Ministry, and finally advanced to the first place in it. His dealings with Russian finance have since shown great capacity: he brought the empire out of the slough of depreciated currency and placed it on a gold basis. I came especially to know him when he offered, through me, to the United States a loan in gold to enable us to tide over the difficulties with the currency question. He informed me that Russia had in her treasury many millions of rubles in American gold eagles, and that the Russian gold reserve then in the treasury was about six hundred millions. The only result was that I was instructed to convey the thanks of our government to him, there being no law enabling us to take advantage of his offer. What he wished to do was to make a call loan, whereas our Washington authorities could obtain gold only by issuing bonds.

I also met him in a very interesting way when I presented to him Rabbi Krauskopf of Philadelphia, who discussed the question of allowing sundry Israelites who were crowded into the western districts of the empire to be transferred to some of the less inhabited districts, on condition that funds for that purpose be furnished by their coreligionists in America. De Witte's discussion of the whole subject was liberal and statesmanlike. Unfortunately there was, as I believe, a fundamental error in his whole theory, which is the old Russian idea at the bottom of the autocracy, namely, that the state should own everything. More and more he went on extending government ownership to the railways until the whole direction and management of them virtually centered in his office.

One out of many sufferers from this theory was a very energetic man who had held sundry high positions but was evidently much discouraged. He showed me specimens of various rich ores from different parts of the empire, but lamented that there was no one to take hold of the work of bringing out these riches. It was perfectly clear that with the Minister of the Interior at that time, a very different man from De Witte, as in sundry other departments, the great question was how not to do it; evidently he, and functionaries like him, felt that if great enterprises and industries were encouraged they would become so large as to be difficult to manage, hence that it would be more comfortable to keep things within as moderate compass as possible.

IMPRESSION OF DE PLEHVE

To the easy-going view of public duty there were a few notable exceptions. While De Witte was the most eminent of these, there was one who has since become sadly renowned, and who, as I revise these

lines, has just perished by the hand of an assassin. This official was De Plehve, who, during my acquaintance with him, was only an under-secretary in the Interior Department, but was apparently taking all the important duties from his superior, M. Dournovo. At various times I met him to discuss the status of sundry American insurance companies in Russia, and was favorably impressed by his insight, vigor, and courtesy. It was, therefore, a surprise to me when, on his becoming a full minister, he bloomed out as a most bitter, cruel, and evidently short-sighted reactionary. The world stood amazed at the murderous cruelties against the Jews at Kishinef, for which he was really responsible, and nothing more cruel or short-sighted than his dealings with Finland has been known since Louis XIV revoked the Edict of Nantes. I can explain his course only by supposing that he sought to win the favor of the reactionary faction which at present controls the Czar, and thus to fight his way toward the highest power. He made of the most loyal and happy part of the empire the most disloyal and wretched; he pitted himself against the patriotism, the sense of justice, and all the highest interests and sentiments of the Finnish people; and he met his death at the hands of an avenger who, in destroying the enemy of his country, has blotted out apparently the last hope of his country's happiness.

A POINT IN RUSSIA'S FAVOR

WHILE a thoughtful American must condemn much which he sees in Russia, there is one thing which he cannot but admire and contrast to the disadvantage of his own country, and this is the fact that Russia sets a high value upon its citizenship. Its value, whatever it may be, is the result of centuries of struggles, of long outpourings of blood and treasure, and Russians believe that it has been bought at too great a price and is in every way too precious to be lavished and hawked about as a thing of no value. On the other hand, when one sees how the citizenship of the United States, which ought to be a millionfold more precious than that of Russia, is conferred loosely upon tens of thousands of men absolutely unfit to exercise it, whose exercise of it seems at times likely to destroy republican government; when one sees the power of conferring it granted to the least respectable class of officials at the behest of ward politicians, and at times without any regard to the laws; when one sees it prostituted by men of the most unfit class, and indeed of the predatory class, who have left Europe just long enough to obtain it and then left America in order to escape the duties both of their native and their adopted country, thus availing themselves of the privileges of both citizenships without one thought of the duties of either, using it often in careers of scoundrelism, one feels that Russia is nearer the true ideal in this respect than we are.

As a matter of fact, there is with us no petty joint-stock company an interest in which is not virtually held to be superior to this citizenship of ours, for which such sacrifices have been made, and for which so many of our best men have laid down their lives. No stockholder in the pettiest manufacturing company dreams of admitting men to share in it unless they show their real fitness to be thus admitted; but admission to American citizenship is surrounded by no such safeguards: it has been cheapened and prostituted until many who formerly revered it have come to scoff at it. From this evil, at least, Russia is free.

That there are many meritorious refugees, cannot be denied; but any one who has looked over extradition papers, as I have been obliged to do, and has seen people posing as Russian martyrs who are comfortably carrying on in New York the business of counterfeiting bank-notes, and unctuously thanking God in their letters for their success in the business, will be slow to join in the outcries of refugees of doubtful standing claiming to be suffering persecution on account of race, religion, or political opinion.

COURT CEREMONIES

THE entertainments by wealthy Russian nobles to the diplomatic corps were by no means so frequent or so lavish as of old. Two reasons were given for this, one being the abolition of the serf system, which had impoverished the nobility, and the other the fact that the Emperor Alexander III had set the fashion of paying less attention to foreigners than had formerly been the custom.

The main hospitalities, so far as the Emperor and Empress were concerned, were the great festivities at the Winter Palace, beginning on the Russian New Year's day, which is twelve days later than ours. The scene was most brilliant. The vast halls were filled with civil and military officials from all parts of the empire, in the most gorgeous costumes; an especially striking effect being produced by the caftans, or long coats, of the various Cossack regiments, the armor and helmets of the Imperial Guards, and the old Russian costumes of the ladies. All of the latter, on this occasion, from the Empress down, wore these costumes, which at other times were seen only upon peasants from the various provinces; there was great variety in these, but their main features were the *kakoshniks*, or ornamental crowns, and the tunics in bright colors.

The next of these great ceremonies at the palace was the blessing of the waters upon the 8th of January. The diplomatic corps and other guests were allowed to take their places at the windows of the palace looking out over the Neva, and thence could see the entire procession, which, having gone down the ambassadors' staircase, appeared at the temple which had been erected over an opening in the ice of the river. The Emperor, the grand dukes, the Archbishop of St. Petersburg with his suffragan bishops, all took part in this ceremonial, and the music, which was selected from the anthems of Bortniansky, was very solemn and impressive.

During the winter came court balls, and, above all, the "palm balls." The latter were, in point of brilliancy, probably beyond anything in any other court of modern times. After a reception, during which the Emperor and Empress passed along the diplomatic circle, speaking to the various members, dancing began, and was continued until about midnight; then the doors were flung open into other vast halls which had been changed into palm-groves. The palms for this purpose are very large and beautiful, four series of them being kept in the conservatories for this special purpose; each series is used one winter and then allowed to rest for three winters before it is brought out again. Under these palms the supper-tables are placed, and from twenty-five hundred to three thousand people sit at these as the guests of the Czar and Czarina. These entertainments seem carried to the extreme of luxury, their only defect being their splendid monotony. Only civil and military officials are present, and a newcomer finds much difficulty in remembering their names; there are said to be four hundred Princes Galitzin in the empire, and I personally knew three Counts Tolstoi who did not know one another. But the great drawback is the fact that all these entertainments are exactly like—always the same thing: merely civil and military functionaries and their families; and, for strangers, no occupation save to dance, play cards, talk futilities, or simply stare.

The Berlin court, though by no means so brilliant at first sight, and far smaller,—since the greatest number I ever saw in any gathering at the German Imperial Schloss was about fifteen hundred,—was really much more attractive, its greater interest arising from the presence of persons distinguished in every field. While at St. Petersburg one meets at court only civil and military functionaries, at Berlin one meets not only these, but the most prominent men in politics, science, literature, art, and the higher ranges of agriculture, commerce, and manufactures. At St. Petersburg, when I wished to meet such men, who have added to the peaceful glories of the empire, I went to their houses in the university quarter; at Berlin I met them also at court.

AN OBLIGING "NUBIAN"

Among the greater displays of my final year were a wedding and a funeral. The former was that of the Emperor's eldest daughter, the Grand Duchess Xenia, at Peterhof; it was very brilliant, and was conducted after the usual Russian fashion, its most curious features being the leading of the couple about the altar and their drinking out of the same cup.

Coming from the ceremony in the chapel, we of the diplomatic corps found ourselves at the foot of the great staircase, in a crush. But just at the side was a large door of plate-glass opening upon an outer gallery communicating with other parts of the palace, and standing guard at this door was one of the "Africans" whom I had noticed from time to time at the Winter Palace: an enormous creature, very black, very glossy, with the most brilliant costume possible. I had heard much of these "Nu-

bians," and had been given to understand that they had been brought from Central Africa by special command. At great assemblages in the imperial palaces, just before the doors were flung open for the entrance of the Majesties and their cortège, two great black hands were always to be seen put through the doors, ready to open them in an instant—the hands of two of these negro giants. I had built up quite a structure of romance regarding them, and now found myself in the crush at the foot of the grand staircase near one of them. As I looked up at him he bent down, put his lips to my ear, and said, with deferential compassion, "If you please, sah, would n't you like to git out of de crowd, sah, t'roo dis yere doah, sah?" Whereupon he opened the door, let us through, and then stood at bay against the crowd.

AN IMPERIAL FUNERAL

Splendid, too, in its way, was the funeral of the Grand Duchess Catherine at the Fortress Church. It was very impressive; almost as much so as the funeral of the Emperor Nicholas I, which I had attended at the same place nearly forty years before. The Emperor Alexander III, with his brothers, had followed the hearse and coffin on foot, and his Majesty was evidently greatly fatigued. Soon he retired to take rest, and then it was that we began to have the first suspicion of his final illness. Up to that time there had been skepticism: very few had thought it possible that a man of such giant frame and strength could possibly be seriously ill, but now there could be no doubt of it. Standing near him, I noticed his pallor and evident fatigue, and was not surprised that he twice left the place, evidently to secure rest. There was, indeed, need of it. In the Russian church the rule is that all must stand, and all of us stood from about ten in the morning until half-past one in the afternoon; but two of the high officials, covered with gold lace and orders, bearing tapers by the side of the grand duchess's coffin, toppled over from exhaustion and were removed.

As to other spectacles, one of the most splendid was the midnight mass on Easter eve. At my former visit I had seen this at the Kazan church; now we went to the Cathedral of St. Isaac. The ceremony was brilliant, almost beyond conception. As in the old days, the music was heavenly, and as the clocks struck twelve the cannons of the Fortress of Peter and Paul boomed forth, all the bells began chiming, a light, appearing at the extreme end of the church, seemed to run in all directions through the vast assemblage, and presently all was one blaze of light: every person in the church was holding a taper, and within a few moments all of these were lighted.

AMERICAN AFFAIRS AS SEEN FROM RUSSIA

One event which deeply stirred the Americans living in Russia at that period was the great strike at Chicago. Across the vast abyss, not merely of space but of ideas, which separates the two nations, it looked portentous indeed. Many Russians, who, in spite of the system prevailing in their own country, sympathized with liberty in others, were saddened by what they thought the probable ending of American freedom in mob rule. A considerable number of the upper classes, on the other hand, were doubtless pleased at seeing what they thought the end of constitutional government in the United States. When the American people, represented by their President and constituted authorities, firmly grasped that attempted anarchy and ended it, they gave lovers of liberty, not only in Russia but throughout the world, new hopes that well-regulated American freedom may be perpetual.

DEPARTURE FROM RUSSIA

In 1893, a new election having brought into power the party opposed to my own, I tendered my resignation to President Cleveland, and, in the full expectation that it would be accepted, gave up my apartment; but as he expressed a hope that I would continue at my post, I remained in the service a year longer, occupying my odds and ends of time in finishing my book. Then, feeling the need of going elsewhere to revise it, I wrote the President, thanking him for his confidence and kindness, but making my resignation final and naming the date when it was absolutely necessary for me to leave Russia. A very kind letter from him was the result, the time I had named was accepted, and on November 1, 1894, to my special satisfaction, I was once more free from official duty.

JAPANESE DEVOTION AND COURAGE

THE SPIRIT THAT QUICKENETH JAPAN

BY OSCAR KING DAVIS

THE PHILOSOPHY OF JAPANESE PATRIOTISM

AFTER the war between Japan and China it was often said that Murata rifles and Krupp cannon and the modern, scientific instruction of her army were what gained for the Island Empire so decisive a victory. The Japanese themselves did not accept this view. Says Dr. Inazo Nitobe:

> Does a piano, be it of the choicest workmanship, ever burst forth into the rhapsodies of Liszt or the sonatas of Beethoven without a master's hand? Or if guns win battles, why did not Louis Napoleon beat the Prussians with his mitrailleuse? It is "the spirit that quickeneth," without which the best of instruments profiteth but little. The most improved guns and cannon do not shoot of their own accord; the most modern educational system does not make a coward a hero. No! What won the battles on the Yalu, in Korea and Manchuria, was the ghosts of our fathers guiding our hands and beating in our hearts. They are not dead, those ghosts, the spirits of our warlike ancestors.

This ancestor-worship of the Japanese is no superstition: it is the great essential fact of their lives. "Western people easily make fun of it," says one of their writers, "but therein lies the philosophy of our patriotism." It was of this feeling that Lafcadio Hearn wrote: "It is probably the most profound and powerful of the emotions of the race—that which especially directs national life and shapes national character. Patriotism belongs to it. Loyalty is based upon it. The soldier who, to make a path for his comrades through the battle, deliberately flings away his life . . . obeys the will and hears the approval of invisible witnesses."

This is Yamato Damashii (the soul of Japan). It found its highest development in the lives of the military knights, the samurai of feudal days, whose code of precepts formed the Bushido, so cleverly expounded by Dr. Nitobe. Since the beginning of the present war there have been many explanations of the remarkable Japanese successes. But more than ever before it has been shown to be "the spirit that quickeneth" which has "won the battles on the Yalu, in Korea and Manchuria," "the spirit that quickeneth" which made the wonderful, long-sustained attack on the superbly defended fortress of Port Arthur.

THE MADNESS FOR SUCCESS

THERE is a wide-spread notion that the Japanese soldiers are fatalists, because when they join the colors in war-time they call themselves *kesshitai* (determined to die). But only in a restricted sense can they be called fatalists. They count their lives as forfeit, it is true, but only in the sense that each man is quite willing to die, and expects, when his crisis comes, to give his life, if necessary, for the success of his task. He hopes to come back, but only as a victor. Better far that his bones bleach in a foreign land than that he should return to his home defeated or with his work

unaccomplished. This is the real meaning of kesshitai. It is not that the soldier is bound at any event to throw his life away, but that in any event where success may be accomplished by his effort he will win even at the cost of his life—he will succeed or die. The code of the samurai "conceived the state as antedating the individual," and "the latter being born into the former as part and parcel thereof, he must live and die for it or for the legitimate incumbent of its authority."

From being merely the code of the samurai, and limited to their comparatively small number, Bushido grew to be the possession of the Japanese people generally. "The ethical system which first enlightened the military order," says Dr. Nitobe, "drew, in course of time, followers from amongst the masses." Again, "the precepts of knighthood, begun at first as the glory of the élite, became in time an aspiration and inspiration of the nation at large, and . . . Yamato Damashii ultimately came to express the *Volksgeist* of the Island Realm." This teaching has thoroughly permeated the national life. "Scratch a Japanese of the most advanced ideas and he will show a samurai."

HONOR AND REVENGE

ACTUATING the collective movement of the Japanese in this war is "that sense of honor which cannot bear being looked down upon as an inferior power." Coupled with it is the universal belief of the Japanese—product of Bushido precepts—that "in revenge there is something which satisfies one's sense of justice." Thus back of the realization of economic necessity, behind the impelling force of ever-increasing press of population, lie, first, the proud determination to demonstrate themselves to the world as a power on a par with the highest, one which must be reckoned with in the settlement of world problems, and, second, the old craving for revenge on the enemy which humbled them in their hour of triumph ten years ago. And loyalty being the first tenet of their religion, and "life being regarded only as the means whereby to serve the master," it becomes clear why and how the whole fighting force of Japan, on land and on sea, is kesshitai. This is "the spirit that quickeneth." To understand how stern, uncompromising, determined is this spirit, it is only necessary to recall that "in the days when decapitation was public not only were small boys sent to witness the ghastly scene, but they were made to visit the place alone in the darkness of night, and there to leave a mark of their visit upon the trunkless head." That was barely a generation ago. Fatalism? Ah, no! "The spirit that quickeneth" the army and navy of Japan to-day is the growth and development of centuries of unfettered militarism. The like of Yamato Damashii cannot be found among the other peoples of the world.

FIRST ATTEMPT TO BLOCK PORT ARTHUR

THE first objective of the Japanese at the opening of the war was naturally the Russian fleet at Port Arthur. It must be either destroyed or bottled up in order to permit the movement of troops and supplies oversea. The first fight taught the Russians the folly of risking an open engagement and determined the character of the subsequent manœuvering. The Japanese found that they must hold in harbor the fleet that would not come out and fight. A close blockade was impracticable, owing to the severe weather prevailing off Port Arthur and the power of the land batteries. The alternative was to block the entrance.

The channel which leads into the harbor of Port Arthur is about three hundred and fifty feet wide. Steep hills rise on either side, close in, where the Russians had posted powerful batteries. Besides these forts, one of the Czar's battle-ships, the *Retvizan*, which had been disabled in the first fight, lay aground near the entrance in such position that her secondary battery commanded the channel. One ship would not be sufficient for the blocking even if sunk squarely across the fairway. The Japanese selected five old merchant steamers and loaded them with stone. Mines were arranged in the hold of each in such manner that their explosion would sink the ship almost immediately. The ships being ready, Admiral Togo called for volunteers from his fleet to handle them. He wanted seventy-seven men. More than two thousand, virtually every man who had the opportunity, responded. Some of them, following the "time-honored practice of the samurai," wrote their applications in their own blood. It could hardly be called

volunteering for a dangerous task. It was a prayerful appeal to be selected for a highly honorable mission.

The night chosen for the attempt was dark and stormy. High seas were running, and an icy wind drove across the harbor with frequent, thick snow-squalls. It was about two o'clock in the morning when the blocking ships arrived from their rendezvous. They were preceded by a flotilla of torpedo-boats and destroyers and escorted by others. It was the business of the first torpedoers to scout out the entrance and drive away any Russian torpedo craft which might be on guard. Although the attempt to block was made at night and under the most favorable conditions for preserving secrecy, there was no effort at concealment when the time came for the actual dash to be made. The approach of the torpedoers gave warning to the Russians, and immediately the search-lights of the forts on the hills and of the ships in the harbor began to play over the water about the entrance until the whole place was a blaze of light. The forts opened fire with all their guns, and the ships lying far enough out to reach the danger zone joined the action.

Straight into the glare of the blinding search-lights and into the maelstrom of shells and projectiles the stone-laden blocking ships held their way. One of them was commanded by Takeo Hirose, a lieutenant-commander in the navy, who was known among his sailor mates by the nickname of "Mars." He was a curious combination of the fantastic honor characteristic of the Japanese, and of a schoolboyish sentimentality. He had served as naval attaché at St. Petersburg, where he had formed friendships with several officers who were now at Port Arthur. He cherished the belief that if he could only see some of these officers he could persuade them of the uselessness of holding out against the Japanese and might thereby bring about the surrender of the fortress and the ships without further fighting. For, samurai and officer as he was, he abhorred bloodshed, and he had his plans formulated for obtaining leave to visit the fortress as soon as he had performed the present task of blocking up the entrance so that the Russian ships could not come out.

The blocking ships were still five or six miles from the position allotted for their self-destruction when the Russians opened fire. Blinded by the search-lights, their commanders were unable to see the harbor mouth, and had to steer for it by dead-reckoning. The leading ship missed the course a little and grounded outside the entrance. Hirose's ship followed and profited by the misfortune of its fellow. Steering by the compass, he held on, despite the fire of the Russians, until a shell disabled the steering-gear. He lost his course, but kept on steaming ahead. The *Retvizan* devoted the full fire of her secondary battery to his luckless ship, but could not stop him. On he went until he actually collided with the Russian battle-ship. Recoiling by the shock of collision, the rudderless ship swung toward the channel mouth, and Hirose gave the order to blow her up. He alone of the five who started had succeeded in getting near the intended point. All the others had been either sunk by the Russian fire or disabled and compelled to sink themselves. As his ship went down, Hirose and his men launched a boat and began a desperate struggle to row back through the fire-swept waters to the torpedoers waiting outside to pick them up. Every stroke they pulled was in the full blaze of Russian search-lights, with shells and bullets splashing about them and occasionally striking the boat. The torpedo-boats outside were showing fire-basket signals, but the search-lights blinded the men in the boat so that they could not see their friends. The water, splashed by the Russian shells, soaked their clothes, and it was bitter cold. Their boat leaked, and some of the men pulled off their boots to bail out the water. It was tough work battling against the heavy seas, but they kept it up. The five torpedoers assigned to rescue duty steamed daringly in about the harbor mouth and one by one picked up the boats from the sunken ships, but it was not until three o'clock in the afternoon that the last one was saved. Not one was lost. In spite of the terrible fire to which they had been subjected, only one or two were killed and a few wounded.

It was a gallant, daring effort, but an utter failure. Japan thrilled in her silent fashion at the news and praised her heroes, but the men themselves went back to their ships and shaved their heads in humiliation, refusing to speak to their mates, living alone and silent, asking only permission to try again.

SECOND ATTEMPT—DEATH OF HIROSE

It was a month later when that permission came to some of the officers. To the men it was refused. They had shown their willingness and their gallantry. There were others entitled to the chance. Only one enlisted man secured the highly prized permission. This was Chief Warrant-Officer Sugino. He and Hirose had been friends from boyhood. He had accompanied Hirose on the first attempt, and now, at the lieutenant-commander's special request, he was allowed to go again. Hirose had not given up hope of visiting the fortress and trying to persuade his old-time friends to surrender, but he knew full well the danger of the work he was about to undertake. He had settled all his business affairs and was prepared to die. "I can think of no serious omission in fulfilling engagements," he wrote his parents, "and should I be called away this moment I leave nothing behind me about which I should feel ashamed to take heaven or earth into my confidence, or be laughed at by any man, and I have absolutely nothing to make me fear death." In the pocket of his blouse he carried the gloves he wore one day when, being detailed to guide the Empress about one of the new battle-ships, he had been obliged on several occasions to take her hand.

This time there were only four ships. As before, they were preceded by torpedoers to clear the way and followed by others to pick up the survivors. From the method of attack, the torpedo-boats going in ahead, it was inevitable that the blocking ships would be discovered while still well away. They chose the hours just before dawn. The four ships, under full steam, headed straight in for the harbor mouth and succeeded in getting within two miles before the wheeling search-lights picked them up. Already the batteries were at work on the torpedo-boats, aided by the patrol-ships and the disabled *Retvizan*, still lying aground under Golden Hill. Hirose's was the second ship in the line. The first drove directly into the glare of the search-lights focused upon her, and, utterly unmindful of the swarms of angry shells screaming overhead, bursting all about, and now and then tearing through the ship herself, kept steadily on until she reached a position in the channel, let go her anchor, and blew herself up. Hirose, following his leader closely, saw his success with a happy heart.

This time there was something to do aboard the blocking ships besides merely to stand under the awful fire and wait the time to explode their mines. Each ship had mounted a small quick-firing gun, and as she went in her crew served it with all their energy. Hirose had almost gained the allotted position. Some of his men had been killed, others wounded, but in the main it was well, and he thought he had succeeded. He sent Sugino to explode the mine and prepared to swing his ship across the channel. But as Sugino was preparing to light the fuse a Russian torpedo struck the ship. The explosion set off the ship's mine, and Sugino was killed where he stood. Instantly the ship settled, and Hirose knew she would sink where she was. He ordered away the boat and ran to look for his friend. On deck hardly a man was sound; but they got the boat lowered, and, wounded as they were, helped one another in until all who were alive were ready to go but Hirose. He could not find Sugino's body. Three times he tried to go below, but the inrushing water forced him back. At last, when the deck was almost awash, he stepped into the boat. He stood looking back at the ship going down in a great swirl of water, as if he expected to see Sugino come up on deck or to hear him call to them to wait. And as he stood there thinking only of his friend, while his men pulled out toward the rescuers hovering near the harbor mouth, a shell struck him and carried him bodily into the sea.

As the men rowed they sang war-songs; but so fiercely were they shelled by the Russians that they thought the singing must be attracting attention, and stopped. The deadly search-lights played upon them all the time, and the flash of their oars revealed their exact position. Again and again their boat was hit, and the man at the tiller was struck in the head. They brought the boat parallel with the beams of one search-light that was watching them, and lay still, hoping thus to elude the pitiless gaze of the great unwinking eye. So they lay, bailing out their leaking boat with their boots, until the terrible din of the firing died away, the guns ceased to roar, and the search-lights were turned off.

The attempt to block was over. Dawn came on, and they rowed out and were picked up by their friends, only to find that again the effort had failed. The ships, gallantly as they had been handled, had not been sunk in the right places, and the channel was still open.

THE SUCCESSFUL THIRD ATTEMPT

SOME men would have given up the effort, but not the Japanese. They had sunk nine ships and thrown away a million dollars and many lives for nothing. Loyal Japan rocked with the wonderful story of the gallantry of her sons; but not a word of criticism was heard for the men who had failed, not a murmur of complaint, only the sad but hopeful cry that they must try again. Five weeks intervened before the preparations were completed for the third attempt. Again and again the war-ships offered battle to the Russians. Ruse after ruse failed to lure the children of the Czar into a fight. Port Arthur was bombarded from every possible point without avail. The Russians refused to risk a general engagement. The time had come when troops in large numbers must be brought by transport up to Manchuria. Come what might, cost what it would, the entrance to Port Arthur must be sealed up.

Neither side had been idle for five weeks. Each had busily sowed mines in the waters about the harbor mouth, the Russians to keep the Japanese from getting in, the Japanese to keep the Russians from getting out. The Russians had also constructed a great boom of heavy logs which they stretched across the channel entrance as a further protection.

The Japanese concluded that one reason of their previous failures was that they had employed too few ships. If they doubled the number they would have more than twice the chance of getting enough of them into proper position to do the work. So they prepared nine steamers, each loaded with cement, which would harden upon being wet and become like a great mass of solid stone. The news of the victory on the Yalu, which had just been won, fired the hearts of the venturesome fellows who were selected from the thousands of applicants for the dangerous task. As before, they planned to approach just before dawn. The night was clear when they left their rendezvous, convoyed by gunboats and destroyers charged with the old duty of clearing the way and picking up the survivors. In general scope the plan was exactly the one that had failed twice. Each ship, as on the second attempt, mounted a gun to give the crew work while passing through the fire belt.

This night revealed as never before "the spirit that quickeneth" the Japanese navy. Shortly after the start a strong gale sprang up, and in a little time a high sea was running. The weather was so rough that the ships became separated, and the commander, fearing that the attempt would fail, set signal to turn back, intending to wait for a quiet night. But the Japanese Nelsons failed to observe the signal, and each ship held on its course. The first to arrive found the convoying torpedo destroyers already at it, with the Russian patrol-ships at the harbor mouth, and thinking that the work had begun, steamed straight in. There had been hot work before, but nothing like this. The Russians had mounted new batteries near the water on both sides of the channel and had set up new search-lights. As the first ship started in, one after another the search-lights picked her up, and battery after battery opened fire on her. Observation-mines had been laid also, which were fired now, making a flare like a huge torch and throwing a great glare over the water. Into this brilliant light the blocking ship advanced. Electric mines exploded all about her as she steamed on, and shells whistled around her, plunged into the water on all sides, throwing up columns of spray, or crashed into her hull or through her rigging. Luck was hers, and no shot struck a vital place. On she drove straight into the channel, her men working their gun and singing their war-songs as they fired. Slap against the boom she went, and through it, the fastenings of the logs parting under the strain. On up channel she held until fairly in the middle. Then, the position so desperately striven for gained at last, she swung across the fairway, let go her anchor, and fired her mine, going down as truly as if it had been a drill with never a sign of resistance.

Hard behind came her mates, one after another. The crested combers driving in on the southerly gale were chopped and torn by the myriad shells that screamed from the Russian batteries. The search-lights played over the water with steady,

unceasing sweep, and every instant exploding mines added to the din and the glare. Still they came. All but one of the nine had reached the harbor, and each of these eight strove to win the appointed place. The second, following close after the first, smashed through the boom, picked her place well inside, and went down by her master's hand. The third had almost stopped when she struck the boom. Instantly she grappled it, swung alongside squarely across the channel, and went down. Close behind this one came two more, turned broadside to the fairway, and set off their mines.

Russian mines or shells sank the other three before they reached the harbor entrance, but enough went down in their allotted position to gain their point, and Port Arthur was sealed. Success had crowned the desperate work at last. Now came the struggle to escape. Close in behind the cement-laden ships came the daring torpedo craft, eagerly searching for the small boats with the survivors. Of the three outside ships all the men were picked up, but those who reached the boom saw no more of their comrades. Against the tall seas pounding into the harbor they could make no headway, struggle as they might. They strove to attract their friends by singing war-songs, but attracted only the bullets and shells of the enemy instead. A long time they worked in vain. Then they gave it up. Only Japanese, to whom surrender is a disgrace worse than death, would do what they did then. They went ashore, sprang through the pounding surf, and charged up the hills, boldly attacking the batteries and the search-lights, a handful at a time. For a moment the astonished Russians turned their rifles on the sturdy little fellows scrambling up the hills. Then the recognition gallantry gives to gallantry caught them, and with a cheer they held their fire. So the last of the blocking crews crowned their successful effort and fell into the hands of the enemy, weapons in hand and fighting to the last, "obeying the will and hearing the approval" of the millions of samurai gone before.

THE MEN OF THE "KINSHU MARU"

That is "the spirit that quickeneth" the Japanese navy. It is not less lively in the army. Consider the men of the *Kinshu Maru*. She was a little transport on which a company of the Thirty-seventh Infantry was sent from one town to another on the east coast of Korea. On the way they fell in with some Russian war-ships. Summoned to surrender, they refused. They knew they were helpless. They had been taught, too, by the higher officers, who recognize the folly of the old samurai notion that suicide is better than surrender, that it was their business under such circumstances to give up, for a live man, even though a prisoner of the enemy, has still a chance of some day serving his Emperor. But they belonged to the Osaka division, which once, long ago, in the Formosa rebellion, had been charged with cowardice and had never since had opportunity to wipe out the stain. So when the naval officers, who were not so concerned as the soldiers, and the non-combatants, who had no sensitive honor to defend, had left the ship, these soldiers formed up on deck and opened fire with their rifles on the Russian war-ships. They wanted no quarter and they asked no compromise. They would show the world that the men of the Osaka division were not afraid to die or to fight against hopeless odds. When the inevitable happened and the Russian shells sent the *Kinshu Maru* to the bottom, these defenders of the honor of men long gone fired their last volley and went down shouting, "Teikoku banzai!"

FORDING THE YALU ON THE BOTTOM

Sanko Takano, sergeant-major, special duty, belongs to the Second Company, Second Cavalry Regiment, Second Division. On a dark night in early April, soon after his regiment had reached the Yalu River, he and Lance-Corporal Shinobu Watanabe were sent out with a third man to ascertain the width and depth of the main stream of the river where it flows between two large islands opposite Wiju. They crossed the first channel in a boat which the sergeant-major and the corporal left on the first island in charge of the third man. Then the two worked across the island to the main stream. The Russians occupied a little village on the opposite side, directly across from the place where Takano and Watanabe struck the river. Takano saw that it would be very difficult to get across without attracting their attention. Ice was run-

ning in the river, and the water was bitterly cold. Takano thought that if he tried to swim he would surely arouse the Russians. So he determined to walk across on the bottom of the river, rising occasionally for breath! They had a coil of light rope with them. Takano took off his uniform and fastened one end of the line to his body. Then he picked up a stone to help him keep on the bottom, and waded in, leaving the lance-corporal to hold the rope by which he was to be dragged back whenever he gave a signal of two sharp pulls.

Pounded by the ice and chilled to the marrow by the cold water, Takano struggled on. The water rose over his head, but the heavy stone he carried enabled him to keep on the bottom. Now he could walk a little faster, for he was free from the battering ice; but as he neared the center of the stream the current grew swifter and swifter, until, if it had not been for the stone he carried, it would have swept him down. He grew numb from the cold, and it took all his strength, stout swimmer as he was, to rise to the surface and stay there long enough to breathe. Yet he dared not drop the weight, for he knew he could not get down to the bottom again. So he worked, with Watanabe paying out the rope, until he felt the bottom rising and knew he was beyond the middle of the stream. Almost senseless, Takano stumbled along, striving to carry out the letter of his orders and reach the opposite bank. But not even Japanese nature could stand such a test, and Watanabe, waiting on the bank, felt the long, steady pull on the rope that told him Takano had lost consciousness. With all his might the corporal hauled in the line and soon had the unconscious sergeant-major out of the water.

A brisk rubbing and the contents of his flask finally revived Takano, who got into his warm, dry uniform again and started back with the corporal across the island. But when they reached the place where they had left the boat, it was gone. The third man, concluding that they had been captured by the Russians, had started back. There was nothing for it but to swim, so in the two men plunged. The floating ice hammered them and the cold water numbed them, so that they could not make headway against the current and were carried downstream. But fortune had not deserted them, and they drifted against the boat in which their comrade was trying to scull back to shore. He too had been swept down-stream by the swift water and the ice which hindered his sculling. He hauled them in, and soon they were landed on the Wiju side, to be commended by their captain for showing the real spirit of Yamato Damashii.

SASAKI'S SACRIFICE

ANOTHER phase of "the spirit that quickeneth" is shown by the exploit which ended the life of Corporal Koji Sasaki of the Second Cavalry. This regiment was part of the screen that covered the front of the First Japanese army in its slow advance from Feng-huang-cheng toward the Russian positions on the railroad. It fell to the lot of Corporal Sasaki one day in June to go out with five other troopers, under Sublieutenant Nakumo, to reconnoiter the Liao-yang road toward the famous Motien Pass. The rugged Manchurian hills that heaved up their bluff bulk on each side of the road held no esthetic suggestion for them. Each might easily be a trap to catch them, the place of concealment of a detachment of the enemy. Carefully, painstakingly, slowly they searched their way forward, scrambling to height after height to gain vantage-points from which the surrounding country could be scanned. Hour after hour passed, with no sign of Russians. Then suddenly, unexpectedly, as the patrol was advancing quietly along the road, around a turn from behind a hill came a group of the soldiers of the Czar, perhaps forty men.

The two patrols discovered each other at the same instant. The Russians being infantrymen, with their rifles in their hands, were ready for action instantly, and before the Japanese could make a move toward fighting, their enemy was shooting at them. Nakumo recognized the peril of his position at once, and with his men dashed under cover of some bushes and small trees that grew beside the road. But scarcely had they gained this cover when Corporal Sasaki saw another force of Russian infantry, about a hundred in number, coming out from behind another hill and advancing on a line that would cut the retreat of the party. Lieutenant Nakumo saw that he was hopelessly outnumbered. To fight would be folly, for they would all be killed, which they did not mind except

that that would defeat the object of the reconnaissance, leaving no one to report to the general; or they would be captured, which, for reasons of their own, the Japanese regard as the most indelible disgrace, for which no excuse can be given and no atonement made. His only chance was to run for it. Even that did not seem to offer much hope, and when he announced his intention the others agreed with him. That was Sasaki's opportunity. His right hand flew up to his cap in the never-failing salute to superior rank, and he cried out:

"You take the others and escape as fast as you can. I will stay here and try to hold the Russians until you get away."

With true Japanese readiness, Nakumo accepted the sacrifice on the instant, and he and the other five troopers dashed back toward their own lines at full speed. The Russians saw them and fired a few scattering shots, but without effect. Meantime Corporal Sasaki calmly sat on his horse among the brush and watched the enemy's cautious advance. It never occurred to him that they might not have counted the number of his party and would think the whole Japanese patrol had fled. He took it for granted that they surely knew he was left behind and that they would devote themselves to his capture. And, being a typical Japanese, it did not occur to him to make a fight and sell his life as dearly as possible. His idea of holding the Russians was not to resist them, but to make them delay in looking for him and thus give his comrades time to escape. But somehow the Russians did not act as he expected. Perhaps they did not understand Japanese tradition and custom. They moved forward carefully, as if they suspected some sort of trap. Their lines of advance, however, cut off Sasaki's retreat and the corporal concluded that his time had come.

A little distance to the right of the clump of bushes where he was hiding there was a Chinese house, with a stable in the compound. Sasaki dismounted, unslung his carbine from his shoulder, and walked toward the hut, leading his horse. Neither he nor the animal should fall into the hands of the enemy. He led the horse into the stable-yard, made a proper address of farewell to the beast that had carried him faithfully through Korea and thus far into Manchuria, and put a bullet through its head. As the horse fell, Corporal Sasaki turned and walked into the house. The Chinese owner of the place, attracted from his garden by the sound of the shot, ran up and followed the corporal. In the sleeping-room, beside the bed, stood a tall cabinet. In front of that Sasaki stopped. The astonished and trembling Chinaman saw him work a cartridge from the magazine into the chamber of his carbine. For an instant the soldier examined the gun as if making sure that it was in proper working order. Then he stood up straight and shouted, "Teikoku banzai!" The next second the muzzle of the short-barreled carbine was under his chin, and his finger pulled the trigger.

"Most honorable death of Japanese soldier," said my interpreter.

The frightened Chinaman hurriedly thrust the body of the dead corporal, with the carbine, into a drawer of the cabinet, and ran back to his garden and his work. The Russians, hearing the two shots and apparently taking them for signals, turned where they were and went back, seemingly suspecting the presence of a considerable force of Japanese.

"So horse and man escaped from the merciless enemy," said the interpreter, "even though they were gone forever."

An hour later Sublieutenant Nakumo, not hearing anything from his corporal, left the place to which he had retreated and cautiously searched back along the road to the spot where they had parted. The Chinaman at work in his garden saw the lieutenant and ran to him to tell what had happened. With a little stick he traced out in the dust the ideographs which told the lieutenant the story. Then he pointed out the dead horse in the stable-yard and the corporal's body in the cabinet drawer. With the help of the Chinese, Nakumo saw both decently buried, and then with the corporal's carbine and equipment he returned to camp.

"Corporal Koji Sasaki was a great hero," said my interpreter, as he finished the story, "to save six lives at the cost of his own, so dear to himself. He was not afraid to die in his country's cause. It was an act of heroism characteristic of Japanese cavalry on duty, showing the real spirit of Yamato Damashii to the end."

It seemed never to occur to the interpreter, or to any other of the Japanese whom I heard speak of the case, that if

Sasaki had fired his two shots at the Russians, or even in the air, the same result would have been attained as far as they were concerned, and that the life "so dear to himself" have been saved. The great point with them was that he preferred death even to the chance of being captured, and they regarded it as quite conclusive that this sacrifice, and this alone, saved the lives of Lieutenant Nakumo and the other five troopers. So, too, it was regarded in Tokio, where the usual posthumous honors due to such conspicuous gallantry were duly awarded and a pension fitting the circumstances was granted to Sasaki's relatives.

Such is Yamato Damashii. It is that which is responsible for the remarkable restraint shown by the Japanese in their time of victory, and the self-control exhibited in such hours of distress as followed the loss of their battle-ship *Hatsuse*, and the sinking of the transport *Hitachi Maru* with a thousand men who went down rather than surrender. One other phase of it is shown in the messages sent by the admirals and generals in reply to the commendation of the Emperor after victories. The Japanese to-day, even their most highly educated, believe profoundly in the divine descent and sacred powers of the Mikado.

"The officers and men who undertook the task" (first blocking attempt), said Admiral Togo, "returned safely by the unseen power of protection of your Illustrious Majesty."

When the Emperor praised the men who made the second attempt, Togo replied:

"Your message may also influence the patriotic manes of the departed heroes to hover long over the battle-field and give unseen protection to the imperial forces."

"The victory of our army," telegraphed General Kuroki after the battle of the Yalu, "was alone due to the illustrious virtue of your Majesty."

Dr. Nitobe is right. It is not all by guns and training. Much, very much, is due to "the spirit that quickeneth."

ART, THE PURSUER

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

I

IT is the Tidings speeds the bringer,
It is the Need that arms the doer,
It is the Song that finds the singer,—
Aye! Art, forever the Pursuer,
Leaves this, and that, behind,—
Seeks one among the few,
On whom its choice to bind . . .
And what, if Art seek you?

II

Oh, then, as waits the string unsmitten,
As waits the marble without features,
As waits the true last word unwritten,—
As these to you are but your creatures,
So ye are unto Art;
Docile to be, or do,
Wait,—soul, and brain, and heart;
Ye cannot Art pursue!

TO THE BARBERINI BEES

BY

MARTHA GILBERT DICKINSON

EMBLAZONED high upon the canopies
Above St. Peter's sanctified repose,
Hiving 'mid papal tombs in crested shows,
Swarming on pillar and on haughty frieze.
Cluster the proud old Barberini bees;
Who live on incense and forget the rose,
As they forget their brotherhood with those
Dear humble buzzy fellows overseas.
Oh, tell me, little toilers, do ye faint
Never for lowly beds of mignonette,
Or mountain paths with gipsy flowers set?
What honey lurks in porphyry and paint,
Or what content in summer days like these
For vain immortal Barberini bees?

MISS HARRIET'S "EXTRAVAGANCE"

BY FLORIDA PIER

"I'M glad we got dressed early. Now we can walk to church real slow."

"My sciatica 's awful bad, Harriet."

"Yes? I 'm right sorry. I don't see what 's to be done—"

"You 've got the nickel for the contribution-box, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, I ain't forgot it."

Miss Harriet, the elder, the one with the unexpected dimple, rustled down the walk, followed by her sister, Miss Lucy. They held their skirts in both hands in that marvelous fashion that gives even the meekest little lady the appearance of shooing all mankind off the face of the earth. As they reached the front gate there was a whirr, a great deal of dust, and Miss Harriet whispered in quite the way she would have spoken of a friend of the family who had taken to skirt-dancing:

"There 's that electric car."

"Thank Heaven, it 's empty; if folks would just refuse to ride in it the company would, most likely, take the thing away."

A little farther up the road Miss Lucy stopped.

"Harriet, I don't know but what it would be better to ride than to get so petered out walkin'. My limb 's just awful."

"I 'm really sorry, but we 've only got the nickel for the collection, and—"

"Oh, I suppose I can *stand* it; I 've been standin' most of my sorrows for the past thirty-three years."

"Why, Lucy, you did n't have sorrows when you were a child."

"Perhaps I did n't, but I did n't know that I did n't have 'em, so I can't see what good it did me."

Another car bumped by, and Miss Harriet looked guilty. Who was most deserving of that nickel, the minister or Lucy? Both asked, and to him who asketh— Oh, she did n't know. For the first ten minutes in church Miss Lucy tried every position known to a prim New England spinster, and then decided that no comfort was possible with a throbbing sciatic nerve and a pew much too narrow—a decision which she confided to Miss Harriet with a good deal of firmness at the beginning of the opening hymn.

Then came the prayer, and poor Miss Harriet's mind would do nothing but reproach her with, "Lucy is n't able to walk"; then again, "I never refused the collection before," until the nickel weighed so heavily upon her mind that at the end of the prayer, instead of murmuring, with the rest of the congregation, "Amen," she said quite loud and very plaintively, "It would n't be right."

The only thing that saved her from being considered a heretic by the entire village was a determined change of position on the part of Miss Lucy, with a resultant squeak from the pew, so loud that it even topped the "Amen."

At last came the sermon, a long one, that gave Miss Harriet much time to watch the fight between her habit of helping the heathen and her tender heart that pleaded so sturdily to help Miss Lucy. Under cover of the bustle that always comes with the advent of the contribution-box, Miss Lucy murmured resignedly, "My limb 's painin' terrible." Miss Harriet's hand that held the nickel crept nearer to her black silk bag; the contribution-box was only two pews away.

"Mrs. Falconer put in five cents more than she ever has before," came in an excited whisper from Miss Lucy, and,

thankful that her mind had been made up for her, Miss Harriet dropped the nickel into her bag and closed it firmly.

At the end of the service the heads of families, attended by all their respectable relatives, filed down the aisle. At the door Miss Harriet gasped with excitement as a man, a presentable and eligible man, spoke to Miss Lucy. A critical eye might have blinked at his necktie—a blue and yellow plaid tied in a cocky little bow with two long ends that had a vicious habit of flying into their wearer's eyes and quite depriving him of his sight for the moment. His clothes seemed to have been argued on, and though they had submitted to be worn, it was under protest. But after thirty-three years of waiting, Miss Lucy was not critical, and Miss Harriet was rapidly thinking, "Lucy will be the first person in this village to ride in the electric cars, and *he'll* see her do it. Mebbe it will stop right in front of the church door; that might look forward, though," and then, horror of horrors! her thoughts were pulled up short with, "Harriet, I 'm going to walk home with Mr. Crane," and off Miss Lucy started, smiling, or, to be quite truthful, giggling just exactly as if cars had never been invented.

While Miss Harriet was quieting her disappointment,—for it is a trying thing to have a sacrifice wasted,—a car was stopped directly in front of the door. Not to take any one on,—oh, dear, no; no villager had yet acquired sufficient courage for that,—but to let the numerous carryalls and wagons full of church-goers get themselves untangled.

And then, at that moment, with the eyes of the village upon her, Miss Harriet walked straight to the steps of the car and clambered up.

Quintius Curtius himself had not a prouder air nor a more awe-struck audience.

The joy of it, the beautiful slippery seats, the giving of her nickel to the very handsome man in the elegant uniform—oh, it was wonderful!

As Miss Harriet saw her house approaching, and knew it was n't yet time to have the car stopped, her excitement grew so great that when the car was opposite her gate she had quite lost her voice, only recovering it when the end of the village street was reached. Then it occurred to her that she had not seen her south field since Jim Falconer set it out in buckwheat. She really ought to go as far as that, and the walk back would be real pleasant. Before the shimmering buckwheat had loosed its hold upon her that wonderful man who always seemed to know just what bell to ring was asking her if she wanted a transfer.

"A transfer? I don't know. What would I do with it? What! clear to Green's Corner for that same nickel? Yes, I guess I may as well have a transfer." She was frightened, of course. Who is not at such vital moments? But she could n't go back yet: she must see more trees fly by; she must slide up and down on these shiny, slippery seats just a little longer. And oh, she must know what the machine with the bell and numbers was called.

When she had been safely piloted into the next car, the thought came to her that James had probably been in electric cars a number of times—James, who had brought fame to his sisters by giving the college yell at one of their sewing meetings, then making a Welsh rabbit, which Miss Harriet alone managed to eat. The ladies decided that this last performance was much nearer black art than cookery, but they respected him for it. James had lived in the city so long now that he almost ceased to be regarded as a near relative, but more as a halo to be worn gracefully. James wrote Miss Harriet could n't say just what; she had once started to read the only product of his pen that they had, a long column in a city newspaper, headed "Modern Tendencies," when Miss Lucy discovered her. It had been a disconcerting moment for Miss Harriet. Reading James's works implied that she thought she knew as much as James himself, but she had really never meant any such impertinence. The first line was recalled with fresh interest: "The happiness that is expressed by extravagance." Now she understood perfectly what the word meant: a fluttering of the heart together with a shortness of breath and a general happy feeling; that was it, of course—just her own symptoms, in fact; James's insight had always been remarkable.

After the first transfer she quite lost control, and went on and on, receiving in her mad career three more transfers, *all* different colors. But at last another man, in a uniform quite as elegant, but with a face not half so nice, demanded eight cents fare.

Miss Harriet felt just as Eve must have when she was told to leave the garden. There was no use objecting; she had had a very beautiful time: still, it *was* hard.

"No, I have n't any more money, and of course I 'll get off; but, please, will you tell me where I am, first?"

"Two miles out of Stocket," grunted the man.

"Stocket, Stocket. Why, Cousin Will Halpin lives at Stocket. Oh, stop the car right away, please."

And poor Miss Harriet, in the afternoon sun, with a stomach woefully empty, tramped the two miles back to Stocket. She was happy, though, oh! so happy, for she had had an adventure! With the restful assurance that Cousin Will had sent word to Lucy, she sighed and rested on her laurels. The next afternoon she walked proudly up her front walk, and in answer to Miss Lucy's cry of "Harriet, what *have* you been doing?" cried gaily, "Lucy, Lucy, I 've been extravagant!"

GOD SAVE THE STATE!

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON

ASK of me not that in the loud acclaim
I join, to laud the day's victorious name,—
Whether your choice or mine,—though I am prone
To plead inexorably for my own,
And flout your creed as false, proclaim mine wise.
Yet not with man or cause the triumph lies,
For what has been established, what disproved?
In the November midnight I am moved
Less by exultant shouts that o'er the town
Herald the chief new-laureled for renown
Than by the thought that, safe from strife and hate,
August, serene, triumphant lives the State,
Immutable and steadfast like the hills!
Though over it a thousand warring wills
Storm fitfully, they only prove it strong.
And you and I, bemoaning error and wrong,
Hear many a challenge 'neath the citadel
While the calm sentry answers, "All is well,"
And starward lifts his eyes.
Man's faith in man
Remains the secret still of God's great plan,
Whereof He gave to us the golden key
That seals our covenant with Liberty,
And makes her holy ark for ay our own,
To hold for Man and not for men alone!
Your hand, my friend! The heavens decree our fate;
Who loses or who wins, God save the State!

TOPICS OF THE TIME

THOUGHTS DURING A NATIONAL CAMPAIGN

INCLUDING SUGGESTIONS IN ANOTHER DIRECTION

THE political stir of a Presidential campaign, the intense discussion of governmental principles and practices, have, as we lately remarked, highly salutary uses in a country of free institutions. In the present campaign great questions are debated; though with few exceptions the debate is not so much as to a principle of government but as to which party is the more zealous in the upholding of that principle. It is fortunate for the public peace of mind that the question of a safe and honest currency which perturbed the country in two preceding campaigns is at present in abeyance; so that the great quadrennial political debate may proceed with less heat and less menace.

The subjects discussed are surely of importance: the tariff; imperialism, so called, in its various manifestations; the trusts. The campaign brings about a revival of political conviction, on one side or the other; this is well, this is useful, this is necessary. But looking on at the notifications, the pronunciamentos, the rallies, the gigantic meetings, the enthusiasm, simulated or real, and at the same time looking at conditions as they exist in various parts or in all parts of the Union, the wish springs in the mind of those whose patriotism is most profound and thoughtful, Would that equal attention could be given, by the entire nation, to evils in our social and business and political life which politicians concern themselves with but little, yet which, uncorrected, would make wreck of our civilization!

Pity it is indeed that there may not sweep over the country an ethical revival which would tend to cure at one impulse all the evils which threaten our smaller and greater communities. For these crying evils all have the same source—namely, the hardened consciences of individuals.

What has made divorce in America a byword among the nations but a spirit of individual selfishness, a lack of self-control, a determination to live one's life not in the spirit of loyalty and sacrifice, but along lines of convenience and self-indulgence!

The mobs of so-called Christian people that without trial or decent procedure burn men at the stake and seize upon the ghastly remains as precious relics—where is conscience here, or among the complaisant and applauding onlookers, women as well as men?

The commercial crimes which extend from the adulteration of foods to the fraudulent and gigantic manipulation of securities by men who should be an example of honor and commercial integrity in the community,—crimes which, as we have lately been shown, are seldom adequately punished in our courts,—what are all these but the product of individual consciences which have taken their tone from a lax and indifferent public opinion?

The graft that shamelessly flourishes in so many of our municipalities—to what is it due save the lack of conscience, not in the gross offenders only, but among the voters who permit the evil to grow year by year?

The cruel and inhuman crimes of our misguided and infatuated laborers who deliberately bring financial ruin upon the innocent, or mutilate or murder their fellow-men—where is there conscience, justice, or ethics in such brutality?

What are we to say of the consciences of men of wealth who purchase, or attempt to purchase, high office? and what of the consciences of the American people who look upon such attempts and such successes not altogether without scorn and detestation, but with so little effective concern that the evil grows rather than diminishes year by year, and in the eyes of all men?

Would that a campaign for righteous-

ness could be carried on over the length and breadth of this country with something of the thoroughness of a national political canvass, with a moiety of the money spent by our great parties in these tremendous conflicts, and with the benefit of organized and pervasive agitation! A political campaign is not without its ethical uses, but in some of its activities and methods and effects such a campaign is far from ethical. Except on those occasions when some great moral issue seems to be paramount, it is a question whether a general political campaign leaves the country on a higher or a lower ethical plane. In one way, in fact, as we have already pointed out, the effect is actually lowering—on account of the prominence then given to certain politicians of reputations shading from mildly repulsive to notoriously infamous. The use to which money is often put in national elections, sometimes in the handy shape of two-dollar bills, tends also to demoralization.

If there can be no such endowed, organized, and definite national ethical campaign, all the more need is there for the teachers and preachers of our day to do their duty, in season and out of season, in quickening the consciences of men in their relations to the daily affairs of business and to social and political duties. Here and there, now and again, there are civic and ethical revivals. In this community and that, some peculiar outrage arouses a spirit of patriotic protest; our American over-confidence and self-conceit are shocked, and the rascals are driven out. All this shows that there is virtue in the republic; but we need a deeper and a wider and more permeating and more permanent ethical revival than is indicated by these separated efforts, no matter how sorely needed, how hope-inspiring these may be.

NOT A QUESTION OF DYING, BUT WORSE

A WELL-KNOWN American money-absorber has recently put forth his opinion as to the unfairness of vacations, with undocked salaries, on the part of clerks and employees; and as a proof of the unnecessity of vacations he has been fatuously led to quote the example of Gladstone, who found rest in change of occupation. The difference between the man of affairs who can command his own time and choose his own occupation, intellectual or physical, and the treadmill clerk, should be sufficiently plain to ordinary intelligence; and besides, there was the tree-chopping, and there were the Continental and other outings. The cases are not comparable.

The arguments against vacations on the part of the typical money-grabber—the man absorbed in the mere game—are, however, to be taken not as containing any serious value but rather as a contribution to national gaiety. We are reminded by them of certain similar arguments excusing the non-payment of salaries pending a summer outing of a few weeks on the part of the clerks of a certain establishment in a Northern city, some forty years ago. The fact that the aforesaid clerks were risking their lives in the service of their country in resisting an armed invasion which threatened to arrive at the very gates of the city, at a time when the alarm was so general that anxious ones were, it was said, burying their silver in their back yards—this fact did not count in the least in favor of the patriotic and salary-docked clerks.

The tendency toward shorter hours for both employers and employed, with due regard to the limitation of business necessity, is based not only upon humanitarian but upon scientific principles.

Continuous strain improves no instrument of labor, animate or inanimate. Every man has lessons in his own experience, and in that of his friends, which prove the absolute necessity of relief from the tension of affairs. When such lessons are unheeded there is nothing but disaster.

A physician was lately trying to induce a high-minded and strenuous young woman to forego some of her energetic altruisms. "Ah, doctor," she said, "how much rather would I die in the battle than live idly and healthily!" "But," said the wise physician, "this is no question of dying. That might be a merciful release. It is a question of either going slower, or going on as you have and ending in a long life of hopeless invalidism, a burden to yourself and to your friends." This was just the shock needed, appealing as it did to her best but most dangerous traits. The wisdom of the physician prevailed, and the young woman is saved for, doubtless, a long life of cheerful and admirable utility.

Physicians, as they themselves rely less upon medicinal cure and more and more upon sanitary conditions and observances, are increasingly friendly to rest and recreation. Said a specialist once to a young man perniciously inclined to do three men's work daily, and who had fallen into a deplorable "state of nerves": "My young friend, notwithstanding your present condition, I say to you that if you will learn never to do to-day what you can put off till to-morrow, you will live to be ninety, and accomplish all in life that you desire."

OUR TREASURE IN KEATS

THE interesting original draft of Keats's ode "To Autumn" and the finished text of the poem, which we reproduce in this number of THE CENTURY, together with Mr. Parrish's beautiful and sympathetic illustration, will touch with a thrill many a heart that holds, among all the poets, a special place for Keats. This distinction is due, no doubt, in part to his personal charm and the pathetic circumstances of his early death. Beloved in life, he has passed into the immortality of a secure place in the regard of all lovers of English poetry, to whom his grave has become a shrine. In the words of Shelley's princely elegy:

"He is made one with Nature. There is heard
His voice in all her music, from the moan
Of thunder to the song of night's sweet bird.
He is a presence to be felt and known
In darkness and in light, from herb and stone;
Spreading itself where'er that Power may move
Which has withdrawn his being to its own,
Which wields the world with never-wearied love,
Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above."

In rereading Keats one is struck with the wealth of his equipment, the solid qualities of his art: his soaring imagination, his rare sense of beauty, his range of emotional response, his rich resources of language, and, not the least noteworthy, his capability of growth in taste. To consider what a poet thus endowed might have given to the world had he lived to the age of Shakspere or Milton excites the mind almost to pain, so little short of miracle was his actual achievement. We believe there is no evidence that he wrote a line of verse after his twenty-fifth year, and he probably wrote little after his twenty-fourth, and yet what a glorious body of life and inspiration he has left! It is poetry of three dimensions—height, breadth, and solidity. And yet, withal, it has arrow-like intensity—a quality of which he himself said: "The excellence of every art is its intensity, capable of making all disagreeables evaporate from their being in close relationship with truth and beauty." His transcriptions of the classic into modern speech in "Hyperion" and "Lamia," the wonderful music and color of "The Eve of St. Agnes," the deft and eery handling of ballad themes in "La Belle Dame sans Merci" and "Isabella, or the Pot of Basil," the overflowing dreaminess of midsummer in the "Ode to a Nightingale," the depth and lyric directness of such lines as "In a Drear-nighted December," and a whole anthology of noble sonnets interpreting life and nature—these are but a moiety of the overflowing stream of his passionate imaginings, for in him the intellectual and the emotional were kindly mixed. In the face of such a record of good work, the faults of his earlier manner are not worth consideration.

While not lacking in width of popular appeal, Keats has always been the poets' poet, and always will be. He stands in a peculiar way for the poetic career. No poet of the present day but is his debtor. The generous glow and freedom of his mind, the full pulse of his song, the single-mindedness of his artistic purpose, mark him not so much as one who chose his art as one who was chosen by it. Writing from Winchester, August 25, 1819, he says:

I am convinced more and more, every day, that fine writing is, next to fine doing, the top thing in the world; the "Paradise Lost" becomes a greater wonder. The more I know what my diligence may in time probably effect, the more does my heart distend with pride and obstinacy. I feel it in my power to become a popular writer. I feel it in my power to refuse the poisonous suffrage of a publick. My own being, which I know to be, becomes of more consequence to me than the crowds of shadows in the shape of men and women that inherit a kingdom. The soul is a world of itself and has enough to do in its own home.

We hear much nowadays of the decline of poetry—often with a tone of lament, oftener with something like contempt. Whitman's theory that the future of America is to be a future not of great men but of a greater average seems for the moment to be true of English fiction and verse. But who can tell what a day may bring forth? Probably there was never a time when, short of greatness, there was a higher average of verse, or more writers engaged in producing it, than now. It would be strange if something noteworthy should not come out of all this activity. The times may be unpropitious for the larger inspirations, but we have not lost any of the highest exemplars of the poetic art, and it devolves upon ourselves and our schools, colleges, and universities to instil in the young respect and love for these. In a period of commercialism and realism we need the ideality and intellectual stimulus of great poets, and of few more than the young Englishman who, although on his death-bed "in the bitterness of his heart" he desired his epitaph to be "Here lies one whose name was writ in water," had already said, in true and confident prophecy, "I shall be among the English poets after my death."

OPEN LETTERS

Gilbert Stuart's Portraits of Men

STEPHEN JONES (SEE PAGE 72)

IN the collection of upward of one hundred portraits painted by Gilbert Stuart exhibited in the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, in 1880 there was one that shone forth as a star of the first magnitude among the lesser lights and reduced their wonted brilliancy. It was a head of an old man, with very white hair and remarkably heavy white eyebrows and a fat face of vermilion redness. It was a portrait quite as commanding as a head as it was as a picture, and showed that when the master's hand willed, it had lost none of its cunning, for the portrait of Judge Stephen Jones is one of Stuart's later works. Jouett, the Kentucky painter, tells us that this canvas was one of Stuart's favorite heads, and adds: "Upon the whole the most remarkable face and painting that I have ever seen." That Stuart was particularly interested in the portrait is shown by the circumstances attending the painting of it. Stuart was painting the portrait of Judge Jones's daughter when the judge entered the room where the painter was at work. Struck with the noble and venerable presence, Stuart asked who he was, and insisted upon painting his portrait; but the old judge refused, and it was only after Stuart's repeated and earnest solicitations that the request was granted. The result is this living portrait, which for brilliant coloring, bold handling, firm modeling, natural pose, and strong individuality must forever stand unsurpassed.

It is, too, a noticeable example of Stuart's ability to produce desired results and effects by an unusual method of work. In this picture there is a much heavier use of pigments than we remember ever to have seen in any other of Stuart's works. The ruddy richness of the complexion; the fullness of the cheek; the transparency of the thin white hair; the firmness of the lips, compressed by the loss of their natural support, the teeth; the bushy, overhanging eyebrows; the keen, eager expression of the eyes, all apparently so simple that the great wonderment is that Stuart should stand so wholly alone in his unrivaled art. The massive head is enough, and yet the setting of that head cannot be missed. A black coat, with a dark sable fur collar, and a white neckerchief—that is all, but it is all-sufficient.

Stephen Jones, who lives to-day through the painter's art and gave to America's master painter a subject upon which to stake his enduring reputation, was a native of the town of Weston, Massachusetts. Early in life he removed to Machias, then in the province of Massachusetts, now in the State of Maine, and soon took a leading position in this already more than a century-old settlement, although only then recently occupied by the English, and his entire subsequent career is identified with this section. Upon the formation of a militia company, he was chosen to command it. When a town clerk was to be selected he was chosen. When a justice of the peace was needed, then a post of consideration, as there was no higher court within a radius of many

miles, he was appointed. When the dark days of the Revolutionary War overshadowed the land he, of course, sided with the colonists. When Machias became the county-seat of Washington County, in 1790, he was named chief justice of the court of common pleas, clerk of sessions, and judge of probate, all of which judicial offices he is said to have filled most creditably, notwithstanding his limited education and want of legal training. After the separation of Maine from Massachusetts, which he strenuously opposed, he removed to Boston, where he died in 1826, aged about ninety years. Judge Jones was a man of marked character and characteristics, noted for his strong intellect, sound judgment, sterling integrity, good common sense, and untiring benevolence, which gave him extraordinary influence in all civil, political, and social affairs of the community in which he lived. His hospitality was unbounded: rich and poor, stranger and friend, were all welcome, and he was, as his face emphatically indicates, a genial and generous host.

This masterpiece hangs in the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, where it has been for many years through the consideration of its owner, Mrs. Francis G. Richards, the widow of a grandson of Judge Jones.

Charles Henry Hart.

Goya's "Washerwomen"

(TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD-ENGRAVINGS OF OLD SPANISH MASTERS: SEE PAGE 26)

THIS is one of a series of decorative paintings of scenes from Spanish life designed originally to serve as models for tapestries, and executed by Goya for the royal manufactory of tapestry at Madrid, about 1776, when the artist was thirty years old. They are collected at the Madrid gallery, in the lower halls dedicated to Goya's works, while the tapestries made from them decorate the walls of the Escurial palace, in the mountains to the north of the city.

The painting of these cartoons was procured for Goya by Raphael Mengs, the director of the manufactory, and painter to the king, Carlos IV, who was attracted by the originality and power of the young man, then just returned from his studies in Rome. This work was the first step in the artist's upward career, since it was an immense success, and he soon became the most popular painter in the city.

The figures of these canvases are all life-size. While a few of the cartoons possess great charm and brilliancy of tone, the majority are harsh and crude in coloring, owing possibly to the commercialism of the time, which may have demanded something gay and catching. Certain it is that in black and white they have greater dignity and simplicity. Knowing them only from reproductions in this medium, I could not help marveling, on seeing the originals, that the artist should have spoiled the nobility and repose of his works by staining them with hard and spotty colors. Their unnaturally bright hues are accounted for by the fact that they were done for copying in tapestry, as though it were the nature of the texture of tapestry to soften them. But in fact the reproductions, instead of ameliorating the tints of the originals, have accentuated their defects, and this so deplorably that they present a garish spectacle of pigments, ill suited to the quiet, unobtrusive flatness so becoming to the walls of an interior.

Nevertheless, these representations of the gay aspect of Spanish life undoubtedly reveal Goya's mind in its happiest and healthiest phase. The light and playful incidents of every-day existence are vividly depicted with a vigor and virility of drawing that is wanting in much of his later work, especially of that period of gloom that settled over his declining years.

In the example of the "Washerwomen," one of the best of the series, the two maids seated are playing a practical joke on their dozing companion. One has led a sheep up from behind and is pulling its ear in order to rub its nose against her face and make it bleat in her ear and thus to scare her into waking.

In the Madrid gallery may be seen the sad contrast between the artist's early and late productions. To turn from these cheerful scenes of frolicsome mirth—country dances, love episodes, picnics, games, and escapades, set in gay colors and brilliant tones—to the black and gruesome horrors of his later canvases, is like stepping from the joyous sunlight into gloom: all color is fled, and chaos reigns, peopled with hideous and unearthly shapes. One feels instinctively that the man must have gone mad.

T. Cole.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

The Adirondack Hare

IN April he dances, a north-wood clown,
In coat of motley, white and brown;
In summer he leaves the cedar swamp
And holds on the ridge his twilight romp,
Until the twilight fades so fast,
He knows that romping days are past—
Until the beech-boughs leafless toss,
And he hurries back to cedar and moss.

When into the cedar first snow sifts,
When moss is covered with the drifts,
Some flakes have touched the brown hare too,
And turned him white and chilled him
through;
Mournful, pale as a ghost, he goes,
Escaping silently, lost in the snows.

The gray grouse stare, so queer he 's grown;
Squirrels eye him and leave him alone;
He will not heed when snow-birds bring
Chirpings that try to tell him of spring.

Francis Sterne Palmer.

More Japanese Signboards[1]

ORDERS ATTENDED FOR EASTERN
PICTURESQUE SIGNBOARD

THIS sign, painted with much elaboration in the way of shading, fantastically shaped letters, and startling colors, hangs resplendent over one of the large paint-shops in Tokio. The painting of the sign looks so very professional that it almost makes one forget the rather amateurish wording thereof, and it has apparently impressed the Japanese, for in many of the more ambitious signs throughout the city it is easy to recognize the same bold hand.

PREFND CAKE
HUMEST SHERT

The latter has hung over a cake-shop for many years, and will doubtless hang there for years to come, for the Japanese possessor of an English sign is apparently so delighted with it that it never occurs to him to ask any foreigner whether the English is correct or not.

One day shortly before leaving Tokio I saw one of my pet signs torn down and another being put in its place. My heart sank for a moment, but great was my relief, on drawing near, to see that though the wood and paint were new, Mr. Ichimura's convictions were still the same. One has often heard of the self-made man who worshiped his creator. Mr. Ichimura is more modest. His sign reads:

T. ICHIMURA
MANUFACTURED BY BREAD
AND
A PIECE OF CAKE

Let us imagine a man living in Tokio, not at one of the two foreign hotels, but in a little Japanese house. He may occasionally go out for a meal, in which case he may try the

WESTEN-COUNRIES COOKEY
BEER-HALL

or the

RESTAURANT & FISH FRY

If he does not care to frequent the

WEINS SHOP

it may be some help to him to be told that

RAMUNE TANEKO SODA
SASUPARU SEISUWATA

presumably stands for lemonade, tonics, soda, sarsaparilla, and seltzer water. If he lives in Bancho his meat may come from the

COW SWIN-SHOP

if in Kanda at

ASHOP WHERE FWLS OF BIRDS

He can get bread from the

TOKIO BAKERY
OF
ALL KIND MADE
AND FLOWR FORSALE

Of course he will need milk, and will probably find it hard to decide between the various dairies. No one would want

[1] See also "In Lighter Vein" for September, 1900.

OONDENSED MILK

when he can have

FRESH BEST MILK

or

GREAMY MILK

But it is hard to choose between them and

BEST MILK BUTTE GYEAM

He might take

MODIFID MILK

from one man and arrange to have butter and cream left at his door by one of the little sky-blue hand-carts labeled

BATAKURI—MU
(BUTTER—CREAM)

There are grocers by the score, each with his different specialty:

SEVERAL PAPER AND GROCER

CANED PROVISIONS
WHOLESALE AND DETAIL

He can have his clothes washed by the

LAONDRY-MAN

or else at the

SHOP WASH

or the

WASH SHOPE

He can have them made at the

TAILOR SOAP

or, if he prefers, there are

TAILORS & READY MADE CLOTHES FOR SALE

For my own part, I should have the

TAILOR. NOBLE STYLE

There are not many barber-shops with English signs. Perhaps the most attractive to a foreigner is the

HYGIENE AND
ART SPECIAL BE-
LIEVE BARBER

A more modest barber contents himself with the words

NAIR SNEARS

At the first blush this does not suggest a barber-shop, but by putting an *h* in place of the *n* in both words the connection is more apparent.

If our imaginary foreigner wants any painting done about his house he can send for the

PANTER

the

FEINTORU

or the

HAWUSU PEINTA
(HOUSE PAINTER)

His furniture can be repaired at the

CATNET WORK SHOD

A soothing addition to his long dull evenings can be got of the

BOROK AND TOBACCO NIST

or of the man who sells

CIGAR TOBACK-LONG-CUT-CIGARETTER

If he keeps a horse he will probably need to visit

THE CARRIAGE, AND ALL OF HARNESS
AND HARNESS MAKER

And so on through all the trades; there seems to be no end to these ingenious perversions of the English tongue.

For my part, I would not have it otherwise; for they are a constant joy to the foreign resident, and also a great convenience in a land where it is impossible to read the names of the streets. To know that some one lives in the first street to the left past the

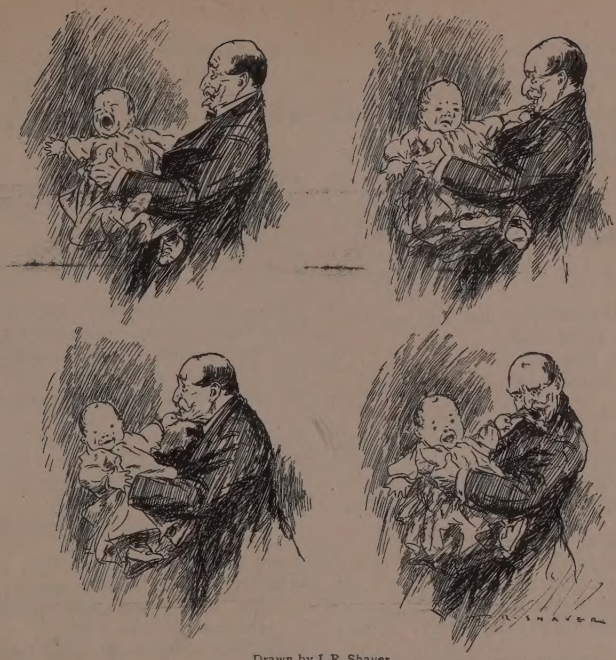
PATENT INVENT INK STORP

or that a certain bookseller in Kanda is two streets to the north of the

CUICK SOLE SMALI PROTIT

grocer places them at once in one's mind.

Margaret Perry.



Drawn by J. R. Shaver

"TURN ABOUT IS FAIR PLAY"

Coals of Fire

(SEE "IN LIGHTER VEIN" FOR SEPTEMBER AND OCTOBER)

WHIST, Peggy wumman! Pass these houses here
Bonny an' prood an' spry, wi' mickle cheer;
Look at me sae, an' smile intil my face—
Look lovin', if it be God gies ye grace;
Nar fear I wad your winsome passion check
If ye sho'd hing your airms abou' my neck!

(*Aside*)
Now let the hizzies peep as we gang by,
An' deil a cheek amang them will be dry!
I 'll spraid mysel' an' step wi' lairdly gait,
Stare cauld on Peggy, my unwarthy mate;
I 'll wark my shaulders an' bulge oot my chist,
That they may rue the braw mon they hae misst.

If ony o' them mark us, or their mithers,
'T winna be lang in gaein' tae the ithers—
How that the "h'isted Scawtsmon," in his pride,
Gaed past them wi' his ain rid-headed bride,
Which canna hellup but burn them tae the bane,
Na kennin' Peg 's a sister o' my ain.

John Charles McNeill.

Corporal Keefe

OH, have you heard of Corporal Keefe,
The soldier lad who done
Hot work, and was the bravest man
That fit with Washington?

The red coat of a Britisher
Was such to Corporal Keefe
That nothing short of butchery
Afforded him relief.

'T was in the fight at Monmouth town
That Corporal Keefe done deeds
Which makes the usual laurel wreath
Look like a bunch of weeds.

The wonders which he done that day
Have not been handed down
In all their glory, but there 's one
That 's chock-full of renown.

He fit from early morn till 3 P.M. that bloody day,
When General Washington rode out
And ordered him away.

The general, from his prancing steed,
Was looking at the fight,
And when he seen how Keefe let loose,
He said it was n't right.

He seen him chopping right and left
And shooting all around,
And piling up the helpless foe
In winrows on the ground.

He thought Keefe should be satisfied
With ordinary loss,
But when he seen him keep right on,
He put spurs to his hoss,

And riding closer to the scrap,
He dodged behind his shield
And yelled: "For heaven's sake, Keefe,
restrain your impetuosity and do not
make a slaughter-house
Of this here battle-field."

William J. Lampton.

More "English as She is Spelled"

THERE was a young person called Cholmondeley,
Who loved a fair maiden most colmondeley;
But as she never chose
To let him propose,
He only could worship her dolmondeley.

There was an old person of Gloucester,
Whose wife cut up rough if he croucester;
But once he did say
He would have his own way,
And the consequence was that he loucester.

A romantic young lady named Kerr
Said she wanted to shine like a sterr;
Said she, "Could I fly,
I would soar to the sky,
And shine on the world from aferr!"

There was a young woman called Marjoribanks,
Who played her relations such arjoripranks,
They all said, "My dear,
Our duty is clear:
We must certainly give you some harjorispanks!"

A dashing young couple at Harwich
Went in for an up-to-date marwich;
They bought a balloon
For the sweet honeymoon,
And a motor instead of a carwich.

There was a young lady called Coke,
Who wrote a most immoral boke;
People said, "How improper!
We really must drop her!"
But she made a big pile, for it took.

An unfortunate person called Tweeddale
Once sat down in church on a needdale;
But they said, "My dear sir,
Pray don't make a stir;
We will have it removed by the beeddale."

There was an old girl called De Lisle,
Who had a most amiable smisle;
But, though she looked placid,
Her temper was acid—
To tell the whole truth, it was visle!

Beatrix Vere.

Drawn by E. Warde Blaisdell

THE COUNTY FAIR: A GOOD DAY FOR THE SIDE-SHOWS

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK

Color drawing by Anna Whelan Betts

CHRISTMAS CALLERS